WEEK ENDING NOV. 6, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

Two is Company

In this Issue

THE BAD LITTLE EGG *by* Sophie Kerr

Identify the aristocrat of pens by this white dot

This fountain pen desk set is writing a new story of achievement

In all the history of writing equipment, there never has been a greater innovation than this—a desk pen that contains its own ink—a fountain pen that stands ready for instant and continuous action. When not in use, it rests securely protected in a beautifully designed holder, which prevents the ink from drying on the nib. Ever ready! The Lifetime° desk pen is made of the new Radite, a practically indestructible material. And it carries the Sheaffer guarantee, the guarantee that unconditionally protects it against all repair costs for the lifetime of the user. Ask your dealer to show you this new writing idea.

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A Little Lesson in Neatness!

To Girls and Boys,
c/o Their Mothers,
Everywhere.

November 6, 1926

Dear Friends:

In the lower picture you see some stockings held as you like yours to be—secure—neat—smooth. But just look at the wrinkly pair—aren't they a sight? Tidy stockings look so much better—and make you feel better, too. Hickory Garters are great—they're stretchy, comfortable and full of snap. You'll like them—so will Mother. The patented cushion clasps prevent your stockings from tearing and save darning. It pays to get the genuine Hickory—they're only 25c. and up.

P.S. (for Mother) Hickory Garters are made of genuine, live rubber, Hickory Elastic, the kind that's strongest and lasts longest. Use Hickory Elastic for greater service—it often outlasts the garment into which it is sewn. Comes in black and white, all widths, by the yard. Have a 12 yard reel always handy.

25¢ and up.

A. STEIN & COMPANY

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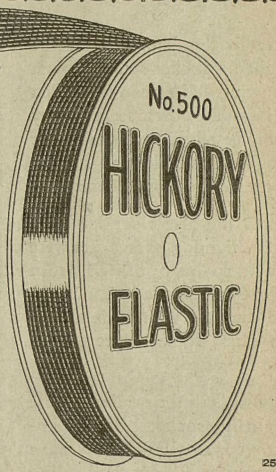


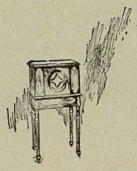
25

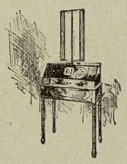
HICKORY

Garters and Elastic

HICKORY

When you buy a Radiola you are not buying an experiment but a *proved result*





As the last authentic word of science, RCA lighting socket sets have increased their leadership by performance, not promise, and have been road-tested and certified, by popular choice.

Steadily the demand for RCA lighting socket sets has been growing. RCA was aware when it introduced these sets that they would establish new and higher standards for radio and a desire for replacement of ordinary sets.

From the first blueprint these RCA lighting socket sets were built to be operated from house current and should not be confused with ordinary sets to which some power devices are "adjusted."

Consistently the quality of these lighting socket sets has improved, as all Radiolas have improved. Today the leading homes in every neighborhood have Radiolas—tried, tested and perfected.

In all Radiolas the goal of the scientists—the scientists of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse—has been complete naturalness of voice and music.

In radio, it is *reality* that counts. Tune in a Radiola 28—with the power Loudspeaker 104 across the room. Turn a single control to the station, and leave it—fixed. Turn up the music to the *actual volume* that would reach your ears at a concert. And every listener will sit as rapt and silent as though the singer were in the room. The spell is real!

RCA Loudspeaker 104, complete, $275

Radiola 28, with eight Radiotrons, $260

A. C. Package, for adapting Radiola 28 for use without batteries, $35

This is what the research laboratories of "pure science" have done for the RCA Radiola. They found that radio held possibilities of true tone reproduction that no instrument ever had before. And they have developed these possibilities into the present Radiolas.

They have built sets that operate perfectly without batteries—on the house current. They have found a way to use this current to amplify to great power, the weak signals that come into a radio set, until the original volume—even of a whole orchestra—can actually be duplicated *with no distortion.*

Tune in a Radiola to fine music and all these things mean more than just good reception. They mean *reality!*

Buy with confidence where you see this sign.

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RCA

RADIO · CORPORATION · OF · AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

Nov. 6, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

Vol. 3 No. 27

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

AN EDITORIAL ON SEX

Recently a shocked official of a coeducational college discovered that boy and girl students returning home after a victory of their football team held an impromptu dance in the sleeping-car aisle attired in their pajamas. Therefore, following the usual logic of the moralists, he jumped to the conclusion that worse conduct ensued when the porter and conductor were not looking, and decided that the evil arose from sleeping-cars, and forbade the students from riding to and from football games in those conveyances.

We read of petting parties in parked automobiles; therefore many parents and others forbid boys and girls from going riding together, on the theory that the motor car is the cause of the immoral conduct. Others declare that the flask of gin on the hip is the reason for the alleged increase in sex license among the young.

We are not convinced that George M. Pullman added anything to sex inclination, that the automobile increased human desire, or that gin adds any more fuel to human spontaneous combustion than the port and sherry of our forbears did—if as much: although drinking in any form weakens moral stamina.

Beyond making the maximum of temptation coincident with the maximum of opportunity, Pullmans, motor cars, steamships, or coeducation fail to figure in the problem except in the minds of those who blush when a bed is mentioned. The attempt to blame these things for the alleged (and not entirely conceded) laxity of conduct among the youth of the world is confusing the cause with the instrument.

In other days, buggy rides, picnics, and even camp meetings were blamed when the weaker willed or stronger passioned ones yielded to the commonest and most impelling of human emotions. Prior to that time, it is probable guardians of the youth looked askance at two-seated chariots. "Youth will find a way" was acknowledged truth long before Pullman cars or motors were thought of. Didn't Leander swim the Hellespont, Romeo climb the balcony, and Jacob serve twice seven years? The sex urge impelled them as strongly, perhaps more so, than it does modern young men and women, and when they yielded to that emotion no barrier stopped them.

Automobile petting, close-up dancing, and such things are merely symptoms of the sex urge—and not the cause of it. Some even regard them as a kind of moral vaccination against more dangerous things.

The sex impulse is part of normal human nature, and the only safeguards against yielding to it wrongfully are self-control and character, builded upon and fostered by right home life and proper religious training. Early marriages may lessen this peril of society, but in the past right family life and moral training proved the best restraint. It is plain that a return to those conditions would lessen the proportion of immorality.

Instead of attacking the symptoms, the moralists should turn to the fundamentals. Parents, instead of trying to keep sons and daughters pure by forbidding them to ride in automobiles, ought to teach them by example and precept and aid them in character building. College professors, instead of blaming Pullman cars, might try to strengthen them morally and spiritually to withstand the temptation to yield to the most natural of desires.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A Man of Courage

A GIRL and a man, desperately huddling together in a tiny igloo of packed snow, while a midnight blizzard roars outside. And they had met for the first time only three hours before! That's the situation leading to the climax of SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS' thrill-packed story, A MAN OF COURAGE. Here's a tale rooted deep in the emotions of a great-hearted man and woman. Give yourself the treat of reading it.

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH, world-famous motion-picture director, comes forward with an article that no one who has sat before a silver screen can afford to miss. He reveals the secret of good films in PACE IN THE MOVIES.

HOW TO SWIM THE EDERLE CRAWL gives you simple, lucid instructions that will enable you to teach yourself this Channel-conquering championship stroke. It can be mastered by the middle-aged as well as the young. L. DE B. HANDLEY is the author.

Seldom does a tale capture, in its few pages, the drama and pathos of a man's whole life. But PAUL LEACH does just that in his penetrating story, MISCELLANY.

MABEL MCELLIOTT CLARKE writes THE HAND OF GOD—the timely story of a fashionable minister and his broken tryst. It will give you a new insight into the temptations besetting clergymen.

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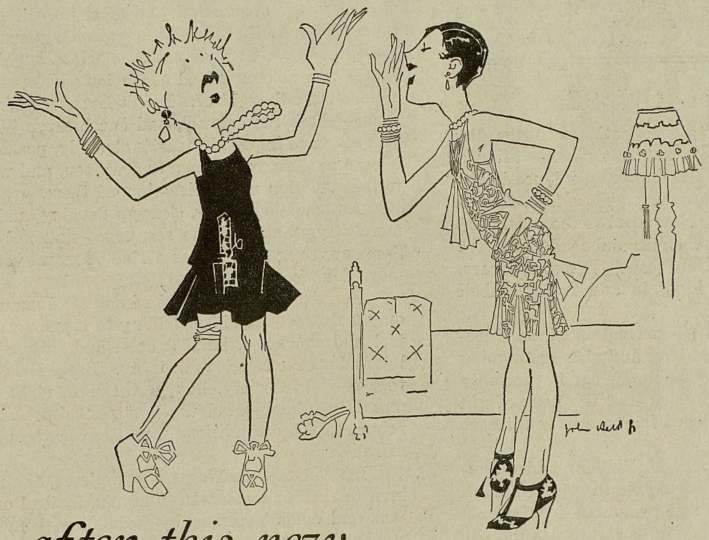
No fussing
with fly-away hair



after this new
CRUDE-OIL SHAMPOO

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Delicate *blonde* or *white hair* is safe with Taroleum. It absolutely cannot affect the natural color.

Anyway, you'll love Taroleum, because it leaves your hair *easy to dress*. Get a bottle at any drug store.

**You can be sure of Taroleum's high quality because it has been tested and approved by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.*

Tested and Approved by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

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Send this coupon with 10 cents for a trial bottle.

WILDROOT COMPANY, INC., DEPT. XL, BUFFALO, N. Y.

I want to try this shampoo that leaves hair *easy to dress*. The enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) is for a TRIAL BOTTLE of TAROLEUM.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

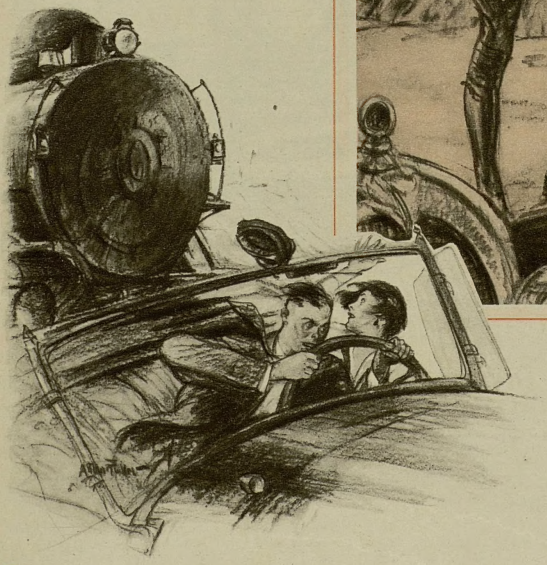
The BAD Little EGG

If Mr. Casey Never See Miss Fifi Again, That Will Be Too Soon

A Short Story by

SOPHIE KERR

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER



"Don't blame me for it. It was the fault of this brat here."

IT is strange how a fellow who has got brains can get a good lesson out of almost everything that happens to him. It is the fellows without experience who pull the boners, every time. My idea is always to learn something new and put it to good use, and it is harder for me than most fellows because I am Irish by parentage, and the Irish are as full of impulses that act quick and sudden as a burlesque show is full of legs.

I had been working for a taxi company and I was sick of it—these old ladies that hang on to a nickel tip like it was a crown jewel, and these hot sports that want to drive twenty miles around town of a stormy night and then yell like a fire siren when they see the meter. So I began looking for something steady, with a good salary attached, and sufficient to do. I did not want any kind of a loafing job.

That sight-seeing-bus job looked pretty sweet, I tell you. I got a swell uniform, and I took out three loads a day only—one in the morning and two in the afternoon. The buses starts from the Toray House, which is the best hotel in the city, and as good as any anywhere. And sitting right there in the hotel corridor in charge of the bus office was as nifty a little skirt as you'd see in a thousand years of looking. Her name was Emeline Pryde, and oh boy, she was a bonbon!

"This job is going to be a big help to my eyesight," I tells her, the first morning I'm on duty. She give me a little smile, but she didn't get excited any or wave flags or anything. I liked that. It showed she was a lady. And I says to myself that I gotta watch my step. Refined soft stuff is what she will like.

BUT it didn't take me long to get wise that I would have plenty competition. There was a fellow at the news stand named Fred La Gatto who was watching me buzz the lady, and giving me a very hard and dirty look.

As it turned out, Fred La Gatto and me was both strung along by Miss Emeline, and when she took her final pick didn't she turn round and grab off Bert Sands, the flower-stand boy, who we had not even considered in the running! It was a bitter pill to both Fred and me, and we got very friendly together when we found that we were both of us nothing but set-ups. He is a nice fella, and I like him very much, now that he and I are not running after the same little bonbon, though I was ready to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BAD LITTLE EGG
Continued from Page Seven]

slip him a left hook to the point of the jaw before Miss Emeline give us both the gate.

She did it in a very sharp way, too—I was mistaken in that girl. I want my jane to be a lady, first, last, and always. And even when I was sorest at the way I was treated, I says to myself that I must seek out the good lesson in this experience, and right away I thought that I was lucky not to have married Miss Emeline, because some time she might have got rough with me, and whatever I get in this world I hope I don't get any rough wife!

No matter what looks she would have, and no matter if she was a crackajack housekeeper, if she is ever rough she is not the girl for me, and she cannot ever hope to be Mrs. John Casey.

ALL the same I was pretty sore. The people in the hotel who had been watching Fred and me give us both a pretty stiff razz, and it made me tired. The whole sight-seeing-bus business was flooey so far as I was concerned. I now saw its faults. I was so tired of looking at the same old streets and buildings and things I could've cried out loud. And we never made no speed; just wormed along so's all the horn-rimmed male and female tourists could give everything a good satisfying once.

Then there was the drawback of listening to the conductor pumping the same old dope every day, pulling the same old jokes about the hysterical monuments and all such bunk. After a week I knew it by heart backwards, and though I tried not to hear it, it would trickle in my ears and make me crazy.

With all this on my mind my experience told me I'd better make a change. I did not want to go back to taxi-ing, so I thought to myself that I'd hunt up a swell place with a private family.

I said something to Fred La Gatto about it and he says, "You have got the right idea, John, and if my news stand was not a fixture I would leave, too; but of course in your case you have the nuisance of having to speak to Emeline every day, whereas I can ignore her, and I do, and I act so's she will understand that I am no broken-hearted down-and-out guy on her account."

"I do have to speak to her," I says, "but what I say is so strictly business that she might be a perfect stranger, and I act very I-don't-care myself," I says; "but all the same I am sick of the sight-seeing bus and I am sick of this hotel, and I would just as lieves not see Emeline again, though I know I am lucky she did not pick on me to marry. You are the only friend I got here now, and we can meet from time to time in a pool parlor and talk things over while shooting a little kelly."

That was agreed on, and the only thing now was to get another job. I looked through all the ads for chauffeurs every day, and answered several, but nothing come of it. But one day a friend of mine who works in a swell garage, where a lot of swells keeps their cars, he says to me that a Mr. Printon is in need of a good steady chauffeur to go to the country.

Now there is a catch in almost all private chauffing jobs. Either the boss is a night owl, or his wife is one, or they are mean about wages, or they keep a very close eye on the gas and repair bills, or they don't ever want to go any faster than a hearse, or else they are speed hounds, or else they want the chauffeur also to be a butler or a houseman or something. I asked my friend about all this, and he said if there was a catch he didn't know it, so I said I would give this guy Printon the once and see how he stood with me.

I went downtown to his office, and no sooner did I lay eyes on Printon but I liked him. He was one of these little grayish fellas—gray hair, gray eyes, gray clothes, and a nice friendly way of talking, as man to man, and no high-hat stuff.

He says he has a big place on the coast, and he says he has one chauffeur who has been with him alone since automobiles was first invented, and he says the work is too much for one man and he wants another, and he says he has six cars.

Then he hesitates: "I really got seven, I suppose," he says. "I got a little old wreck I use for going fishing in myself. But you'd not have to drive that."

When he says he's got an old car for going fishing, right away I knew he was as good a guy as my friend says, and some over. And right away I made up my mind I'd try him out, for luck.

He spoke generous about wages, and easy about hours and repairs, and I felt he would make good on everything he promised. So I says it's a go, and prepared myself for a nice summer on the beach.

Believe me, it was a swell place Printon had, too—a great big long house, with a big garden round it that was like a piece of Eden, and tall trees at the back, and a kitchen garden, and a gardener's house and a big garage.

There was a good many servants—a cook and a kitchenmaid, and a personal maid for Mrs. Printon and her daughter, and a coupla other maids, and a laundress and a houseman, and the other chauffeur, and the gardener and his brother who helped him. Everything was right up to the minute, in every way.

THE gardener and his wife and brother lived in the gardener's cottage, and I and the houseman had nice rooms over the garage, with nifty shower baths, and we took our meals in the servants' dining-room, with the others. Mrs. Printon was sort of little and gray and pleasant like Mr. Printon, and though she could have dressed herself in pearls and diamonds with her pin money, she was that plain and quiet you'd never have known she was well off at that.

Everything seemed too clever and catsy to be true, and it was. As I said there is always a catch in every private chauffing job, and right off when I saw Miss Fifi Printon I knew she was the catch. She was one of these slippy little bean-pole babies with her hair slicked like the cat had licked it, and her stockings rolled down, and her skirts shortened up, and enough red and yellow and black paint slopped on her face to cover a motor truck, and a cigarette dangling off her lip continual, and all over she was strung on wires. "Let's go!" was her motto, and she sure did live up to it.

I was scared her ma might

How Mr. and Mrs. Printon, nice respectable rich people, ever had a kid like that beats me, but my experience tells me she was a throwback, and that somewhere back in one of their families was a coupla pirates or gamblers or very, very fancy janes. Why, Miss Fifi could and did use words that made me, used to the best garages as I am, look away with shame and surprise. She had her own bootlegger, for her pa and ma never touched the stuff; and she carried a flask, and she had a coupla dice in a bangle on her ankle, and she'd roll the bones with anybody who came along. A bad little egg, Miss Fifi, and her not more than seventeen.

hear her, so I looks blank and touches my cap.

She was in cahoots with several other young packages of hot stuff, and the high spots those kids hit habitual could be reached by nothing less than an airplane. Yet her pa and ma thought she was simply perfect and the sweetest child! Miss Fifi was very careful not to let them in on the depths of her character, and I will say that a slicker little liar never lived than that young jane. She could think and lie at the same time, and that is pretty near genius.

Everybody else in the house was hep to Miss Fifi if her parents wasn't. Among the servants her name was "Little Poison Ivy." She was cold selfish and had the devil's own temper. My first meal there I noticed what a pale, worried look Ella, her maid, had, and it was because Miss Fifi was so mean to her.

"I DON'T see why you stand it, Ella; you could get plenty other good jobs," Rachel says to her. "Give her a good bawling out and quit on her."

"No, I got to stay," says Ella, and after she had gone upstairs again, Rachel tells me why. It seems Ella has a little brother who is lame, and he is in a hospital for cripple children down at the next town, which is so near that Ella can get to see him sometimes. But if Ella left Printons' she might not get another place so near to her brother, and that would be bad dope, for the kid counts on seeing her, and she does not want to put him in another hospital, for this one is doing him a lot of good.

Ella certainly led a dog's life, and I don't mean any pet Peke or Pom. Miss Fifi kept her up till all hours waiting for her at parties. Knowing Ella was handy with the needle, Miss Fifi was always after her to make her clothes—such few as she wore—and she would want things done in five minutes and Ella would have to sew until her eyes nearly dropped out to satisfy her.

She never had any time off to loaf like the other servants—no, the only time she ever took off was to go to see her little brother, and Miss Fifi grudged her that.

NOW you know the Irish—they're all for the under dog every time; it's in our blood. So right away I began to notice Ella and see what a lady she was, and if she was not so pale and was filled out a little she would have been easy to look at, and anyway she always looked nice in her clothes, which were no cast-offs of Miss Fifi's, let me tell you. No, Miss Fifi never had any cast-offs, for she could rag out a dress in a couple wearings so it was not fit for pigs.

Ella bought her own things and they were plain and neat and had a lot of style to them, at that.

And you may not believe me, but Miss Fifi used to try to borrow Ella's wages off her when her allowances ran short and she did not want her father to know she had been shooting crap and got in deep. Did I say Miss Fifi was a bad little egg? Well, it will bear repeating.

Now it seemed that the other chauffeur, whose name was Murdoch, had had a run-in with Miss Fifi because she wanted to learn to drive off him, and when he tried to teach her all she would do was grab the wheel and step on the gas and pay no attention to any kind of directions he gave her.

So he stood firm that she should not learn to drive off him, nor take the wheel when he was in the car, nor even sit on the front seat. He had been with the Printons for so long he got away with it. But now you see why Mr. Printon had to hire a second chauffeur. Murdoch looks at me pityingly and he says, "Well, you got my sympathy, young feller," when the order came down to the garage that I was to take the roadster up and give Miss Fifi a lesson in driving.

"I hope you got plenty accident insurance," he adds, as I puts on my uniform coat. "Where do you want the body sent?" he asks cheerily as I gets in the car.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BAD LITTLE EGG]
[Continued from Page Nine]

"Can the crape-hanging," I says. "You make me goose-flesh all over."

"You will have ostrich flesh all over before you are done with teaching the Poison Ivy to drive a car," he prophesies. And I will say a truer word was never spoken.

MISS FIFI was waiting for me, unclothed, painted, and the cigarette dangling off her lip, as usual. She looks me over as I gets out of the car and touches my cap.

"Oh, you're the new chauff," she says. "You're not bad looking. Are you English?"

"No, Miss, Irish," I says.

"Oh, Irish! I hope you come of good family, impoverished since the war. I've always thought I could get a thrill out of a gentleman chauff."

I looks at the wicked little dumb-bell, and I says to myself that I might as well tell a good one. "I'm a descendant of the first Earl of Derry, Miss," I says. "The blood of the kings of Ireland is in my veins."

"Isn't that too lovely!" she says, lapping it all up. "You must tell me all about it while I learn to drive the car. We're going to get on awf'ly well, you and I, I can see that. I'll have to have a lesson every day, I'm so stupid about anything mechanical. But I think it's rather chic to drive one's own car, don't you?"

"All the titled ladies of Dublin and London do it, Miss," I says—"duchesses, countesses, and earlesses."

We got into the roadster, and I began telling her what to do, and what not, and I keeps my eyes on everything, believe me, ready for any sorts of trouble. But, to tell the truth, it was not so bad as I was afraid of. She talked an awful lot and didn't pay attention to what I said much, but she didn't pull any homicide stuff, and we got through without anything happening but a bent mudguard and some scratches on the paint which was off a stone wall.

She was all lit up with the idea of me being a member of the aristocracy, and kept asking me about my ancestral home, and the old castle, and the coat of arms, and be this and be that and what not. So I dishes out a lot of hot air, mostly made up of what my old granny used to tell me about some of the swell estates in Ireland; and, believe me, she took it like a deflated tire, and hollered for more. And she kept leaning her shoulder against mine, and sticking her little painted snoot around into mine, and she was all sprayed over with a heavy sickish cologne that near about knocked me down every time I whiffed it. I kept as far away from her as I could and yet not lose control of the car.

Well, after we had had quite a lesson, she says I am to change places with her and take her for a nice drive along the beach and break all the speed laws. Which I did, because there are no motorcycle cops on the beach. And Miss Fifi was sitting as tight to me as if she was glued there, and I could not inch away from her because of the other side of the car being hard wood and steel and I not a collapsible model.

I suppose I'd ought not to have stuffed Miss Fifi up with all that blah stuff about being a descendant of an earl, she being such a little simp. All the same, I had no idea what it was going to lead to, nor what effect it would have on her. In all my experience I never saw but the one skirt like Miss Fifi, and I'll say that was plenty. So my experience did not warn me and I let my sense of humor run away with me once. And, of course, seeing how she lapped it up, I could not tell her it was all hot air. I had to stick to it, and it turned out to be bad dope, believe me.

A man who has a girl run after him is pretty nearly always sure to get a good hate on the girl; but a chauff who has his boss's daughter run after him is sure in a mess. I ought to have got up and fired myself when I saw how Miss Fifi was lallygagging around. But she is such a hard little egg I thought probably she was trying to make a monkey out of me, and I was not going to give her that satisfaction, and why should I throw up a perfectly good job which I had only recently got because my boss had a bag egg for a daughter?

Then there was another reason: The more I saw of Ella the more I could see that, as girls go, she was the berries. One time Mrs. Printon told me to take Ella over to the town where the hospital is where her brother is, and we had a chance for our first good talk.

"You don't know what it means to me to get off and get a little rest," she says. "Miss Fifi never come in until four this morning, and though I did not have to go with her I had to catch what naps I could sitting up waiting for her, because I have to get her to bed, give her her massage, and so on."

"You ought to massage her with a brick," I says.

She laughs, and when Ella laughs her mouth curls up as cutie as you please, and her eyes crinkle at the corners, and twinkle, and all her face gets like a kid's. "Why, you're very hard," she says. "And I hear you're a great pet of Miss Fifi's, too."

I could feel my ears getting red. "She is a bad little egg," I says, "and I guess you and I both know it. But don't let us talk about her this nice day. I would rather talk about you."

Well, we have a nice talk all the way to the hospital. And after she goes in I get to thinking about her and her sick little brother, so I go over to a fruit stand and I buy some swell fruit and a box of candy and I send it up to the kid with my best wishes.

When Ella came down to start home she could not hardly thank me for it without choking all up and tears in her eyes. And though I kept on saying, "Why, that's all right; forget it!" she would not stop talking about it, and she said it was the first present the kid had had from anybody but her since Christmas, when the Charity ladies sent him round a coupla books.

THAT evening at supper she told everybody about me being so kind, and Rachel says, "Well, you better look out, Ella, or Miss Fifi will be jealous," for by this time all the help was on to the way Miss Fifi was acting to me.

"Aw, you make me sick!" I says. "Ella, here, is just as far above the Poison Ivy as the stars is above the real poison ivy." And Rachel says, "You said a mouthful there, John, and I do not think no less of you, because Miss Fifi is a sap; only I got to kid people a little now and then to get my mind off so much cooking." So there were no hard feelings anywhere, and, except for Ella getting all flushed up and confused, nothing happened at all.

Things kept on this way, me thinking more and more of Ella, and finding out all the time what a nice, good girl she was, without a bit of roughness anywhere in her nature, and with Miss Fifi lallygagging round me worse and worse, until just the mere prospect of giving her a driving lesson spoils my whole day.

She had got the idea by now that when my cruel Uncle Seumas Casey, Earl of Derry, dies, I would be the next heir and an earl myself. Yes, she swallowed that one, hook, line, and sinker, and hollered for more! It had one good effect on her—it made her pay some attention to what I was telling her about driving, and I had pretty near got her so she could take the wheel and not have me in a cold sweat every minute. I told her to keep her mouth shut about my maybe being an earl some day, because I said it would make a lot of trouble among the servants and they would resent it, and I must earn my living.

"Oh, you ought not to be a servant at all," she comes back at me. "I'm going to ask Pops to take you into his office and into partnership."

"You must not do that," I says, "or you will maybe cause my death. If I do not live quiet and unheard of, my old dog of an uncle is as apt as not to have me bumped off!" I says. "He wants his own son to be earl; but his own son is not the rightful heir; but if I am bumped off, he will be, and if I was your father's partner, my uncle would find me in no time."

WELL, I was fed up with Miss Fifi, I can tell you, and if it had not been for Ella I would have got right up and left, and left word for Miss Fifi that I was called back to Ireland to become an earl. And every day I was getting more and more pleased with Ella, and she seemed to take to me. She was so gentle and agreeable, she healed the sore place in my heart that had ached me ever since Emeline Pryde give me such a rough throwdown, and I was so pretty near so that if anybody had said Emeline Pryde's name to me I'd have asked if it was the name of a cigar or a movie.

Whenever I could, I would take Ella over to see her brother, and I would think up little things to give her to pleasure him, like a knife and some chunks of soft wood to carve, and some puzzle keys, and a mechanical chinch bug, and other trinkets a boy likes. And when in a long time she had a little time off, she would come downstairs and sit in the kitchen garden and sew Miss Fifi's underclothes and enjoy the fresh air. She hardly ever dared go as far as the beach, because Miss Fifi had a nasty way of telephoning things she has just thought up for Ella to do.

Everything was going along smooth and slick, and nothing to worry about, when something happened which was not like anything in all my experience. Miss Fifi was getting more and more lallygaggish at me all the time, especially because she had had a row with the little cake-eater she usually played around with, and she had more time on her hands therefore to take lessons in driving the car. I must hand it to myself a little, too, that I am a good deal better looking fella than the little lizards and Wallies and Clarences she is used to, and also she was all lit up with the idea of my being an almost earl in hiding.

This day in question she sent for me for her lesson, and Murdoch says, comic, as I starts off from the garage: "I take off my hat to you," he says; "for you have got that little nitwit where she would be almost safe to drive a wheelbarrow." And I just laughs and says, "Blah!" and goes on.

Miss Fifi was all dolled up in a green dress and hat with a fresh coat of fresco and a gallon of that smelly cologne sprayed on her, and she spoke to me so intimate I was scared for a minute her ma might hear her, so I looks blank and touches my cap and helps her in the car, and she gets behind the wheel and we're off.

Well, we got along all right for quite a piece. She did not ramble all over the road so much, and she did not mix her gears so bad, and, in fact, she drove almost as if she was a human and not a sap, and when we come to a nice straight long place in the road, and she asks, "How about if I let her out a little?"—for she was a speed bug, if there ever was one—I says "All right," and gets myself set to watch everything all at once, like I was a bird with a hundred eyes.

And, believe me, a good thing I did. We was zooming along like De Palma himself, when, my God, we dipped over a little rise and we was almost up to a railroad crossing and a great big express train as big as the Woolworth Building was whistling right down

on top of us—so near I could've told the color of the engineer's necktie if he'd had one on!

I hollers to Miss Fifi, "Stop 'er! Brake 'er!" But that wild little fool only lets out a yell, "We'll make it!" and steps on the gas harder than ever. But I knew we wouldn't and I know what happens when a train hits a fast car, for I have seen it and it is not pretty, so I did the only thing there was to do—I leans over and grabs the wheel, and twists the car round right on to the tracks in front of the train and puts on every ounce of speed there was in her. Bounce! I'll say we bounced on those ties, and if that car hadn't been an awful good little buggy, we'd've sure come apart in the original pieces.

If you ever saw a rabbit chased by a big hound, that was the way I felt as we flew along that track in front of that big heavy train, and every minute I expected to be tossed into Kingdom Come, but I knew the engineer was braking for all he was worth, and if we could only go far enough and fast enough we might get by. And then, by glory, a great long bridge without any guard rails is in front of us! But I never slackened up. I took that bridge, and how I kept the car straight and didn't go over into the water, I have not the least idea, driving like I was all to one side, having pushed Miss Fifi into the corner when I grabbed the wheel, and a lucky thing she is a skinny, for a fat girl would sure have ruined my stunt.

When we had raced along about as far as from New York to Chicago seemingly, I saw a road crossing the track slantways, and I turned off into that road, and as soon as I could I stopped the car. My clothes was wringing wet with the sweat that the scare had brought out on me, and my hair was scraping the inside of my cap like porcupine's quills. When I got out of that car my joints was stiff like an old man, and I set down on the runningboard and put my face in my hands, I was so knocked out.

BUT not Miss Fifi! After risking both our lives by her dumbness and foolishness, she jumps out of the car as frisky as a two-year-old, and she throws both her arms around my neck, and she kisses me all over my face and she says, "Oh, John, what a hero you are! Oh, I am crazy about you. Let us go right on somewhere and be married. I know the only reason you have not asked me is because of the difference in our stations, but as you will be an earl some day that does not matter——"

For a moment I was so taken aback I did not act with my usual quickness, but then I did what I had wanted to do ever since I laid eyes on Miss Fifi, and which ought to have been done to her every day since she had her eyes open. I grabbed that girl, and I laid her over my knee, and I spanked her with my open hand, hard and enthusiastic, and as I whaled away on her I says, "Marry you!" I says. "Marry a little dumb rat like you!" I says. "I would sooner be in my grave than have a mean-dispositioned, cigarette-smoking, flask-toting dud like you for a wife, with a face painted like a fire engine, and no proper clothes on, and nothing in your head to crowd the bone," I says. "And if you want to do me a favor," I says, "you go back there and throw your hat in that river and don't leave go of it—that's what I think about you," I says.

Well, I come to, and stopped spanking her when I saw the train which had chased us now slowly pulling up alongside of us. The engineer leans out of his cab and he shakes his fist at us.

"It's people like you," he says, "that turns an honest workingman's hair white! You'd ought to be shot."

And when he'd got that off his chest he felt better and he says, "All the same, that was a brave stunt, and you're a brave man and a smart one. But don't you ever do it again."

"Don't you worry about that," I says, "and don't you blame me for it. It was the fault of this brat here. I am a chauffeur," I says, "not a member of the suicide club."

WELL, the train went along, and I looks round at Miss Fifi. She was sitting on the runningboard, all streaked and twisted and dizzy looking.

"Get in that car," I says, sharp, and she gets in without a word. I got in, too, and I drives her back to the house as quick as I could get there, and, though it was quite a ways, she never said one word to me, nor did I say one word to her till we got right up to the house. Then I gets out and says:

"Listen; I am not an earl, and never going to be one. All I told you along that line is nothing but apple sauce, pineapple juice, and bananer oil. I am going to resign from here right off and you won't see me again. But I want to tell you this—I am not sorry I spanked you, for you need it, and you'd better take a good brace to yourself and do better, before your pa and ma get on to you, for they are the salt of the earth, and it would break their hearts if they ever found out what a rotten bad little egg you are."

So I goes on into the house and fires myself to Mr. Printon, though he was very sorry to have me go, as I knew he would be, and I send upstairs for Ella, and she comes downstairs and I says, "Come out to the back porch." So she follows me out, wondering, and I says, "Pack up your clothes; we are going to leave here in half an hour."

"Why, where are we going?" she asks.

"We are going to hunt up the nearest marriage-license factory and then the nearest parson, and after that we are going on a short wedding trip, and after that I am going to go back to bus-driving, for a married man needs a steady, safe job, and you are going to try the job of being Mrs. John Casey—that's all where we are going immediately," I says.

And Ella she looked me through and through with those big eyes, and she put out her little tired hands, and she says, "John!" Yes, that was every word she said, but it was enough.

In all my experience I never knew that so much happiness and goodness and niceness could be packed into one word. But, then, of course, it took Ella to do it!

As for Miss Fifi, I never laid eyes on her since the day I walloped her, which suits me fine, for my experience tells me nobody never wants to meet up twice with a bad egg, little or big.

THE END

ELLA would sit in the kitchen garden and sew.

MIRADOR, the beautiful old Virginia mansion where Lady Astor spent her girlhood.

Little

A Close-Up of Lady Astor, First Woman Member of Parliament, Before She "Got That Way"

An Article by

VERA L. CONNOLLY

Lady Astor as a girl, noted for her love of horses.

Viscount Astor.

EDITOR'S NOTE — Most people are familiar with Lady Astor's public career, but we believe that little is known of her early life, beyond the fact that she was one of the celebrated Langhorne sisters. To obtain the following information, Miss Vera Connolly, a well known magazine writer, was sent to the family estate at Mirador and other points in the South. In this article she paints a picture of the influences that surrounded the American girl who later became the first woman member of the British Parliament.

SEVERAL weeks ago I sat on the po'ch of a home in the Piedmont Valley, Virginia—just a "piece" down the road from Mirador, the old Langhorne estate, where Nancy Astor, once Nannie Langhorne, grew from childhood to womanhood.

Lady Astor had just arrived at Mirador for a brief sojourn before returning to England, and that was why I had dropped down into Virginia. I wished to discover what was behind her success, in ancestry and upbringing.

Seven years ago Lady Astor, of American birth, became the first woman member of the British Parliament. And she has retained her seat ever since.

Her rise cannot easily be accounted for. Had she been British born; had she had a millionaire father; had she been trained in politics, she would have been striking enough—the first of her sex to sit in the Mother of Parliaments! But, instead, she was just Nannie Langhorne of Virginia, daredevil and spitfire, aristocrat, spirited Southern belle, rider to hounds, with a wit that has written her down in history.

But how could the career of a great woman—and she has recently been called, by Owen D. Young, "the most distinguished woman in the politics of the world"—have been built on any such foundation? This was the question in my mind as I sat on that porch in the Virginia sunshine, awaiting from Lady Astor a reply to my request for an interview.

Presently the word came. Viscountess Astor was granting no formal magazine interviews. She had come to Virginia to rest. But if I would care to spend an afternoon with them at Mirador informally, I would be most welcome. She would show me about Mirador, where she had grown up.

The date set for the call was many days distant. And so, after sending her my acceptance, I threw myself into the fascinating task of running down the story of her ancestry, her childhood, her girlhood—all that Virginia background of hers about which so few truths are known and so many legends have sprung up.

One of these legends—according to her neighbors—is the dear old mammy of prose and song who was supposed to have raised "Miss Nancy." Apparently there was a confusion of identity. Also, Virginians insist, Nancy Langhorne never was called anything but Nannie. Oh, perhaps "Miss Nannie" by some stranger.

The mammy who became the subject of a book founded on the legend was an old Negro cook whom the Langhornes employed at Mirador. At the time, Nannie was in her teens, far too grown up for a mammy. And, although she loved this old woman, and helped support her until she died about a year ago, she was not in any sense a Southern mammy.

There is, too, the tradition that Mr. Langhorne was a colonel. He was not. And nothing irritated him more than this "stuff and nonsense." Equally absurd was an appraisal of Nannie Langhorne's girlhood by an English writer in Political Profiles: "She was one of a big family; and they work hard on the land in America."

I chuckled and thought of that when I first saw Mirador—a great red-brick, green-shuttered mansion, with a white-pillared Colonial doorway, standing in splendid seclusion atop its own hill, on great lawns, behind trees that may be a century old. From its ivy-hung archway at the entrance, to its box-bordered front walk, its wings, its gardens, its servant quarters, and stables, it breathes of opulent ante-bellum hospitality.

And, finally, another fiction about Nannie Langhorne that refuses to stay dead is that she was a Southern "beauty." This, Virginians declare, she has always denied; as have they.

NO, Nannie never was a beauty! She was as you see her today, only more impulsive and tempestuous and high-tempered. She always had that gift of repartee. Her father had it befo' her. And she was always charmin', intensely individual, one old lady told me, as I rocked on her porch and we watched the shadows moving along the Blue Ridge Mountains that encircle the valley. "And get things done!" she laughed. "I reckon she's the only one down hyah evah made a shif'less mountain white do a ha'd day's wo'k!"

I begged for the story. And got it.

There was a family, it seems, of "po' mountain whites," to whom Nannie was kind. She would ride up into the mountains to see how they were getting on, and would never refuse

Nannie Langhorne

an appeal for help, despite her own disgust at their shiftlessness. But one day she found the mother ill, sleeping on some straw amid awful squalor and filth. A lazy girl lounged in the doorway.

"I'm going to send up a bed and some groceries. And I want you to clean this place up. At once! I mean it!" ordered Nannie.

"Yas'm," drawled the girl.

THE following day Nannie Langhorne returned, finding no change in the sick woman's surroundings.

"Yo' lazy little triflin' devil, yo'!" she exclaimed, turning on the girl. "I'll give you one mo' day. If I come up here then and find things like this, I'll take my ridin' whip an' take the hide off yo' back!"

When she returned the next morning, the cabin was spick and span.

"Kindness," I was assured by another neighbor, Mr. Frank Herring, who was Mr. Langhorne's bookkeeper and paymaster for fifteen years in his railroad contracting work, "ran through the whole family. Mr. Langhorne, in particular, was always helping neighbors and kinsfolk who were less fortunate than he. But the finest thing I recall was the way he treated one dishonest employee."

Mr. Herring said he had discovered the man was cheating Mr. Langhorne, and he told him about it.

"Well, but the fellow needs the job, doesn't he?"

"Oh, I reckon he does; but—he's cheatin' yo'."

"I know; I know. But I don't like to turn him out. Can't you reason with him? Tell him a dishonest man can't get along anywhere."

Mr. Herring was dubious. But he tried it. And the man braced up, never stole from him again, and was with them for many years.

From her mother Nannie got the balance and strength of purpose which—combined with the impetuous, high-spirited nature and the quick, flashing wit inherited from her father—have made her one of the most dauntless and powerful women in the world.

And from both she learned kindness.

"My brother was kind," Mr. Langhorne's sister, Mrs. John M. Lewis, of Lynchburg, commented, as I sat in her drawing-room discussing Lady Astor's genius with her, "and tremendously honest. He was irascible, yes; impetuous, impulsive; but big. And his wife—although a tiny little thing—was strong and capable, with a large, generous nature. Both had bigness of soul and both loved people. These are the two qualities in my niece today that attract me most."

After this talk with Mrs. Lewis, I spent several days in tracing Nannie Langhorne's ancestry, traveling over most of Virginia and even dropping down into Greensboro, North Carolina, where Mrs. Nannie McAdoo King, first cousin and bridesmaid of Nannie's mother, relived the past for me as we rocked on her veranda.

The intrepid M. P. speaking from the top of a bus in Glasgow, Scotland.

FOR generations back, Nannie Langhorne was of Anglo-Saxon stock. Her father was descended from two ancient families—the Dabneys of England and the Langhornes of Wales. It is interesting to note that one of Nannie's ancestors, one Rowland Langhorne of St. Bride's—was member of Parliament and high sheriff of Pembrokeshire in 1586.

The first Langhorne to emigrate to this country was a certain lieutenant in the king's army, who came over shortly after 1672.

Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Nannie's father, was the son of Sarah Ely Dabney and John Scarisbrook Langhorne, while her mother was of the Virginia Keens. Lady Astor frequently has declared that she owes her political talents chiefly to the Keens.

They were statesmen, and Colonel Elisha Keen (who married Mary Ann Perkins) served in both houses of the Virginia Legislature; and his big estate, Cottage Hill, near Danville, was for many years a center of political discussions and gatherings.

It was his daughter, Nancy Witcher Keen, who married Chiswell Dabney Langhorne and became the mother of Nannie.

The two were married during the Civil War, in the last days of the South's prosperity, with military and financial disaster just around the corner. And the years that followed, for them as for the entire prostrate South, were bitterly, desperately hard. Langhorne had to find what work he could, first in Danville, where five of his children were born, including Nancy in 1879, and then in Lynchburg.

Old residents of these towns today can recall the little yellow-haired Nancy driving her goat cart through the streets at top speed.

"She was a harum-scarum tomboy in those days," one old lady told me. "And she would ride every horse she could."

From Lynchburg Mr. Langhorne moved to Richmond. Here he became a railroad contractor and quickly began to amass a fortune. Parts of the Baltimore & Ohio and Chesapeake & Ohio and the Pennsylvania railroads were built by him during the years that followed.

IT was in 1892, when Nannie was just thirteen, that he purchased Mirador. He bought it as a summer home, paying only $9,000 for the mansion house and the 180 acres of land that went with it. Even in those days this price was considered absurdly low, for the beautiful old house was a landmark.

Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson (nee Irene Langhorne), wife of the celebrated artist and sister of Lady Astor.

Today the estate—which belongs to Mrs. Ronald Tree, Lady Astor's niece—is worth eight or ten times that amount.

Mr. Langhorne was a genial host, and long before he finally left Richmond, making Mirador his permanent home, he had begun to

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gather about him—drawn by his wit, his mint juleps, his poker, and his five charming daughters and three sons—Keen, Harry, and William—some of the wealthiest and most fashionable men of Washington, Baltimore, and New York.

Thus commenced an era of boundless hospitality.

An old neighbor of those times, describing the Langhorne girls to me as they appeared to her then, had this to say:

"Elizabeth, the oldest, was married, a handsome matron in her mid-twenties. Irene was in her late teens and very lovely—a beauty. Nannie was in her early teens, winsome, piquant, rather frail looking, but a dynamo of energy and spirit. Phyllis was a beautiful, quiet child; and Nora was sweet."

A distant kinswoman, attempting to describe to me that household as the girls blossomed into the Langhorne belles and dozens of beaux flocked to Mirador, threw up her hands.

"The place boiled! I visited there. And I couldn't sleep!"

Among these beaux were Richard Harding Davis and—of course—Charles Dana Gibson, whom Irene Langhorne married, becoming not only his wife, but the inspiration of the Gibson Girl drawings that made him famous.

So Nannie's girlhood at Mirador was passed amid almost endless social gayety. During the winters she attended school in Richmond and New York. Yet her education would be considered today hopelessly inadequate—just a smattering.

Lady Astor during "co'tin' days" down in old Virginia.

She did not attend college. She had no higher education—nothing to prepare her for debating in the British Parliament with men trained in international law. Indeed, in those light-hearted days of fox-hunting—she was a marvelous horsewoman—and other pastimes, had anyone suggested she might some day sit in the British House of Commons, she probably would have doubled up with laughter.

The impression should not be given that the Langhorne girls were unruly. An old neighbor assured me that was not the case.

Instead, Mr. Langhorne was insistent upon obedience. When he spoke he expected to be obeyed instantly; and he was. His daughters were firmly, beautifully reared.

If any one of them ever defied her father, it was tempestuous Nannie.

A friend, happening in one day, beheld them face to face, both crimson with anger. Evidently he had rebuked her for her temper, for she was saying:

"Temper! You have the worst temper of any man on earth! I'm glad I'm not married to you!"

And a moment later she was weeping in his arms.

NANCY ASTOR loved her father deeply—despite the clash of their similar temperaments.

In 1922, when—as a world-famous woman—she visited the little Episcopal church at Greenwood which she had rebuilt in memory of her mother, and addressed a crowd of old friends and neighbors, she said with smiles and tears:

"I wish father were here. I know what he'd say: 'What are they making all this fuss about Nannie for?' But he'd be—pleased, just the same."

It was when Nannie Langhorne was eighteen that she married—October 27, 1897—Robert Gould Shaw of Boston. She divorced him February 3, 1903.

Home at Mirador once more, she turned from the emptiness of fashionable life and began to read and study, her sister Phyllis joining her. It was thus that much of her time was spent until her second marriage, May 3, 1906, to Waldorf Astor of England.

For recreation, during those years at Mirador, she relied chiefly on the out-of-doors—and especially on her horses. The daring high jumps she made at the horse shows—where she competed in the hunt classes—won her handsome cups and reputation as the finest horsewoman in that part of the State.

AT this time an amusing incident occurred that illustrated her innate fairness and her intolerance of injustice.

She went to a horse show at Warrenton, taking a very fine string of horses. Not one of them received a first prize, although it was obvious that they far surpassed any animals there.

Instead, all the first prizes were given to some lady near Warrenton, whom we will call Mrs. Gray. It was a case of prejudiced judges, and it made Mrs. Shaw furious. Finally they gave her a second prize.

"I don't want this thing!" she exclaimed, standing on a chair and holding it in the air. "Hasn't Mrs. Gray some old jackass in her stables that you can tie it on?"

Her character was best summed up by another old acquaintance.

For twenty-five years Lee Hawkins, city editor of the Charlottesville *Progress*, has been repo'tin' the local doin's of the "Lang'uns" (don't ever go to Virginia and mention the Langhornes, for they won't know what you are talking about). And he said to me:

"The whole family has the gift of lovin' people, of bein' democratic, of winnin' affection everywhere. I think that accounts for Lady Astor's success."

When I visited Mirador to keep my appointment, I was received by Viscount Astor in the small drawing-room at the right of the wide, central Colonial hall—a charming room, with its old white mantel, quaint gray rug, towering mahogany secretary, and overstuffed chairs covered with varnished chintz of gray, green, and rose.

Old-time photograph of Lady Astor's mother, Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne.

During the brief moments we waited, he gave me his own idea as to his wife's success.

"When she was elected to Parliament," he said, "she very wisely sat still and listened, not making her maiden speech for many months. Finally, she spoke: on temperance, the question having arisen. It was the first woman member's first speech; the house was crowded and it was a success. Yet it challenged the most powerful and unscrupulous force in public life today—the liquor trade.

"My wife is convinced that it was only her firm trust in God which carried her through those difficult times. The liquor interests have used their power to drive her out of public life, but she has proved a powerful opponent, and will continue to do so. For the women are behind her.

"But, above all, I attribute her success to a real love of humanity—and absolute fearlessness. I think these explain her."

Then with a formal bow, he led me to a wicker chair on the lawn, where he excused himself and left me to enjoy the ravishing views of near-by green hills and distant blue mountains, while I awaited Lady Astor's appearance.

Presently I heard someone calling me. It was my hostess, clad in a pinkish-orchid sports dress, standing on a side porch and beckoning to me with the eager spontaneity of a girl. As I went over, she ran down to meet me—a small, slender woman, very simply dressed, with her fluffy dull-gold hair drawn back into a small knot at the nape of her neck, her blue eyes literally dancing with friendliness and interest. They were keen, penetrating eyes, that more than looked at you—they scrutinized you. Her intentness and intensity, as well as her charming vivacity, made her indescribably fascinating. Perhaps her aunt's term, "vital," sums her up.

"Come on—around here!" she said, leading the way past the side of the great rambling house to the gardens at the rear. Here some other guests were waiting, stout ladies in elaborate summer frocks. And, taking them all in tow, Lady Astor—looking like a humming bird among a lot of bumblebees—flitted ahead, showing us the old estate she had played in as a girl.

THERE were tennis courts and rose gardens. There was a tiny rock pool where lilies floated. There were arbors and quaint, sequestered, flagged paths winding here and there. Finally there was the old-fashioned garden—a riot of bachelors'-buttons, sweet Williams, and clove pinks.

We wandered till we had seen it all. And we saw it not only with our own eyes, but also with Nannie Langhorne's. She told us bits of Mirador history. She kept up a running fire of little dry, droll anecdotes.

At last she led us back to the house. And half an hour later, as we were standing, chatting—all of us—on that broad, flagged, box-bordered walk in front of the house, someone turned to her with the question:

"Lady Astor, how does it feel to be an American girl in the British House of Commons?"

"I never think of it as unusual," she replied thoughtfully. "I've always loved everything Anglo-Saxon. And as for anyone slighting or snubbing or hurting me—it has never got at me, if attempted.

"I'm a Virginian! And I couldn't imagine anything being better than Virginia and Virginians. We're very conceited, you know—Virginians. We're the most insufferable people on earth! Besides——"

She made a tender, expressive gesture.

"Plymouth! It's in the western part of England. It was from there the Pilgrims came. It's a land of free thought; open-mindedness! Isn't it suitable that the first woman in Parliament should have been sent by Plymouth——"

She suddenly realized that I, a reporter, was drinking it all in. And with mock-horror she shooed me homeward.

But as I started away she caught up with me, and for half an hour strolled up and down beside me, chatting in her intense, eager way.

Even when I had definitely departed, and was down near the ivy-covered arch, a shout from her made me turn around.

"When you come to London—let me know," she was calling.

I waved in reply. And in another moment I was out of sight of Mirador—and Nancy Astor.

As I trudged down to the State road, I felt like the old fellow with the walrus mustache who prodded a London newspaper man in the ribs as both listened to a campaign speech she was making before a crowd of working people, in England, in 1923:

"We calls her Nancy; but we means no harm. We *likes* her!"

THE END

The soup when you're hungry!

A picture of plenty! Some of the tempting vegetables, the invigorating beef, the nourishing cereals and flavory herbs that are blended in Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

Thirty-two ingredients in all! Thousands consider it a luncheon or a supper and serve it also as a generous part of many a dinner.

Just taste its delicious flavor!

12 cents a can

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The same wonderful quality which has earned for **Baby Ruth** national popularity and undisputed dominance in its field, will be found in our other popular sellers — Peter Pan, Milk Nut Loaf, Ostrich Egg and Cocoanut Grove.

They are all pure and wholesome for they are made of fresh milk, pure sugar, crisp nuts and rich chocolate."

Otto Y. Schnering,
President.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

"Buy Baby Ruth by the box"

Mine Host Entertains Thieves

"THE man who takes an article of equipment from a hotel room is picking his own pocket."

Pictures by E. B. KEMBLE

The Invisible Item on Your Hotel Bill

An Article by
NORMAN S. HALL

HE was a large man wrapped in a large coat. He wore a large hat and carried a large bag. Slouching over the register, he signed himself as coming from a State that has given more colonels to the nation than has West Point.

Scarcely had the bell boy—muttering imprecations at bags of such huge dimensions—returned to the lobby, when there was a peremptory summons from the large man's room. The uniformed attendant found the guest standing in the center of his chamber. He pointed a scornful finger at one corner of the room and inquired, "What's that?"

The bell boy projected his line of sight from the end of the finger to the object indicated. "A cuspidor, sir," he replied.

"Humph!" growled the large one. "Thought it was a finger bowl. Son, you go get me a *cuspidor*."

The large one beamed when presently the boy returned. He bore no dainty bit of painted china, but a mighty brass vessel that would gladden the heart of the most exacting masticator of any solanaceous plant of the genus *Nicotiana*.

The large one "eased" his galluses and relaxed. He had found comfort in the Great City. And when he left, two days later, the mighty brass vessel went in the voluminous bag with him.

This somewhat unimportant removal of another man's goods without permission is but one of countless incidents that give hotel managers that harried look and gray their hair.

Take it from Arthur L. Lee, managing director of the Hotel McAlpin, New York City, who gave me the facts set forth here, operating a hotel isn't all listening to the band. The guest must be served, and not infrequently he serves himself, as the "Removed by Guests" column of any hotel manager's report will attest.

And the things they take! Even Mr. Lee chuckled as he enumerated them to me. Towels, of course, win first place. Now, the average hotel towel is a luxurious thing. It is big. It is warm. It actually does take up water instead of transferring it from one part of your dripping carcass to another.

Mr. Lee's records show that no fewer than 1,800 towels disappear monthly. Twenty-one thousand six hundred towels a year, or, if you want it the other way, fifty-six and four-tenths towels a day are "Removed by Guests" from the Hotel McAlpin. Perhaps the four-tenths is taken for use as a wash cloth.

Stolen towels alone cost the McAlpin about $17,000 a year and this represents a retail value of at least $25,000.

Many of these are taken inadvertently, with no thought of the actual theft involved. A wet razor, a pair of shoes that might soil clean linen, or some other emergency arising in packing, is sufficient excuse to whisk a hotel towel about the contaminating object.

A large number of these are returned. Almost daily the McAlpin has towels forwarded from other hostelries, where, presumably, the borrowing guest has selected a fresh one to cloak his dripping razor.

The bathroom also eats up the hotel profits in the shape of neatly wrapped cakes of soap that find their way into guest baggage. The soap pilfered annually, if laid end to end, would not only reach farther than if laid side to side, but also would cover a considerable portion of the Great Unwashed. Mr. Lee informed me that guests purloined eighteen tons of McAlpin soap last year.

FOR a long time the McAlpin beds lured tired travelers with linen sheets. Real linen. The sheets disappeared. They disappeared singly, in pairs, and in sets of four. With them went pillow slips of an equally fine grade of linen. Hotel officials frowned and muttered into the space; but not until the war did they withdraw the linen sheets and replace them with less expensive material. Even that did

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

Pictures of Health

They conquered the common ills—
found glorious, vital health—
by eating one simple food

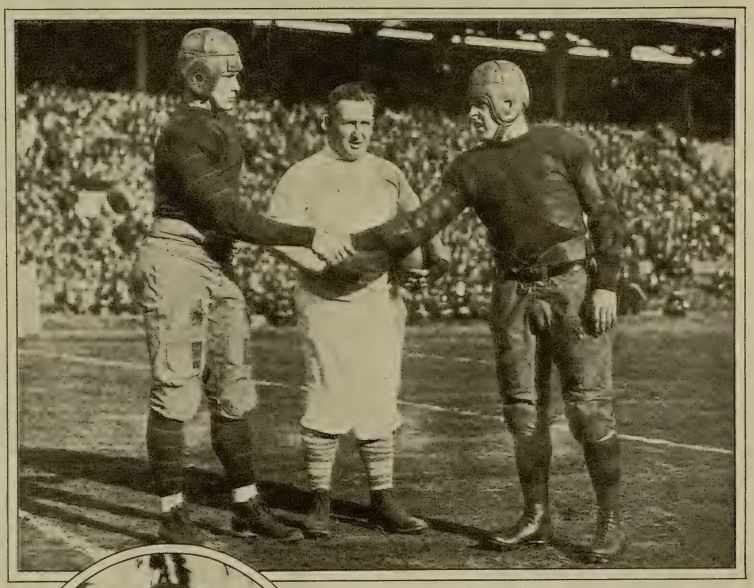
NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces.

For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-36, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



TOM THORP (CENTER) WELL-KNOWN FOOTBALL REFEREE

"WHILE I WAS COACH AT A LARGE UNIVERSITY the members of the football squad came down with boils. I tried many remedies without results. Then a trainer suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. The boils disappeared. Yeast is a great cleanser of the blood."

TOM THORP, Rockville Center, N. Y.

"I HAD SEVERE INTESTINAL PAINS. I have been a chauffeur for twenty years and sitting in a car all day without getting any exercise finally told on my system. I took Fleischmann's Yeast and in two months the pains were gone."

R. S. BURNWOOD, Venice, Calif.

"MY ENERGY BEGAN TO FLAG soon after accepting my position as secretary to the president of a large bank. I became nervous and irritable. Then I discovered Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon I found that I was no longer tired out, no longer nervous and irritable."

ETHEL Y. GINZ, Indianapolis, Ind.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Start eating it today!

"I WAS TROUBLED WITH INDIGESTION and dizzy spells. Gas formed in my stomach. Many people suggested Fleischmann's Yeast, and finally I tried it. My dizziness disappeared and I felt better in every way. I still take Yeast occasionally to keep my stomach in condition."

HATTY LININGER, Miami, Fla.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

not entirely stop the thefts and 2,500 sheets depart annually in the gripsacks of guests.

Thinking to compensate the guests for the lack of real linen sheets, the McAlpin management introduced the slumber pillow. The slumber pillow was small, stuffed with eiderdown, and attractively finished with an embroidered cover. It is of record that but few slumber pillows made a second appearance.

It not infrequently happened that the guest served with a slumber pillow was some bronzed and hardened engineer from the far places, who was accustomed to a forty-pound stock saddle for a headrest at night. But the slumber pillow went with him ne'ertheless. When slumber-pillow thefts averaged 1,800 a year, these, too, had to be withdrawn, as were the bathrobe and bath slippers.

About the time that large numbers of reserve officers, awaiting sailing orders for France, were living at the Hotel McAlpin, the management placed in every room a bathrobe and pair of bath slippers. They were nice bathrobes, and had the one I once had occasion to use been sufficiently small for me, I might now be numbered among the McAlpin's light-fingered guests.

But apparently many of them fitted. For the "Removed by Guests" of an average of 850 of these and their attendant slippers every month occasioned such a financial outlay that it became necessary to discontinue their use.

There is a high mortality rate among sofa pillows and pincushions. Hotel sofa pillows are expensive. They are made of the best brocaded satins and tapestries and elaborately trimmed. The retail value of each would be at least ten dollars. Many of them are taken each year. Pincushions, too, represent a large item, for Mr. Lee's record shows that 2,400 of these articles disappear yearly.

SILK lamp shades, some so large as to excite wonder how the guest removed them undetected, are taken in numbers sufficiently large to need an entry of their own in the list of losses by theft. And some guests take the lamp, too.

"But a thing I shall always marvel at," said Mr. Lee, while discussing purloined room fittings, "is the thoroughgoing manner in which guests at the old Knickerbocker Hotel used to take to our French clocks."

Before assuming the directorate of the McAlpin and the Hotel Martinique, Mr. Lee was associated in the management of the Knickerbocker, a former famous hostelry, the site of which—at Broadway and Forty-second Street—is now occupied by an office building.

"The clocks were expensive things," Mr. Lee continued, "and for safety's sake were riveted to the wall of each room. But they went —plenty of them. How in the world people ever pried those rivets loose without destroying the clock is a puzzle.

"And they did it noiselessly. If I had tried to remove one of the things, I'd have needed a hammer and chisel, and then probably have failed to get it off in one piece."

The talk having turned to easily removable wall decorations, I asked Mr. Lee if pictures were frequently stolen. His reply was another question:

"Do you stay at hotels much?"

"Quite often," I responded.

"Ever see a really attractive picture in any room you ever stayed in?" he asked, and a sly grin accompanied the question.

After a moment's review of hotel chambers, I replied that I couldn't recall ever having seen a really attractive picture.

"Nor will you," he agreed, and explained that the hotel business is probably the only enterprise in the world that deliberately goes in for the homeliest in art. And this search for magnificently framed unattractive pictures saves thousands of dollars yearly. Even these are not entirely safe, however, and investigation would reveal many Josephines and Sheep Grazings bearing the arms of the country's most sumptuous hotels hanging in homes a thousand miles from where they originally hung.

Curtains and other draperies, bureau scarfs and 'phone-table doilies, and bulky blankets have been taken.

Curtains and other draperies—yes, even bureau scarfs and 'phone-table doilies and bulky blankets—have been taken, but these are rare offenses.

Because bedspreads seemed to be immune, it was decided to equip some of the more elaborate McAlpin suites with silken counterpanes. Again faith in human nature was shattered. This more expensive covering lured covetous fingers and the silk bedspread was discontinued because of too many entries under "Removed by Guests."

For years coat hangers disappeared in such quantities that the McAlpin management was convinced every man, woman, and child in America had more than his quota. An ingenious plan was conceived—a plan, the executives agreed, that would forever do away with the theft of coat hangers:

These utilitarian objects should be made with a hanging device designed to fit in a sliding rack so constructed that the hanger itself would be useless without the rack, which should be bolted securely to the closet walls. This arrangement would permit hotel owners to install a better and more substantial hanger.

"How people pried those rivets loose without destroying the clock is a puzzle. And they did it noiselessly."

But, alas! The improved and strengthened coat hanger merely became a more attractive object to purloin, and the pilfering of them increased. Now the McAlpin's guests "remove" 500 of these a month.

One of the largest items is, of course, silver. Demitasse spoons are the smallest silver articles taken in quantity and thermos bottles the largest article of table service to go in considerable numbers.

Before prohibition, the annual losses in stolen glassware—particularly wine and whisky glasses and small table decanters—were almost unbelievable.

One experiment that cost the McAlpin a pretty penny was the installation of silver vacuum coffeepots for room service. These had a retail value of about twenty-five dollars.

As is the rule in all hotels, the silver "set-up" given to a waiter for service in a guest's room is counted and the waiter charged with it; but, despite this and more than the usual vigilance on the part of other hotel employees, the vacuum coffeepots were "removed" in alarming numbers.

Many guests resorted to a clever ruse to obtain the pot. Let us say the guest contemplated checking out on Friday morning. Thursday night he would be served in his room, tip the waiter who brought his food, and request that he be not disturbed until morning. The waiter would retire and leave instructions for his relief man on the next watch to pick up the dishes in the guest's room.

Early the next morning the guest would check out, his silver vacuum coffeepot securely packed away. Silver losses at the McAlpin through this and other subterfuges last year cost the management more than $53,000.

In addition to these figures, which are substantial, it should be remembered that every hotel has in its rooms certain articles the guest is expected to take. The McAlpin spends about $100,000 a year on these. Pens, pencils, stationery, shoe rags, wash cloths, souvenir booklets, city guides, maps, and like articles are placed in rooms for the convenience of guests and they are expected to keep them. But they are not expected to roll up the Axminster and take it along as a souvenir of their stay in Gotham.

Thousands of gross of pens and pencils are carried away from this one hotel every year. Tons of bond stationery, expensively printed, go with them. Blotters, erasers, telegraph blanks, telephone pads, all have their places in the column of "Removed by Guests."

"Not that we don't try to stop it," Mr. Lee explained. "The McAlpin is as thoroughly and efficiently policed as any bank, and the chances of a guest's being robbed are nil. Our house detectives are trained operatives and the other employees all strive to prevent the removal of objects we do not expect guests to take. Nevertheless, our losses closely approximate a quarter of a million dollars yearly.

"AND—I'd like to have you make this clear —the traveling public pays. If the few who do steal from hotels would stop it, I could substantially reduce the price of my rooms and my meals tomorrow and still face my stockholders. The man who takes an article of equipment from a hotel room is picking his own pocket if he ever intends to stay in another hotel, because somewhere that item has been added to the bill.

"Another thing, don't get the idea that every person who goes to a hotel does so with the idea of going away with most of the fittings in his room. Nothing could be further from the fact.

"The vast majority of people are honest. Every hotel proprietor in the world proves that by the way he accepts his guests. You can come in here with a battered bag containing two telephone directories and a pair of rubbers and live a week. And money won't be mentioned for at least that length of time.

"Most people are fair and honest and we have to accept the others at that valuation."

"Do you ever arrest a guest actually caught trying to stea—er—'remove' some of the hotel's property?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Ordinarily it would stir up a mess that would annoy perfectly innocent people and result in more damage to the hotel's reputation than twice the value of the stuff taken. We just recover our article and let the guest go; but—he never returns, you can gamble on that."

I thanked Mr. Lee and left the hotel, realizing as I walked up the street that I had in my pocket a pad of very excellent McAlpin stationery and a new pencil.

THE END

Long years of service positively assured by

CHRYSLER STANDARDIZED QUALITY

By J. E. FIELDS

The Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality gives long years of superlative service at a minimum cost for operation and upkeep, to the owner of every Chrysler car.

The first, and the greatest requirement of Standardized Quality, is that each of the four lines of cars bearing the Chrysler name contains within itself capacities far beyond any extreme which the owner will ever impose.

This means that in each Chrysler model there is stored a great reserve of performance, of endurance, of durability. It means that the severest demands of the average motorist must necessarily fall short of what the Chrysler is capable of delivering.

No one can—or would if he could—drive consistently at the 80 miles and more per hour which the Chrysler Imperial "80" turns up so readily.

But the eighty-mile speed of the Imperial "80"—the reserve which may never be tapped—means that at 45, or 55, or 65 miles, or more, an hour, it travels with an effortless easement which is unique in the history of fine motoring.

The same is true, within its own speed abilities, of the Chrysler "70"—the car that has Chryslerized the design and manufacture of all motor cars in the last three years; the same is true of the lighter six, Chrysler "60"; the same is also true of the new Chrysler "50", finest of fours.

The first, and the greatest, requirement of Standardized Quality is that each of the four lines of cars bearing the Chrysler name contains within itself capacities far beyond any extreme which the owner will ever impose.

That means that each Chrysler model carries a great reserve of performance, of endurance, of durability—due to the Chrysler Plan of Standardized Quality.

J. E. Fields

Chrysler's enduring performance is the spectacular, interesting thing about these cars.

But underlying this enduring performance is the Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality—a fixed and inflexible quality standard which enforces the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50","60","70" and the Imperial "80"—so that each individual car shall be the Supreme Value in its own class.

Thus "purchaser's risk" is eliminated. The purchaser knows that every Chrysler from the lowest-priced to the highest-priced is supreme value in its class. That the value of each is unquestionable.

It is this Standardized Quality, and the certainty of it, that gives to the Chrysler owner the supreme and implicit confidence in his car, even though he demands the seemingly impossible in performance.

BUILT AS ONLY CHRYSLER BUILDS

CHRYSLER

"50 – 60 – 70 – 80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

All Arms *in the* Poor Box

Mystery Runs Riot On the Eve of a Wedding

A Short Story *by*
CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORNE

Pictures by JOHN HAELEN

"Barbara told me that, just before the services, she saw Barry Tucker prowling around the hedges."

HEAVEN knows, there had been excitement enough in the church that night, without the added shock in store for old Martin Saxe. It was trembling on the verge of midnight, and an eerie wind blowing outside, when the sexton came suddenly upon Judge Tomlinson with his right arm deep in the poor box.

No, there could be no mistake—it was the Judge himself. Living men do not have ghosts, nor had old Martin ever heard of a phantom smoking a cigar, breathing audibly, and shuffling its feet on the floor. Again, it would be preposterous to think of a specter throwing its overcoat across the back of a pew and hooking its cane in a lighting fixture.

Judge Tomlinson robbing a poor box! The very thought paralyzed the sexton into inaction. His first impulse was to hide behind a pew and await developments; his second, to dash for the door and blow his whistle; his third—the one he finally acted upon—to step up quietly behind the intruder and cough warningly.

The dim figure wheeled instantly. Light from a swaying street lamp filtered through a stained-glass window, giving a curiously unstable and dematerialized aspect to the huge form. Martin recoiled a step, but held his ground when the cigar coal flamed into a bright red and a cloud of aromatic smoke enveloped them both.

"Judge," faltered the old man, "what am I to understand—what am I to say?"

The town-hall bell, softened by distance and the thick walls of the church, tolled the hour of twelve. No answer came to the sexton's sorrowful question until the last mellow stroke blended with the moan of the wind. Then the Judge—it was the Judge—withdrew his arm from the box, turned on the light in the wall overhead, and blandly unhooked his cane from the brass arm.

"What are you to say?" he echoed, with rebuke in his tone. "You are to say nothing. You are to remember that I am now, and have been for sixteen years, Judge of the Dykeman County Court; that I have lived here in Dykeman all my life; that the suspicion implied in your question, even in such extraordinary circumstances as these, is unworthy of your professed friendship of years. You are——"

"Stop!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Where loads are loads—and there are no roads

GO TO the oil fields if you want to see trucks hauling loads that are loads—tons on tons of rigging, casing, boilers, pipe. And hauling these loads where roads have never existed—over gulleys, ravines, prairies without a trail, and even over river beds.

Go to the Texas Panhandle—largest oil field in the world and scene of the greatest oil boom in the country—and see International Trucks doing the heaviest kind of work and making light of it. You will find hundreds of them—from the thickest proven territory where the derricks rise like orchards out to the farthest wildcat well.

Here and in the other oil fields—Pennsylvania, Mid-Continent, the Rocky Mountain Area, or California—and also in the refining and marketing end of the business, thousands of Internationals are doing the hard work for the most progressive companies of the industry.

And wherever you go you will find International Trucks giving good service and getting good service as well.

Hard service is built into every International by one of the oldest manufacturing organizations in the country. Good service is given to every International by the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world.

Some of the Leading Oil Companies Owning International Trucks

Amerada Petroleum Co.	Indian Refining Co.	Red Fox Petroleum Co.
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Colonial Filling Stations	Magnolia Petroleum Co.	Shafer Oil Co.
Continental Oil Co.	Manhattan Oil Co.	Shell Oil Co.
Cosden Oil Co.	Marland Oil Co.	Sinclair Oil Co.
Economy Gas & Oil Co.	Metro Oil Corporation	Standard Oil Co.
Empire Gas & Fuel Co.	Mid-Continent Refining Co.	Texas Co.
Great Western Oil Co.	National Refining Co.	Texhoma Oil & Ref. Co.
Gulf Refining Co.	Prairie Pipe Line Co.	Tidewater Oil Co.
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Our 121 branch houses are located in the cities listed here; and in addition there are dealers located conveniently from one end of the country to the other.

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Springfield, Mass.
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Springfield, O.
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Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kan.
Waterloo, Ia.
Watertown, S. D.
Wichita, Kan.
Williamsport, Pa.
Winona, Minn.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

It was not old Martin who spoke. The voice came from a deeply recessed small door that opened into a little room off the vestibule. Dr. Rook, rector of St. John's, emerged from the gloom and strode within the arc of light, raising an accusing finger.

"Judge Tomlinson," he said sternly, "it is you who are unworthy—unworthy if for nothing else than this attempt to silence an old man who is merely trying to do his duty. I myself have been a witness to the whole affair.

"From the rectory window I saw you enter the church through the rear basement door. When I hurried over, I arrived just in time to see you open this box and thrust your arm into it. Of course, as treasurer, you have the right to the key; but I will require an explanation of your presence here at midnight—to all appearances, robbing the poor box."

"THE second attempt tonight," mumbled old Martin. "If it hadn't been for that, I'd have been in bed an hour ago — and Dr. Rook, too."

Judge Tomlinson sagged heavily against the box, a rude affair of stout oak, chained at the base to a heavy ring embedded in the masonry. The pyramidal lid now lay agape, leaning against the wall. Through its full inch of thickness an aperture like a mail slot had been cut to permit the passage of gifts other than money—a bit of wartime expansion. In those days, under stirring appeals for world-wide charity, lavish offerings of Liberty bonds, as well as many bright bits of jewelry, had dropped through that slot. At the present time, however, the flow had been made up of small coins—some of them smooth or mutilated—and an occasional dollar bill.

While the rector was pouring out his indictment, the Judge's face underwent a complete cycle of emotions, ending in an expression of downright wrath, which seemed to be at the point of breaking into a fury of denunciation, when his mood shifted suddenly and he burst into a queer laugh.

Dr. Rook and old Martin started back. Judge Tomlinson had been noted for his sense of humor, but they never had heard him laugh like this before. They watched him apprehensively as he slammed down the lid of the box, thrust the padlock into place, and snapped it shut.

"As a suspected culprit," he drawled, "I will ask you to observe that I have taken neither money nor anything else from this box. I suppose you'll spare me from immediate arrest," he added facetiously, "but I can explain nothing now. In a few days I'll make the whole thing clear to you—that is, to you and Martin only. Even then, it must be on condition that you keep my confidence."

"In the meantime," objected Dr. Rook, "you expect me to keep silent and perform the marriage ceremony in the morning between your daughter Barbara and Joe Dutton—this, while harboring what may be a disgraceful secret?"

"There is no disgraceful secret!" The Judge was haughty now. "Furthermore, my daughter's marriage will take place in the morning—if not here, elsewhere."

Dr. Rook was plainly nettled. He inclined his head toward the small room from which he had emerged.

The three men entered. It was a chapel-like nook with a single window, used by members of the congregation as a retreat for prayer and meditation. The rector lighted a candle in the quaint old wall bracket and bade the Judge be seated.

Old Martin closed the door.

"You must tell us why you opened the poor box," began the rector firmly.

Judge Tomlinson rose suddenly to his feet and blew out the candle, plunging the vault-like chamber in darkness. At the same moment a violent gust of wind swayed the street lamp outside and it creaked uncannily. Its light cast grotesque shadows across the walls.

THE District Attorney held the necklace aloft. "Oh, you found it, then? Thank goodness!"

Old Martin gave a squeal of terror.

"Don't attempt violence, sir!" boomed the rector.

A laugh sounded through the darkness—again that queer laugh.

JUDGE TOMLINSON struck a match and relighted the candle.

"See how fragile a reputation may be," he remarked coolly. "After knowing me as an honest man and a leading citizen for all these years, you are not only willing to believe me a poor-box thief, but also capable of murder to cover up the crime."

The rector recovered his poise.

"Our nerves may be a bit ragged," he admitted, "but, as Martin has said, you are the second man we have caught tampering with the poor box tonight."

"The second man?" Judge Tomlinson spoke in blank amazement. "Caught, you say?"

Dr. Rook shook his head.

"He escaped—ran through the church and got out of a rear window when Martin blew his whistle. But he left the marks of a burglar's tool on the box."

"The other man was not——"

Judge Tomlinson stopped.

"Not whom?" The rector's question pulsated with eagerness.

"Who was he?" thrust in old Martin.

"Oh, you didn't recognize him, then?" The Judge's muttered words were weighted with relief.

Dr. Rook's anger rose.

"Look here, Judge," he snapped, "I'm tired of this evasion. I want to know at once why you and this other person——"

"His pal!" interjected Martin.

Again that queer laugh. But Judge Tomlinson's eyes were cold with fury. He glanced at his watch, gripped his cane, buttoned his overcoat—buttoned it just in time, old Martin thought, to prevent that big, heaving body from blowing up and spattering the walls. But he spoke calmly enough:

"I must defer any explanation for a few days. Of course, I don't take seriously your threat to hamper the marriage of my daughter tomorrow—this morning, rather——"

A muffled crash sounded from within the church. The three men ran to the door. Dr. Rook threw on the light, revealing Joe Dutton, newly elected District Attorney, prying at the lid of the poor box with a glinting steel bar.

"Joe!" they shouted in chorus.

The official dropped his implement and threw up his hands, a ghastly grin distorting his features. Rubbing his eyes slowly, he viewed each face separately in the dim semicircle that narrowed before him.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

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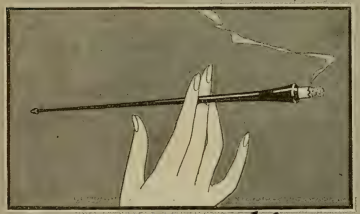

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"Well?" cracked out the rector.

"Well?" echoed old Martin.

"Poor Barbara!" the Judge was groaning miserably.

Joe Dutton whistled—a low, ruminative whistle.

"By George!" he breathed. "What a situation on the eve of my wedding! Three good witnesses against me—a clergyman, a judge, and a highly respected old sexton. Three unimpeachable witnesses."

Dr. Rook's face hardened.

"I am not sure that the three of us may be so classified," he said stiffly. "Not ten minutes ago Mr. Saxe and I caught Judge Tomlinson, your prospective father-in-law, in the same act. What I said to him I shall repeat now with double emphasis: there will be no marriage here in the morning unless this whole affair is made clear to me."

"What!" Joe Dutton fairly yelled the word. "Do you mean to say that the Judge tried to break into this box tonight?"

"It wasn't necessary for him to break in; that's the worst of it—he used his own key." Old Martin was talking. "Who ever heard of a church officer making collections from the poor box at midnight?"

"The facts speak for themselves," supplemented Dr. Rook. "You both entered the church surreptitiously at an hour when all honest folk are in bed. We saw both of you tampering with the poor box—the Judge with a key and you with a crowbar. Furthermore, there was an earlier trespasser, bent on the same mission. What does all this mean?"

An expression of broad good humor worked its way to Joe Dutton's face. Catching the Judge's eye, he found an answering twinkle.

"We're two against two." The Judge spoke significantly.

"Exactly," agreed the District Attorney.

HE stooped and picked up the implement he had used in attacking the box. "As a lawyer, I advise you to say nothing that could be used against you in court."

Judge Tomlinson chuckled.

"Mr. Dutton," he returned, "you will consider yourself similarly advised by me."

During this dialogue the District Attorney had been calmly separating the polished steel bar into three parts. Old Martin watched him.

"It's a sectional jimmy!" he exclaimed.

"Precisely." Mr. Dutton placed the three parts in a handsome leather case and proffered it to the sexton. Old Martin took the case mechanically; then, with a scared squeak, dropped it to the floor.

"They're tryin' to lay the blame on us, doctor!" He thrust his hand into his hip pocket.

"Don't shoot!" cried the rector.

But Martin merely withdrew a handkerchief and mopped his face.

"Two doggone blacklegs!" he muttered impotently.

"A pair of unregenerate, conniving scoundrels!" bellowed the rector. "I believe——"

He paused suddenly, as if ashamed of having lost his clerical calm. Struck with a new idea, he continued quietly:

"JUDGE, lend me your key, will you? I want to see what is in that box."

Judge Tomlinson thrust his hand into a pocket, but let it remain there when the District Attorney shook his head warningly.

"On the advice of counsel, I must refuse to let you have the key."

"All right, then," stormed the rector. "I'll break it open!"

He stooped to the floor and picked up the jimmy.

Old Martin gasped.

"Don't do that, doctor," he implored. "They just want to turn the evidence against us. They're lawyers and they can do it. We might even be tried before Judge Tomlinson, with Joe Dutton prosecutin' us.

"I know 'em—I know 'em both. Joe was the worst little cuss in town. Once he put a wad of soft chewin'-gum in the Judge's doorbell button—just to keep it ringin' and annoyin' everybody. And the Judge only laughed about it! They're a pair of doggone accomplices—that's what they are."

Dr. Rook laughed with the others, but checked himself at the piteous look of reproach from the old man.

"Come, come!" he exclaimed impatiently. "This farce has gone far enough. Martin and I have been a bit hasty in assuming that either of you could be guilty of so mean an act as robbing the poor-box."

"There must be something valuable in it," muttered old Martin, "and somebody else besides the Judge and Joe Dutton knows it. Who was the fella I scared away? He was dressed like a tramp, but——"

The sexton stopped suddenly when he observed the Judge and the District Attorney whispering together and gazing suspiciously at Dr. Rook.

The rector exploded. Jerking the jimmy from the case, he began to fit it together.

"We'll put an end to this mystery!" he exclaimed testily. "I'll open that box right now. Martin, if either of these men interferes, blow your police whistle."

Joe Dutton, who had been listening intently, though not wholly to the clergyman, suddenly turned off the light.

"Wait," he whispered. "I think someone will spare you the trouble of smashing open that box. Sh-sh!"

Four breathless men became rigid. A rasping, crunching noise, followed by the creaking of a window sash, sounded plainly from the rear of the church. Instantly a snarl of wind shook the curtains at the choir rail, eddied upward, and made the prisms on the great chandelier tinkle musically. The window sash creaked again and dropped to the sill.

"He's in!" whispered the District Attorney.

"Let's slip back into the room and wait." This came from the Judge.

Four shadowy figures crept into the meditation chamber, the Prosecutor drawing a pistol and taking up his station near the partly closed door. Groping footsteps, growing louder, told the listeners that the intruder was making his way toward them.

Presently a crash sounded through the church. The fourth invader was attacking the poor box!

The door of the meditation room flew open, a switch clicked, and a flare of light flooded back into the little room.

"Hands up, Barry!"

It was Joe Dutton's voice, just outside the door.

The three others piled out in time to witness a strange tableau. A roughly clad man, with a pale and bestial face, was sprawled across a long crowbar thrust horizontally under the lid of the box. The bar passed directly beneath his waistline, giving the body an appearance of being impaled. The head was thrown convulsively backward, while the legs worked furiously, vainly seeking a foothold. It was apparent that the man had just cast his weight upon the bar when the District Attorney burst through the door. A few feet away, rigid and alert, stood the Prosecutor, his pistol leveled at the robber's head.

"It's Barry Tucker!" gasped the rector.

"Barry the bank burglar!" Old Martin added the identifying tag.

Barry lurched forward, and the lid gave way with a crunch, sending the crowbar clanging to the floor. Before he could regain his feet, Judge Tomlinson threw his great weight upon him.

"You've broken your parole, Barry!" he cried. "I warned you against this."

"Damn the parole!"

From the struggling huddle on the floor an arm shot upward, its powerful, hairy hand grasping a knife.

DR. ROOK, who had picked up the crowbar, swung the heavy steel to his shoulder.

"Fore!" he cried, with unconscious humor, sending the knife spinning far down the middle aisle.

Judge Tomlinson stood up, panting, a revolver clutched in his right hand—his adversary's gun.

"Get up, Barry," ordered the District Attorney. "If you attempt any more shenanigan, I'll send you to the morgue instead of the sneezer."

The burglar got on his feet.

"I quit," he said sullenly. "I know when I'm licked."

Evil and terrible as the fellow

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

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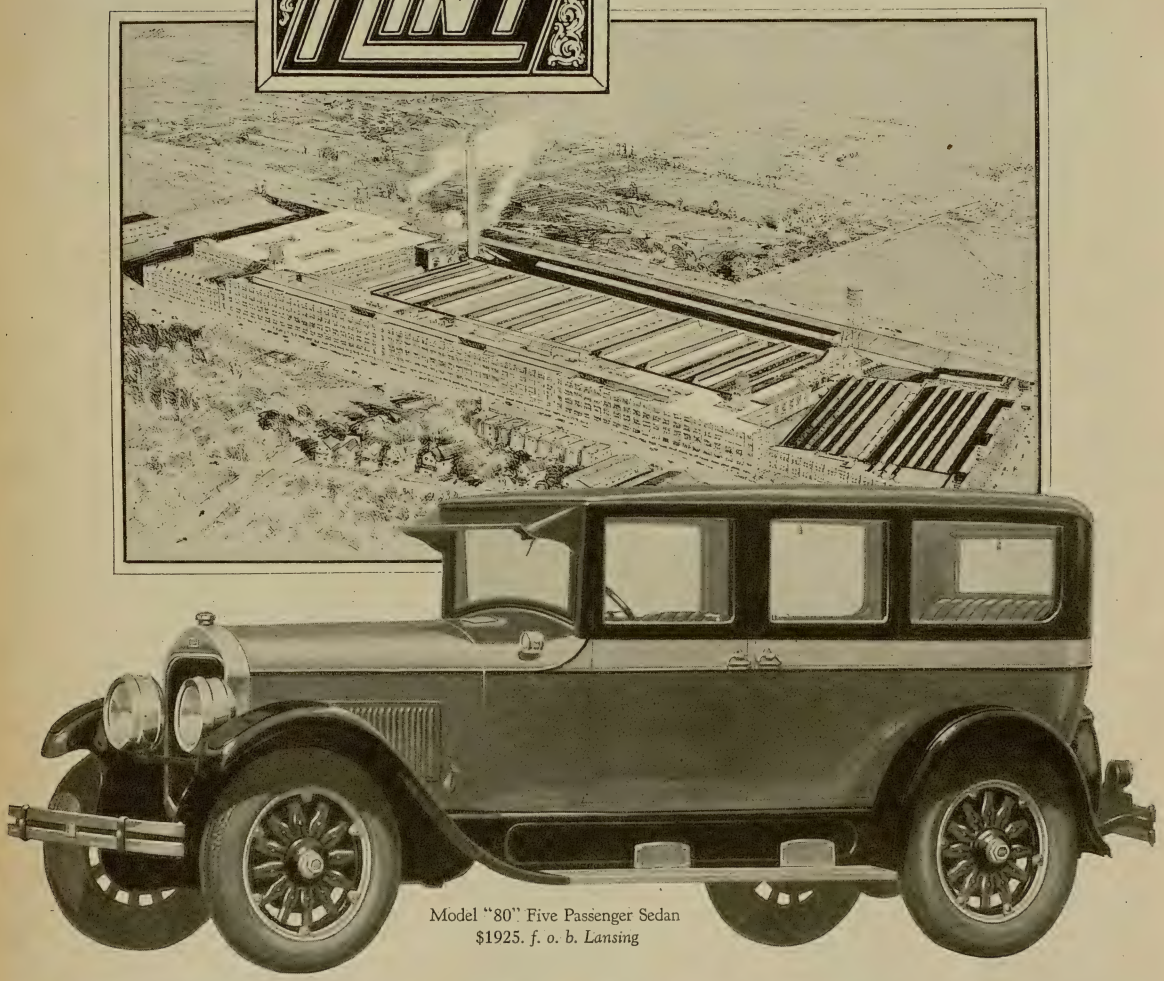

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

looked, he apparently had spent his energy in that short fight on the floor. There was something about the heavy, brutal face, with features too coarse to be in harmony with the fine, whitish texture of the skin, that told of an indoor life without labor, of a joyless routine for days, weeks, months, and years—the grim punishment of a criminal too desperate to be trusted with tools.

OLD Martin, who had retrieved the knife, joined the group of captors—the Judge and the Prosecutor with pistols and the rector with the crowbar.

"Barry was a bit overequipped for a job like this," Joe remarked, surveying his companions. "Just imagine *him* robbing a poor box! Must have lost his professional pride up at Dannemora."

"Robbin' a poor box, my eye!" snorted the prisoner ferociously. "You know what I came here to get."

Dr. Rook edged toward the box, the entire top of which had been wrenched off, and peered eagerly into its depths. Tilting it as far as the heavy chain would permit, he thrust his hand to the bottom, pawing hastily into all corners. He straightened up.

"Why, there's nothing there! Just a handful of pennies, nickels, and dimes."

"The little snow beads are gone, hey?" Barry Tucker's lips curled with a sneer.

"Snow beads?" The rector spoke in bewilderment.

"The poils!" snarled the robber. "Someone's nailed 'em—beat me to it!"

"The Judge—" began old Martin.

"The Judge nothing!" roared that individual. "My hand hadn't reached the bottom of the box when you and Dr. Rook came blundering in with your ridiculous accusations. The pearls must be there still."

Instantly a mass play was made against the box. Five heads — Barry Tucker's included — bumped democratically as all sought to peer into its depths at once.

Joe Dutton hurled the robber backward.

"Keep him covered, Judge," he warned.

Elbowing the others away, he made a thorough search.

"Gone," he muttered finally. "Gone! A five-thousand-dollar string of pearls—my gift to Barbara."

"Your gift to Barbara!" echoed Dr. Rook. "Who put it in the poor box—and why?"

"Where are the pearls now?" This was the dominant note in a medley of questions.

The District Attorney was first to realize the futility of conjecture.

"Judge, why not get Barbara on the phone and ask her if she really put them in the poor box?" he asked.

Barry Tucker's eyes gleamed. "The poils were put in the box, all right," he snarled. "I saw *my daughter Barbara* chuck 'em in there—but she didn't know I was watchin' her."

"His daughter Barbara!" The incredulous gasp came from the rector.

"It's true, or partly true, at least," admitted Judge Tomlinson. "That's the secret Joe and I have been trying to keep from you. This hound is her stepfather —happily, his blood does not flow in her veins."

"But it wasn't Barry that I saw prowling around the church after the services," objected old Martin. "An' it was a different make of man I scared away from the poor box early in the evening."

The rector surveyed the group despairingly. Fatigue had fallen heavily upon them all.

"Let's go back into the meditation room and try to reconstruct this whole affair," he suggested. "Since the big secret is out, you now may all talk more frankly."

Judge Tomlinson stood up, panting, a revolver clutched in his right hand—his adversary's gun.

Old Martin, tottering under the night's strain, preceded the others and lighted the candle. Barry Tucker followed, still covered by the Prosecutor's pistol, and slumped into a seat.

The sexton sank down beside the robber. His tired old body swayed slowly. Finally his nodding head drooped gently to the man's shoulder.

Barry Tucker made no effort to dislodge the silvery head. His hard face relaxed, a flush appeared under the pallid skin, and a grin erased the sneer from his brutal mouth.

Joe Dutton lowered the pistol and left him to the more gentle guardianship.

Judge Tomlinson, who had stepped to a telephone in the vestibule, appeared in the doorway.

"Barbara is coming," he announced.

"I withdraw my threat not to perform the marriage," said the rector hastily.

Judge Tomlinson had been gazing at Barry Tucker with mingled pity and contempt.

"YOU all know," he began finally, "that about sixteen years ago I sent this man to prison for the Dykeman Bank robbery. It was not known at the time that he had a wife and child; indeed, I didn't know it myself until he was on his way to Dannemora. Then the woman came to me and told her story. She was a widow with a small child when he married her. When she learned of his criminal career, she left him.

"That is all this man has in the way of a claim on Barbara. When the mother died I adopted the child—you knew she was my foster-daughter—but I thought it inadvisable to reveal this chapter in the innocent girl's life. Joe had learned the story from another source. When he told me that he wished to marry Barbara, there was no secret between us. This miserable dog has served several terms in prison since."

To all this Joe Dutton nodded assent. He rose to his feet, his eyes flashing with the ardor of a prosecutor, his voice pitched for declamation:

"When that filthy buzzard was released from prison a few weeks ago, he made for this town like a homing bird, gripping in his beak the carrion secret of his own shame. It was his only asset. For Barbara's sake the Judge gave him money to lose himself in some other part of the country. But did he go? No; he hung around a rotten speakeasy in the lower part of the town until he heard about Barbara's approaching marriage. Then he had the gall to throw himself in her way and threaten her with what he called exposure. He thought he had found a fine little clover patch for blackmail. But Barbara told me all about it——"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

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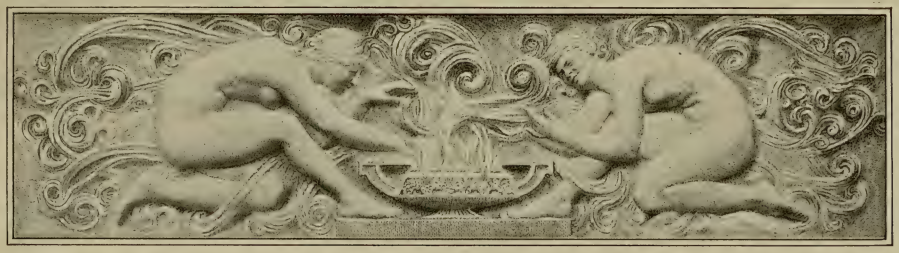

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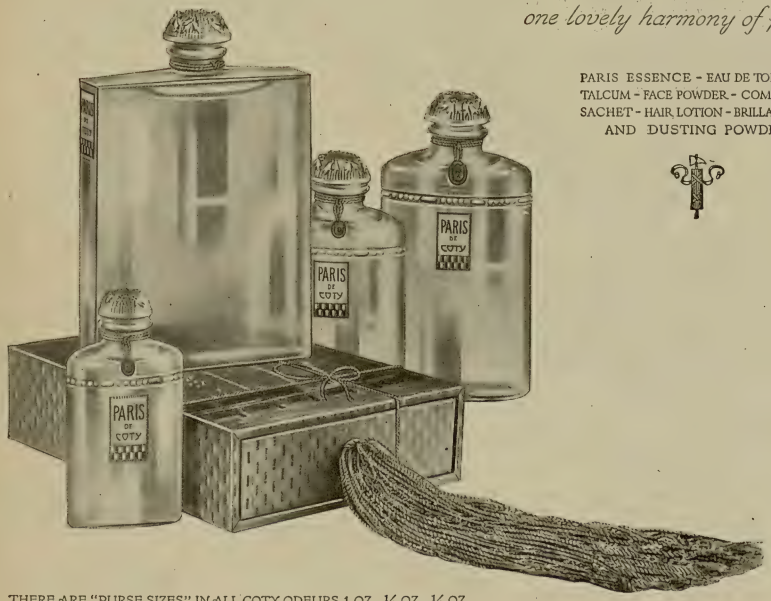

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

"Maybe she'll tell you what happened to the poils," jeered the robber.

He made a move as if to start to his feet. Joe covered him with the pistol.

"Let Judge Tomlinson tell us how Barbara happened to put the necklace in the poor box," interposed the rector.

The Judge smiled maliciously at Dr. Rook's eagerness.

"You know," he drawled, "I didn't attend the services last evening—I never do on Wednesdays; it's my night for whist. Joe and Barbara were here, of course, and he took her home. When I arrived she was waiting for me at the door, greatly agitated. The housekeeper was ill upstairs, the cook had gone to her own home, and the maid had a night off. In short, there couldn't have been a better chain of circumstances to favor the visit of a burglar.

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"Oh, now! That, of course——"

All that was possible of regret and apology slipped through Dr. Rook's lips with these emollient words.

Judge Tomlinson raised his hand in smiling absolution and went on with his story:

"Well, what did Barbara do? Women have curious and foolish impulses in such matters. She dropped the pearls in the poor box, knowing that I had the key and could recover them in the morning. But I knew the cunning of this slithering hound, Barry Tucker, and it made me uneasy. So I came down to the church at once to get the pearls."

Dr. Rook again interposed:

"But Joe? How did he find out about it—what brought him here with a jimmy?"

The District Attorney picked up the narrative with great animation.

"Now, then, I'm going to kill two birds with one stone—and both of 'em will be blackbirds."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dutton," broke in the prisoner, with mock politeness, "but I believe that's my jimmy layin' on the table there. You all know I didn't bring it in. I've been double-crossed—some gent in this here assemblage has got my daughter's jools."

The Prosecutor drew the jimmy out of Barry's reach. He spoke grimly:

"You've been double-crossed, all right, and so have I. But the man who pulled the trick on you didn't get the necklace—that's where my part of this little drama comes in.

"A half-hour after old Martin scared the first prowler away from the church, the bird was picked up by the police as a suspicious character. I happened to be at the station when he was brought in, and recognized him as Luke Hayes, a pal of yours. He was partly awash with Irish fighting water, so I put him on the pan. He sang like a canary——"

"The rat!" snarled Tucker. "He tried to pull the job alone after I let him in on it."

"Exactly," agreed the District Attorney; "and, like a rat, he squealed. I took his jimmy—or yours, as you say—and came down to get the pearls myself. I was in a trance—had no idea why Barbara put them there. Didn't get it quite clear until the Judge explained it here a few minutes ago."

Barry Tucker chuckled savagely.

"I SAW the dicks put the basket over Luke when he came out of the speak-easy—came within an ace of bein' snagged myself at the time. I just bought a drink fer the yellow dog and was waitin' fer me change when he stepped out of the door and right into the arms of the cops. He coughed when they nailed him—gave me the office fer a getaway, y' know. Thinkin' he was a square pal, I came here alone to get the beads. He musta got sore because I made him carry the jimmy—felony charge."

The rector's eyes widened. "I wish old Martin were awake to hear all this."

Martin stirred at the mention of his name.

"Ridicolos, ridicolos!" he murmured.

Joe Dutton glanced at his watch.

"Two," he said fretfully; "Barbara ought to be here soon."

Old Martin stirred again.

"Girls are queer critters," he muttered testily. "Durn the pesky pearls, anyway. She didn't put 'em in the box et tall."

Barry Tucker gave a surly snort and jolted the white head away from his shoulder.

The sexton sprang to his feet.

"I've got it!" he yodeled.

In a moment he was out of the meditation room and running toward the poor box. The others were hard at his heels.

Turning on the light, Martin tilted the box until it lay at a deep angle to the floor.

"Take 'em, Joe!" he cried gleefully. "There's your bride's pearls. She dropped 'em *behind* the box instead of *in* it. Ridicolos, ridicolos!"

JOE DUTTON stooped and picked up the necklace from the dust behind the poor box.

An anguished moan jarred out of Barry Tucker.

"Back to Dannemora fer me! Such a slate-roofed bum as me don't deserve to be free. I toted that twenty-pound crowbar clear over from the freight yards when I mighta picked up them poils like a bunch of pansies."

The honk of an automobile sounded outside.

Dr. Rook seized the robber by the collar, dragged him to the vestibule, and thrust him into the janitor's closet.

"A little foretaste of your future," he remarked, slamming and locking the door.

Judge Tomlinson threw open the front door. A muffled figure swept in on the cold morning wind.

"Barbara!"

"Joe!"

The District Attorney held the necklace aloft.

"Oh, you found it, then? Thank goodness!"

"Just where you put it, dear," replied Joe gallantly.

Barbara dropped the wrap from her shoulders. Joe fumbled with the catch of the necklace while he sought to place it around her throat.

"Joe!" she exclaimed. "You've dropped it down my back!"

THE END

SAAL *Soft* SPEAKERS

Ec-centric Cone

The newest development in Cone Speakers, based on the original musical principle—that of the melodious harp. Its short and long sides give exact proportions of vibrating area for high and low notes. Complete reproduction, eliminating drum or barrel tone. Operates perfectly with or without power amplifier. A price never before possible in quality speakers.

Height, 22 inches . . $25.00
West of the Rockies . 26.50

JUNIOR MODEL—*as above*
Height, 16 inches . . $15.00
West of the Rockies . . 16.00

Horn No. 5

Latest model of the famous Saal "Soft Speaker." Bell of genuine Bakelite, gooseneck of non-vibrant aluminum scientifically shaped for sound reproduction. No metallic ring, nothing to crack or deteriorate, guaranteed not to blast or chatter. The aristocrat of horns, combining volume with velvet tone.

Height, 21¼ inches . $22.50
West of the Rockies . . 24.60

Pedestal

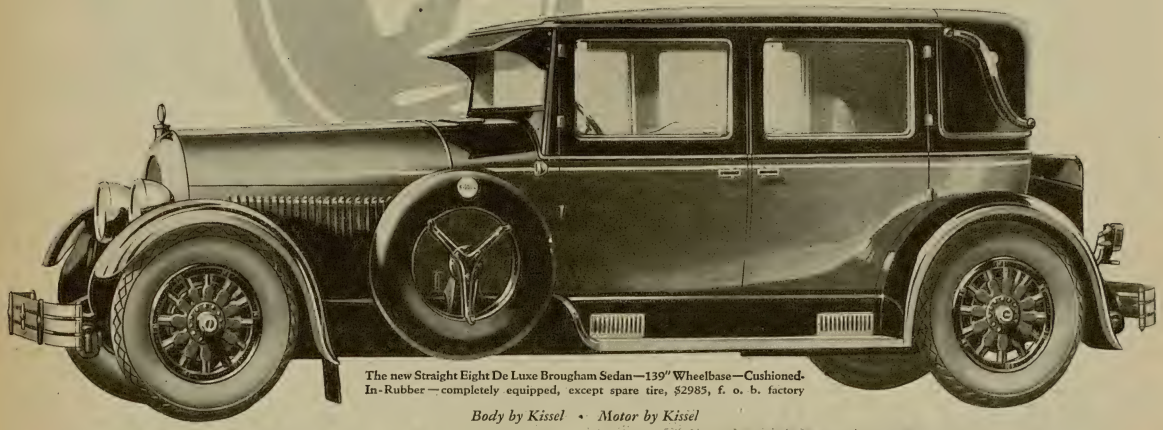
Readily movable from one room to another. The long, gradually tapering 3-foot wooden tone chamber produces exceptionally clear pure reception. Sound emerges from both front and back of gold cloth grille, hence non-directional. Top is level with ear when you are seated tuning in. A drawing room piece in American walnut finish.

Height, 44 inches . . $38.00
West of the Rockies . . 40.00

H. G. SAAL COMPANY
1800 Montrose Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

CUSTOM BUILT

Cushioned-In-Rubber



The new Straight Eight De Luxe Brougham Sedan—139" Wheelbase—Cushioned-In-Rubber—completely equipped, except spare tire, $2985, f. o. b. factory

Body by Kissel • Motor by Kissel

An advertisement *written by Kissel Straight Eight Owners*

By Clare A. Briggs, famous cartoonist, New Rochelle, N. Y.

"This new Eight has anything beaten in its class and I have had many of them. I am especially impressed with the motor and the pick-up qualities it possesses, I mean the unneedful shifting of high gear when slowing down or taking a hill... the marvelous flexibility (I think that's the word) of the motor!"

CLARE A. BRIGGS

* * *

By J. L. Skeldon, Skeldon Power Plant Equipment Co., Toledo, Ohio

"I have owned 27 expensive cars and now drive a Kissel Straight Eight. Anyone who knows motor cars, if they drive a Kissel Eight, will agree with the writer that they have never driven a real automobile until they drive this car. Last week I drove from Louisville, Kentucky, to Toledo, Ohio—400 miles—in one day, taking 12 hours for the trip, with time out for lunch and time out for a visit with one of our customers. I am getting 16 to 17 miles on long runs. The riding ease is something I have never experienced before. I cannot say enough for the Kissel Straight Eight."

JOSEPH L. SKELDON

By Fred H. Zimmerman, Supt. of J. I. Pushee and Son, Inc., of Boston

"It is the opinion of both my chauffeur and myself that the Kissel Straight Eight has no peer on the road. After completing an 800-mile trip in the White Mountains, we found that we averaged 15 to 16 miles per gallon of gas. Your form-fitting upholstery is a great feature which probably accounts for the fact that in my 10 years of motoring I have never had a trip that afforded me more pleasure and less fatigue than the one just completed."

FRED H. ZIMMERMAN

* * *

By Harry Gill, New Bedford, Mass.

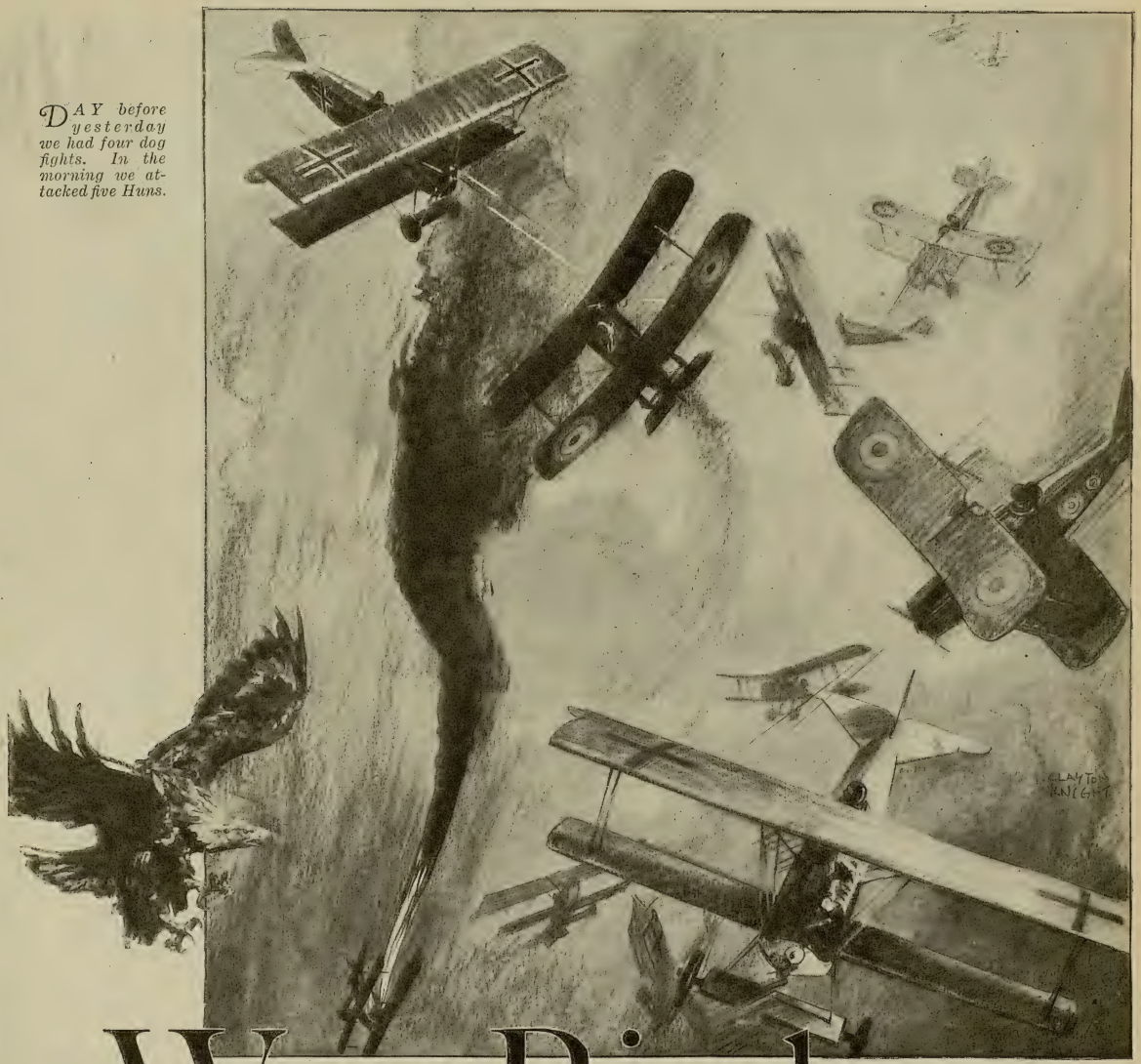
"I can assure you that if anyone is interested in an automobile they can't make a mistake in buying a Kissel, because you must own a Kissel and drive a Kissel to know it, and I will say that everything that is said about a Kissel is absolutely true. We have just covered 2350 miles on our trip and we were very much pleased at the way the car performed. In regard to the consumption of gasoline and oil, it was simply wonderful, going over 16 miles to a gallon of gas and 250 miles on a quart of oil, which I consider marvelous for a Straight Eight."

HARRY GILL

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY • HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

KISSEL

DAY before yesterday we had four dog fights. In the morning we attacked five Huns.



War Birds

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

The Diary of an American Aviator Killed in France

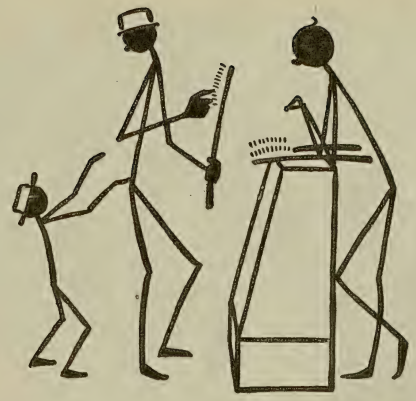
EDITOR'S NOTE—The response evoked by the publication of this diary in LIBERTY has been nothing short of tremendous. No document that has come out of the World War has so truly or so picturesquely interpreted the soul of a fighter. The diary now is in its final phase. The writer had not many weeks to live when he set down these stirring descriptions of aerial combats on the French front. He had a presentiment that he was to die, and he met death as he met the superhuman demands of war—with unflinching courage. This installment describes the death in action of Major "Micky" Mannock, called by the author "the greatest pilot of the war." The reader is given also a unique close-up of the most colorful figures of the conflict—the gallant soldiers of the air. Other exciting chapters will follow.

(The author and his squadron are still stationed near St. Omer, France, not far from the center of the Allied front, where some of the most desperate fighting of the entire war occurred.)

PART THIRTEEN *July 2.*

SPRINGS came back last night. He walked back in red silk pajamas and a pair of fur flying-boots. The doctor decided he was nutty and wanted to send him back to England. They took his clothes away from him, so

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]



"Let me play, too, Daddy."
"No, no, Oswald! This isn't a game. Daddy is buying a tooth brush."
"A tooth brush! Then why are you brushing your thumb with it?"

"Open the Box" says the Thumb Brusher

"Let's try it on the thumb"

THUMB! Thumb! Thumb! That's the slogan of the Thumb Brusher. Whether the tooth brush lies in an open tray or is enclosed in a carton, he buys by rule-of-thumb. Never would the true addict think of choosing one without thumbing at least a half dozen.

There's just one way to defeat the Thumb Brusher—to keep *your* tooth brush out of his hands. Your favorite brush has provided it. Sterilized—clean and sanitary—Dr. West's Tooth Brush is *sealed* in a glassine container, inside the usual box.

How the Thumb Brushers are confounded! "Let me thumb a Dr. West's," they ask the druggist. "Right there in the handy cabinet on the counter is a sample of every one," he replies. "Thumb them to your heart's content. *They* won't go in any one's mouth!" Small comfort, that, to an ardent Thumb Brusher.

Let the Thumb Brushers have their brushes! Your interest goes far beyond theirs. You want the *right* brush—that brushes teeth in the *right* way. That is why you will value the size of Dr. West's, reaching easily into the farthest cheek-corner, with bristles erect for right brushing! And the double convex shape, built to clean *inside*, *outside*, and *between* the teeth!

And the bristles! Sturdy, upstanding bristles that wear and wear. Especially selected bristles that *polish as they clean!* Four minutes a day with this brush—two in the morning, two at night—will bring your teeth to a whiteness that will amaze you.

Yet with all these advantages, the adult's size Dr. West's costs you but 50c; the youth's 35c; the child's, 25c; the special gum massage brush, 75c. So little for so good a brush—and protection from Thumb Brushers!

THIS HANDY CABINET stands on your dealer's counter to remind you to buy the new Dr. West's you have been forgetting. It allows anyone to examine Dr. West's Tooth Brush without touching *your* brush—sealed against Thumb Brushers.

© 1926, W. B. M. Co.

STERILIZED AND SEALED — FOR YOUR PROTECTION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

he lit out like he was. The reason the doc was so sure he was crazy was that he overheard a telephone conversation: Major Fowler's adjutant called up to tell him that he'd been made a flight commander in the new American squadron up at Dunkirk. Springs said he didn't want to be a flight commander and he didn't want to go to any American squadron. He told the adjutant to give the job to someone else quick. The doc overheard him refusing promotion and was sure he was cuckoo.

The doc came over after him, but we persuaded him that Springs wasn't nutty and he finally said he could stay, but that he mustn't fly for a week.

We got hold of Colonel Cairns, and he said he'd arrange for him to stay here and report him unfit for duty. But G. H. Q. called up later and said that he had to go, anyway, so he's to go up to Dunkirk tomorrow. It's either that or back to the hospital, and the doc will sure send him home. But he isn't in any shape to take charge of anything.

July 5.

CAL and I flew up to Petit Snythe yesterday for a baseball game between the mechanics of the 17th and the 148th U. S. squadrons. We couldn't stay long, as we had to get back for a patrol.

Mort Newhall is C. O. of the 148th, and Bim Oliver and Henry Clay [Editor's note: First Lieut. Henry R. Clay, Jr., who was officially credited with eight German planes.] are the other flight commanders besides Springs. Springs made some horrible punch that knocked out everybody that got a smell of it. He wants Cal and me to join his flight and Fowler said he'd arrange it, but we said nothing doing. I don't want to fly Camels and certainly not Clerget Camels. I told him I'd crown him eternally if he got me put on those little popping firecrackers. My neck isn't worth much, but I want an even break.

Bobby was there and kept in the limelight by getting hit by a foul ball. They say his latest stunt was a bear. His squadron had been working pretty hard and the Colonel gave them a holiday to rest up. Instead of letting his squadron rest, Bobby decided that they ought to practice moving. So he made them pack up everything on the place and load it on the lorries and move it down the road ten miles. Then he drove up magnificently in the squadron car and inspected them, and gave orders to them to move back again and unpack. They were so mad they wanted to kill him. Imagine a practice move!

He was a colonel once, but he got demoted for one of his celebrated stunts. When the Hun broke through on the Somme in March, the infantry retreated so fast that the mechanics on the airdrome didn't have time to get away and joined the infantry and fought with them.

At one place they weren't able to save the planes because of a fog. Bobby was in command of a wing, and he decided that he ought to prepare for such an emergency and ought to train his mechanics as infantrymen. So he got rifles for them and had a regular drill.

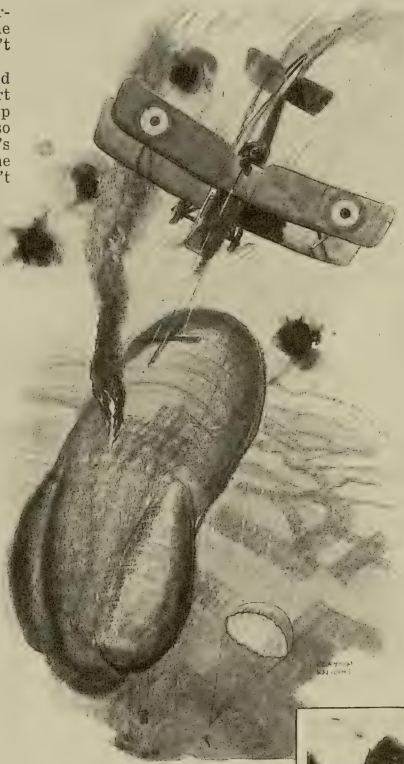
THAT part was all right and met with the approval of the brigadier. But he decided that he ought to have a sham battle as well. He had two squadrons intrenched along the canal at the far side of the airdrome, and then he had two other squadrons, representing Huns, to attack them. He was to be the hero of the occasion. About that time some inspecting general happened by and saw Bobby, with sword waving, tight as a tick, dashing across the airdrome at the head of the charge.

He won the battle, but lost his job. At least, that's the story I heard. I'll say this for him: if likker was ammunition he'd be a field marshal.

There's quite a few of the old Oxford gang up there—Clay, Oliver, Curtis, Fulford, Forster, Whiting, Ziztell, Kindley, Clements, Knox, Hamilton, Campbell, Dixon, Goodnow, Dorsey, Avery, and Desson. Stew Welch is over at 211 with Bonnalie.

July 7.

THE new Fokkers are giving us hell. A flight lost two men yesterday and Webster got all shot up again. He doesn't consider



THIS war gets more dangerous every day. And now this Colonel has got bloodthirsty and wants some balloons.

the day well spent unless his mechanics have a few holes to patch.

Captain Baker, who is acting C. O. until Mannock gets here, put Springs in for a decoration, the D. F. C., which is the Royal Air Force's Military Cross. The Colonel sent the citation back. He said he was a good fellow, but he'd only got four Huns and that wasn't worth a decoration. But just think what would have happened if he'd been down on the French front with an American squadron! He'd have got a D. S. C. and a Croix de Guerre for each Hun.

I flew up to see him yesterday, and he sure was a funny sight. He's all swollen up like a poisoned pup, and is red as a beet and broken out all over—inside as well. The anti-tetanus serum was sour and it has poisoned him.

John Goad is dead. He was shot down in flames, flying a Bristol Fighter. When the flames got too hot, he turned the machine upside down and jumped.

July 10.

SPRINGS and Oliver came down for dinner the other night. Gosh, they were funny, telling about their Camels. They had a Crossley car with a general's veil on it to keep the wind off the back seat, and were certainly hot. The squadron has both British and American transport, so Mort has a Cadillac, the flight commanders have the Crossley, and all the rest have side cars.

Springs is a wreck. He's blind in one eye and the other one isn't much good. He's got hemorrhage of the retina, whatever that is, but the doc says it will clear up in a little while. He's also got cirrhosis of the liver from that serum. He'll be a fine flight commander! Between all that and the stiff neck, he ought to be one of their best assets.

Bim says they are the tin woodman and the scarecrow from the land of Oz and they are looking for Dorothy to put them together again. They kept us laughing all evening and everybody got plastered.

Mannock has arrived to take charge, all rigged out as a major with some new barnacles on his ribbons, and he certainly is keen. He got us all together in the office and outlined his plans and told each one what he expected of them. He's going to lead one flight and act as a decoy. Nigger and Randy are going to lead the other two. We ought to be able to pay back these Fokkers a little we owe them.

I hear that Deetjen is gone. They're going so fast now that I can't keep track of who's dead and who's alive. I guess I'll find out before long, though. I heard in Boulogne that Alan Winslow is missing.

July 11.

ONE of our dashing young airmen, who, according to his own story, had done innumerable deeds of valor but had never been caught in that act, changed his tune yesterday. He landed after he'd been out alone, and his plane had about fifty holes in it. His altimeter and Aldis sight were both hit. He was as limp as a rag and had to be assisted to his quarters. There he remained, as sick as a dog, for two days. When questioned about what happened to him, he would get hysterical and sick at his stomach again.

The wing doctor came over to see him, and sent him to hospital, though there's nothing wrong with him except he's badly frightened. That's the last of *his* illustrious career. He'll go home and write a book on the war now. I always did think he was yellow.

What I believe happened to him is this: He's been telling so many lies about what he's been doing that he believed some of them himself and decided he'd go out and really have a look at a Hun. The first ones he saw shot him up, and his constitution couldn't stand the fright.

One thing about this game out here—those that are good are awfully good, and those that are bad are awfully sour. Thank God, the Huns have the same trouble. Six real good, determined pilots could shoot down twenty of this kind that have business to attend to after the war.

MAJOR McCUDDEN, famous British air hero, whose death is described in this installment.

July 18.

MANNOCK led a show yesterday and gave us all heart failure. He was leading the bottom flight with three men, and found ten Fokkers and played them for fifteen minutes. At any moment it looked as if we were all going to get shot down; but Mannock knew what he was about and kept the top flight up in the sun. He sucked the Huns into where he wanted them and went right under them.

They knew there was a flight above up in the sun, so only five of them came down.

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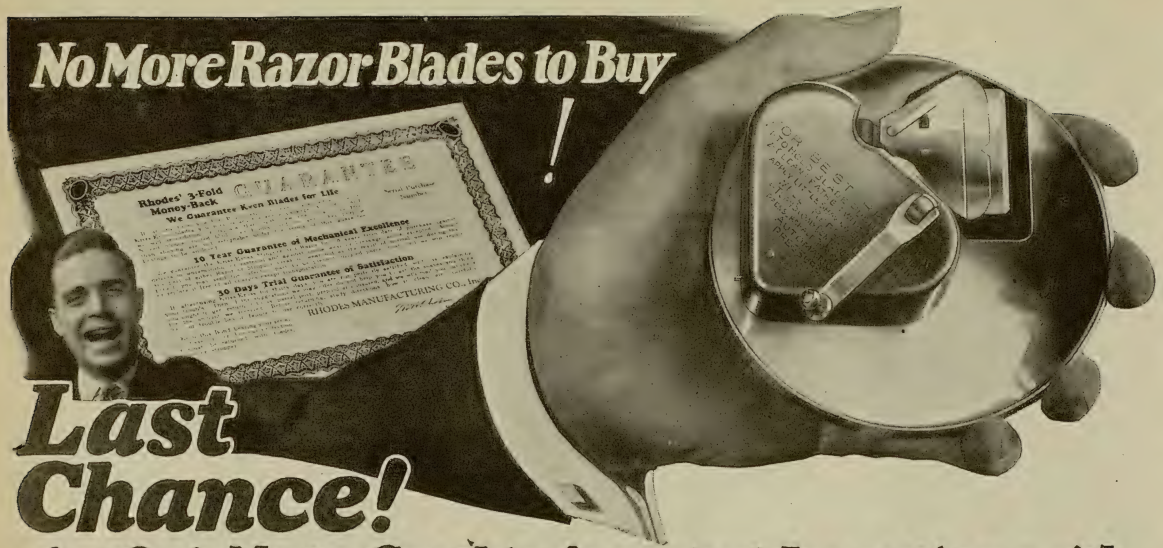

Act Quickly to Get this Amazing Invention with

My Guarantee that I'll Keep You in Razor Blades for Life!

MY sensational introductory offer that I will guarantee (in writing) to keep any man in *razor blades for life* is drawing to a close! Promptly on the stroke of midnight of the 31st, this iron-clad blade-bond offer will pass into the annals of history. Nothing like it has ever appeared in the past. Nothing like it can ever appear in the future!

KRISS-KROSS—the remarkable invention that makes my extraordinary guarantee possible—marks such an amazing advance in new shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. KRISS-KROSS is a *super*-stropper—a blade *rejuvenator!* Almost literally it makes a new blade out of an old one every day—makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before. Until you've seen KRISS-KROSS—and tested its uncanny ingenuity, you'll never know how really sensational this introductory offer is!

365 Shaves a Year From One Blade!

KRISS-KROSS employs the diagonal stroke, same as a barber uses. Never before has anyone captured the secret of successfully reproducing this stroke automatically. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds with a precision it takes a master barber years to attain. But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS embodies still another feature that has hitherto baffled mechanical reproduction. It strops from heavy to light. Adjustable, automatic jig notifies you when your blade is ready with the keenest cutting edge steel can take.

No wonder that this super-stropper prolongs the life of any make blade, single or double edge, for weeks, months and years! Think what it means! No more bother about remembering to buy new blades. No more "raking" with dull ones. KRISS-KROSS, coupled with my startling offer below, solves your blade problem for all time. Keen, velvet-smooth shaves forever. And think of the economy!

Sensational Offer

And now for my smashing offer! To introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper to those who have not yet seen it, I am giving with it free a new kind of razor with 5 special process blades which completes the outfit which I guarantee to keep you in razor blades for life! Here's how the plan works. Use the blades and keep renewing them with KRISS-KROSS super-stropper.

MYSTERY RAZOR—FREE

Most astonishing razor you ever saw. Really 3 razors in one. Adjustable to any shaving position. Flip of finger makes it straight or T-shape in a jiffy. Novel feature reduces beard resistance 45% and simply zips through the toughest crop of whiskers. Nothing like it ever on the market before. Find out about it today.

If one of them goes back on you for any reason (except rusting or nicking) return them and I'll recondition or replace them with new ones. No strings. No red tape. I give my amazing guarantee in writing. It is an iron-clad agreement to keep you in razor blades for life!

SEND SPECIAL COUPON TODAY

Write at once for information on this astonishing new invention and final guarantee-offer. KRISS-KROSS is never sold in stores. You deal direct with me or my authorized representative. Remember the time limit is drawing near. Send for complete, illustrated details without delay. No obligation. Just clip and mail the coupon today!

AGENTS: $175 - $400 A MONTH

Make big money with KRISS-KROSS! Free razor boosts sales amazingly. H. King made $66 in one day. E. F. Kinsey, Penn., made $28 in 1½ hours. Others average $30 to $66 a day. Every man buys on sight. SPARE-TIME workers, OFFICE and FACTORY men make $6 to $12 extra a day showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow employes. S. Kantala made $154 extra working evenings 3 weeks. Get details at once. Check bottom of coupon and mail it tonight.

RHODES MFG. CO., Inc.,
1418 Pendleton Ave., Dept. S-381, St. Louis, Mo.

Without obligation please send me full details of your special introductory offer to keep me in Razor Blades for LIFE. Also send me full description of KRISS-KROSS stropper and FREE adjustable razor.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐Check this space if you are interested in making money as an authorized KRISS-KROSS representative.

WONDERFUL XMAS GIFT

KRISS-KROSS Stropper and Razor in the neat holly box make an ideal Xmas gift. Exactly what a man would choose for himself.

Sold Only Through Authorized Agents

Rhodes KRISS KROSS STROPPER

RHODES MFG. CO.
Largest Manufacturers Of Mechanical Strappers In The World
Dept. S-381, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis Mo.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

Then Randy and three men came down on them just as they got to Mannock, and instead of their top five getting the cold meat, as they expected, Nigger, Mac, Cal, Inglis, and myself leaped on them, so that our eight below had a picnic with the bottom five Huns. They got two of the bottom ones and Mac got one of the top ones that tried to get down to join the flight below.

MacDonald got his wish and was hit in the arm, and is now in the Duchess' hospital with the world in his lap. Lucky dog! I'm willing to compromise with the Lord on an arm or leg any time.

We are certainly getting away with some good patrols. Mick is master. He has taken Cal with him and is going to train him as deputy leader. If the Huns would just figure with Cal instead of fighting with him, he'd argue himself to Berlin. He takes his fighting just like he takes his bridge. By the time he and Mick are ready to go into a fight they know what the Huns had for breakfast.

Tiny Dixon and Canning have both been promoted and sent to other squadrons as flight commanders. Dixon ought to make a good one.

July 20.

MANNOCK is dead—the greatest pilot of the war. But his death was worthy of him. Inglis has been doing a lot of fighting, but had never got a Hun. But he tried hard, and Mannock told him that he would take him out alone and get him a Hun. So just the two of them went out late in the afternoon.

Mannock picked up a two-seater over Estaires and went down after him. Mannock has a special method of attacking a two-seater. He takes them from the front at an angle, and then goes under them if he misses his first burst. It is very hard to do, but is unquestionably the best method.

Instead of going under and getting him for himself, he held his fire and turned the Hun and held him for Inglis. Inglis got him and they started back, but they were down low. Mannock got hit by machine-gun fire from the ground, just like Richthofen, and dove right on into the ground. Inglis went back and flew right down to the ground and saw the wreck, and is sure he's dead.

Mannock is the only man I've known who really hated the Hun, and he certainly did. He wanted to kill every man that was born in Germany. He was a Member of Parliament from Ireland before the war, and quite a politician. He seems to hold the Germans responsible for the part that Ireland has played in the war. He certainly did cuss the Germans and their Irish sympathizers. He told us if we ever let a German get away alive that we could have killed, he'd shoot us himself. He was also the most accomplished after-dinner speaker I ever heard.

We've had the two finest C. O.'s that the flying corps has, and the General came over and asked us who we wanted next. We are going to get Billy Crowe. He's not so much of a pilot, but he ought to fit in with this outfit. A couple of weeks ago the wing had a party in Dieppe. There were three majors down there in one car—Crowe, Atkinson, and Foggin.

Coming home, Crowe insisted on driving the car, and he hit a tree going too fast in the dark. Atkinson and Foggin were killed. Crowe was court-martialed and found guilty of driving a car against orders and reduced to captain for a month. As additional punishment they are going to send him to us. We must have a swell reputation.

Tubby Ralston had a dud bus and they wouldn't give him a new one, so he decided he'd crash it deliberately. He picked out a good place to do it and went down and pancaked. He crashed it all right, and nearly killed himself doing it.

Loghran has been killed. He was at Hounslow when we first went there.

July 23.

I HAVE learned many things, especially that discretion is the better part of valor—and, in this game, not only the better part, but about 99 per cent of it. When there are more than two Huns above you and your immediate vicinity is full of lead—well, my boy, it is high time to go home. Never mind trying to shoot down any of them. Go home and try again tomorrow.

How do you go home? You are far in Hunland and you are lonesome. If you put your nose down and run for home you will never live to tell it. All the Huns will take turn about shooting at you until you look like a sieve. These new Fokkers can dive as fast as we can.

First you must turn, bank ninety degrees, and keep turning. They can't keep their sights on you. Watch the sun for direction. Now there's one on your right—shoot at him. Don't try to hit him—just spray him. For if you try to hold your sights on him you'll have to fly straight and give the others a crack at you. But you put the wind up him anyway, and he turns. Quick, turn in the opposite direction! He's out of it for a moment. Now there's another one near you. Try it on him—it works! Turn again. You are between them and the lines. Now go for it, engine full on, nose down!

Two of them are still after you—tracer getting near again. Pull up, zoom, and side-slip, and if necessary turn and spray them again. Now make another dive for home, and repeat when necessary. If your wings don't fall off and you are gaining on them, pull up a little.

Ah, there's Archie! That means they are behind you. Woof! That one was close—you now have another gray hair. They've been watching you. Better zigzag a bit. You can laugh at Archie; he's a joke compared to machine guns. You dodge him carefully and roll in derision as you cross

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

$2,000 isn't a drop in the bucket

You've known motorists who prided themselves on taking every hill "in high". . . .

A rush at the bottom of the grade—a gradual loss of headway—then the agonized laboring of the engine toward the top . . .

Sometimes they make it. The driver is able to smirk complacently as the car drags over the crest.

But the automobile—$2,000 worth of straining, suffering steel! It loses two days of life in one day of such experiences!

THE normal human machine has more years of service in it than the best automobile motor. But it, too, will wear out prematurely if it is kept in high gear day after day, year after year.

Millions are doing it. Heart disease is now the greatest single cause of death. Other "degenerative" diseases—the diseases which we bring on ourselves by wrong living—are on the increase.

And the loss—depreciated earning capacity, depreciated comfort, depreciated happiness—the loss to each individual cannot be measured in money. $2,000 isn't a drop in the bucket!

Physicians are posting warning signs. "Go slow". "Dangerous grade ahead". They haven't any medicine to take the place of sufficient sleep and sensible diet. They can only counsel wisely, and hope for the best.

But it is the fashion to take the hills in high—to drive the human machine until it begins to labor and struggle—then, through artificial stimulants, to keep it sputtering on. As a consequence, many a man is living on his nerve, with no energy to draw on in an emergency—no reserve power.

Perhaps the stimulant most widely used is caffein. It deadens the sense of fatigue—temporarily. It repels sleep. It excites the nerves. It contributes nothing in place of that which it takes away.

It is so needless to pay the penalties of caffein—even though you do naturally want a hot drink at mealtime. You can have all the enjoyment, without a trace of any stimulant. Try Postum!

Here is a drink made of roasted wheat and bran. It has a rich, distinctive flavor. It is completely wholesome. It is liked better than any other mealtime drink in millions of homes.

A thirty day test of Postum will show you the difference in effects—and you'll learn, too, what a completely satisfying drink this is! Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, makes you a special offer!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Please accept one week's supply of Postum, free, as a start on the 30-day test. I will send with it my personal directions for preparing Postum so it is most satisfying.

"Or you can begin the test today, by getting Postum at your grocer's. It costs less than other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

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P.—L.— 11-26

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

the lines and hasten home for tea —that is, if you know where it is.

That is discretion. Many a man has got one out of a fight, only to lose to the others who have nothing to do but shoot him down at leisure.

July 28.

McCUDDEN the great has been killed. [Editor's note: Major McCudden was officially credited with bringing down fifty-four German planes and was decorated after death with the Victoria Cross.] He was taking off in an S. E. and he hit a tree. He'd just got back from England and had been flying with a light load over there. He forgot that he had four bombs on now and a full load of ammunition and he pulled up too steep. I guess he deserves a lot of credit. His brother was shot and is a prisoner.

I can't write much these days. I'm too nervous. I can hardly hold a pen. I'm all right in the air—as calm as a cucumber; but on the ground I'm a wreck and I get panicky. Nobody in the squadron can get a glass to their mouth with one hand after one of these decoy patrols except Cal, and he's got no nerve—he's made of cheese. But some nights we both have nightmares at the same time, and Mac has to get up and find his teeth and quiet us. We don't sleep much at night. But we get tired and sleep all afternoon when there's nothing to do.

I GOT shot up by a damn two-seater yesterday, and then got dived on by a couple of ambitious Fokkers. My tail plane looked like a Swiss cheese. This war gets more dangerous every day. And now this Colonel has got bloodthirsty and wants some balloons. He's welcome to them. It means, in addition to other things, that we will carry flat-nosed buckingham to set the balloons on fire, and if we get shot down in Hunland they will shoot us at once on the ground if they find any of it in our guns. It's dirty stuff, and the phosphorus in it burns you so that the wound will never heal. But the Huns use it all the time, so I don't see why we shouldn't too.

Cal picked one of them out of his spar the other day, and there's no question as to what it was, because it kept burning and you could smell the phosphorus and see by the hole it made that it was flat-nosed. It's not soft-nosed—that's dumdum, and is barred by the Hague Treaty. I don't think either side has ever used any of that. I understand that the British have an enormous quantity of it and are ready to use it if the Huns ever start.

I carry a belt arranged with one round of tracer and one round of buckingham and one round plain when I am expecting to go down on a balloon. Then I am ready for anything. Since I set fire to that two-seater with plain tracer I am perfectly content with it, but I guess buckingham is surer.

July 31.

WE saved Springs' bacon today. He and four little Camels were over by Roulers at 9,000 feet. Some Fokkers chased away his top patrol—they can't get above 15,000 with these Clergets —and then took their time to finish him off. The five Fokkers were above, just ready to attack, and in spite of that he went down on a balloon. The Fokkers went down on the Camels, and we came up just then and leaped on them.

We had a merry little dog fight. Imagine these poor benighted Camels wandering about Hunland and going down on a balloon with no top protection! Can you beat that? Why, you can't even tie it! It turned out to be another dummy, and they got a regular bath in Archie and pom-poms. Seventeen and 148 may be awfully good —I guess they are—but they can't get away with that sort of stuff.

Poor old 74 took an awful beating yesterday. Cairns was killed, and two others. He had a wing shot off.

We don't get a chance to scrap on this side of the lines often, or even within ten miles of the lines; but one of these new Fokkers came over after a balloon, and A flight nailed him after he got two and was trying to get back. We went up to see it. They have the new motor in them—the B. M. W., I think it's called. It's a lot better than the old Mercedes. I know that without seeing one on the ground. It's a beautiful plane—has a fuselage made of welded steel tubing and has an extra lifting surface on the undercarriage.

Twenty-four Squadron got caught out by a bunch of these new Fokkers and got shot up badly. They had to have some men with experience, so we sent over Captain Caruthers and Rorison.

August 8.

SPRINGS flew down this afternoon for tea. He's still all shot to pieces, but has been leading patrols right along, and got a Fokker the other day over Ostend. He said it was pure self-defense. The doc thinks he's got ulcer of the stomach and he's on a likker allowance. He claims he can drink all right, but he can't eat. That's a new disease.

They must have a great outfit in 148. They are all first lieutenants, and everyone bawls everybody else out to suit themselves. And they have about six different bosses and get orders from all over the world. And they all hate Camels except Clay, who wants to do like Tipton and win the war before breakfast. Springs got a couple of cases of port from his Lordship's wine merchant, and he brought down a couple of bottles to us.

Longton took his Camel and did things with it that I didn't know any machine would do. Longton has been decorated with the A. F. C. for developing a two-seater Camel last year. What I can't see is why he didn't come out on Camels if he's so good on them. His prize pupil didn't last long.

Jerry Pentland was over the other night for dinner. He's a flight commander in 84. He was on crutches, as a two-seater hit him in the foot. We called him Achilles and kidded the life out of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WAR BIRDS
[Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

him about going through Gallipoli and then coming to France and getting hit by a two-seater. Jerry swears that he was at 22,000. No wonder we can't get up to these high Rumplers. But a Dolphin will go higher than that if you don't freeze first.

August 11.

Again I've got that feeling, gee, it's great to be alive! The last three days have been particularly strenuous and eventful. Ordinarily I wouldn't be able to sleep at all, but I'm so tired that I slept like a baby last night. And I'm getting so bored at being shot at that I don't bother to dodge any more. I sat up in the middle of Archie bursts yesterday for five minutes, yawned, and refused to

Major Micky Mannock, commander of 85, the author's squadron, who was shot down by machine-gun fire and killed.

turn until they knocked me about 100 feet. I used to be scared to death of Archie and gunfire from the ground. Now it almost fails to excite even my curiosity.

Day before yesterday we had four dog fights. In the morning we attacked five Huns. I paired off with a Fokker on my level, and we maneuvered for a couple of minutes, trying to get on each other's tail. I finally got inside of him, put 100 rounds into him, and he went down out of control. Another one was after me by that time, and we had quite a scrap; but he made the fatal blunder of reversing his bank and I got on his tail and pumped about 200 rounds into him. I couldn't see what happened to him, as another one was coming down on me from above. This one should have got me, but he didn't. He had every advantage and one of my guns jammed. I was down on the carpet by that time, and had to come back low for five miles with this Hun picking at me while I was trying to clear the stoppage and do a little serious dodging.

Some most spectacular descriptions of battles in the air occur in the next installment of War Birds. See next week's LIBERTY.

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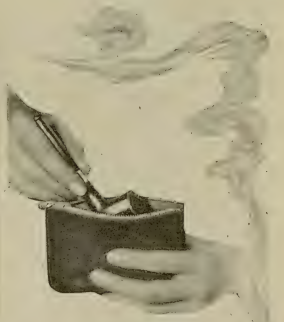

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WHO *is the* Greatest *SCREEN* LOVER *NOW?*

Gilbert, Novarro, Colman, and Dix are Leading Competitors for Valentino's Crown

An Article

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

RAMON NOVARRO as he appears in Ben-Hur.

JOHN GILBERT, in his greatest film role, The Big Parade.

THE romantic leadership of the screen once held by Rudolph Valentino now rests between John Gilbert and Ramon Novarro, with Ronald Colman and Richard Dix easily within disputing distance.

Newspapers have been trying to pick Valentino's successor since that star's death. Successors do not develop that way, however.

When Wallie Reid died, at the crest of his popularity, Valentino was just getting started. Reid's successor was debated at length, but Valentino's name was not mentioned. Producers then had the theory that America would not take a sleek young foreigner to its bosom. As shrewd a showman as D. W. Griffith had considered Rudy for two roles—the hero of Scarlet Days and the villain of 'Way Down East—and turned him down for that reason.

Indeed, Valentino was the talk of America before Hollywood heard the echo. He scored in The Four Horsemen and burned up the screen in The Sheik before Famous Players gave him a real contract. Between these two hits he floundered around, trying to get a job. A few months later, had he not seized the first contract offered, he would have had to push producers off his bungalow steps.

Valentino was a natural. In other words, he was not a manufactured star. He blazed across the screen in spite of Hollywood.

Both Gilbert and Novarro are manufactured stars, at least in a large measure. They have been carefully groomed for film leadership.

Novarro's growth has been carefully thought out. This young Mexican, who first, as Ramon Samaiegos, appeared in The Prisoner of Zenda, has been developed shrewdly by a journalist, Herbert Howe. Novarro was a dancer before he tried the films. Luckily, he gained the backing of the director, Rex Ingram. Between Howe's campaign and Ingram's direction, Novarro developed into a logical contender for the film championship. His recent work in Ben-Hur helped him.

Richard Dix has grown steadily. He has been plugging along, pretty much in the Wallie Reid type of role. Dix is healthily, racily American. That, of course, would seem to have hurt in the past few years, when every screen studio boasted its individual sheik. Yet it never seemed to affect Dix's popularity. He has a solid, robust hold upon screen audiences.

Ronald Colman has come along slowly. English, coldly reserved, with a curious atmosphere of mystery, he strikes somewhere between the everyday Dix and the highly romantic Novarro.

There are other possible celluloid idols in the offing. William Boyd, the Volga boatman of Cecil de Mille's recent Bolshevik production, is one of them. Yet Boyd violates one of the axioms of the screen. He is blond—and producers have always believed that feminine film fans do not prefer blonds. Still, Boyd, already termed the Siegfried of Hollywood, may prove the exception.

There is always the possibility that Jack Barrymore may turn the trick. Film fans have just discovered Barrymore and elevated him to the $100,000-a-picture class.

ANOTHER contender is Red Grange, who recently invaded the screen in One Minute to Play. The Galloping Ghost of the University of Illinois backfield has a genuine screen personality. Strange if the farm boy from Castellaneta, Italy, should be succeeded by the farm boy from the Middle West.

How do the producers know they have a film favorite? There are numerous barometers. One is the mail coming addressed to the player at the studio. This may run to 500 letters a day. There are the requests for photographs,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[WHO IS THE GREATEST SCREEN LOVER NOW? Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

sent to the studios themselves. The photograph bill of a favorite is a huge one. There are the letters sent to the film-fan magazines. These fluctuate, according to the popularity of the player's latest picture. Actors have been known to try to create a phony popularity by having friends write enthusiastic letters about them to the fan publications.

Another indicator of popularity is what the exhibitor reports to the film company and to the screen trade papers.

Since Valentino went begging—and a dozen producers muffed a gold mine—the celluloid world has taken a lot more care in watching for box-office bets.

Hollywood isn't going to be caught napping again, if it can help it. For instance, almost twenty-four hours after the first Red Grange film, One Minute to Play, had been released, the film world knew he had got over.

Now let us turn to Jack Gilbert.

Gilbert is a curious development of the screen. He played in films for nine years without creating a ripple of interest. He was considered a full-fledged second-rater. He himself was so disgusted that he tried directing, drifting back to acting as the path of least resistance. Then he came under the handling of King Vidor, the director, and Irving Thalberg, the young guiding force of the Metro-Goldwyn studios.

They transformed the second-rater into a celluloid idol.

GILBERT is erratic. Only twenty-seven, he has been twice married. The latter marriage, with Leatrice Joy, terminated in divorce in 1924.

Gilbert's parents were actors, following the precarious path of traveling stock companies. Jack was born in a boarding-house in Logan, Utah. His parents had no time for him in their migrations and his youth was spent farmed out with impecunious families. Gilbert never really recovered from the bitterness of his youth.

Two years ago he gave to a magazine a life story that was pretty much of a bitter attack upon his mother. Hollywood held its breath. Here was an iconoclast who dared to monkey with America's inbred mother-love faith. Hollywood expected film fans to react against the erratic Gilbert, but, curiously, they didn't.

When Gilbert decided to give up acting, he became an assistant to Maurice Tourneur, the director. Then he secured an opportunity to direct in New York. At the moment he fell in love with Leatrice Joy. Her pictures took her back to California. Gilbert threw up his contract, amounting to $40,000, to follow her West.

In Hollywood, Gilbert returned perforce to acting. He did everything, from The Count of Monte Cristo to Cameo Kirby, from St. Elmo to Arabian Love. He was just a second-rater.

Meanwhile Thalberg signed Gilbert, and he was allotted to Vidor for one of Elinor Glyn's Big

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

1 for upstairs 1 for down

If you live in a house, you'll save yourself a lot of stair climbing by buying 2 O-Cedars. Use them every day or two to give your floors, doors and panels a lovely gloss and sheen. There are no mops like O-Cedars. Their hinged handle lets you polish under radiators and low furniture. Their pointed shape lets them into hard-to-get-at corners. Their padding saves the furniture from mars, dents or scratches.

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DUSTS CLEANS POLISHES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

Ben dramas, His Hour. He was a hit. Hollywood was puzzled. Then came hits in He Who Gets Slapped and The Wife of the Centaur.

Erich von Stroheim selected Gilbert for the gay prince of The Merry Widow. There were times when it appeared that this lively operetta would never get into the celluloid, what with Erich's frequent clashes with Mae Murray; but it emerged, finally, to give Gilbert another boost upward. His next role, the doughboy of The Big Parade, has done even more for him. He shared the honors of La Boheme with Lillian Gish, and now he appears in a new costume effort: Bardelys the Magnificent.

Richard Dix, another contender for sheik honors.

Bardelys is a typical Rafael Sabatini hero. He is the favorite follower of *Louis XIII*, and is inveigled into a wager, by which he stakes his estates against winning the beautiful but icy *Roxalanne Delovedan*. He comes within a shade of getting hanged during his adventures, but he gets *Roxalanne*.

Bardelys the Magnificent has certain features common to Hollywood historical drama: It is spick and span and spotless. There is none of the mellow dirt of the costume pictures made in Europe. But Bardelys has lots of swiftly paced action and two excellent characterizations: Gilbert's roystering *Bardelys* and Eleanor Boardman's *Roxalanne*. There are minor bits well done, such as John Murray's humorous "yes man" of *Louis XIII*.

Ronald Colman, the English screen lover.

Just why Gilbert burst into romantic popularity, after nine years of mediocrity, is curious. Probably Vidor and Thalberg provide just the balance for his temperament. He apparently needed someone to hold him in line, to prevent his overacting, to get clarity of characterization. There is no question either but that, with his knowledge of directing, he has been able to help Vidor and his later directors with accurate suggestions. The gum-chewing interlude of The Big Parade was one of his ideas.

Off the screen, Gilbert is very much the actor. He radiates enthusiasm these days. In fact, he has developed into the go-getter of Hollywood.

By the way, there is one scene in Bardelys the Magnificent you must not miss. It is the love scene in a boat between *Bardelys* and *Roxalanne*, as the punt drifts among overhanging branches. Here Director Vidor is at his best.

Brief Comments:

Diplomacy—The old melodrama of secret statesmanship and crafty spies—has been so revised by Marshall Neilan that Victorien Sardou wouldn't know his own brain child. The action takes place just before the World War; there is an American Secret Service man and a mass of stolen papers. Blanche Sweet looks a lot younger than the plot, while Neil Hamilton and Arlette Marchal appear prominently.

* * *

Paradise — A new variation of the cutting off of the spendthrift son by his irate father. This time the son has to make good on a South Sea island. Milton Sills is the young waster who finds himself; Betty Bronson is the inspiration; and Noah Beery is the stumbling-block in the way of regeneration. Weak story. The South Sea scenes were shot on the Harlem studio lot of First National, by the way. You'd never guess it.

Do you know that—

Constance Talmadge, plus a black wig, is to play an Italian girl in her next film, Carlotta? . . . That it is an original story by Hans Draly with scenes in Venice? . . . Buck Jones is back at work on the Fox lot after a vacation abroad and a stay in Montana? . . . Wallace Beery has signed a new Famous Players contract? . . . Gilda Gray starts work in Hollywood on December 1 on Glorifying the American Girl, the Famous Players-Ziegfeld special? . . . The John Barrymore story of Francois Villon, formerly called The Vagabond Lover, has been retitled The Beloved Rogue? . . . The Battle of St. Mihiel scenes of Paramount's Wings were filmed by twelve cameras in airplanes? . . . Al Jolson has made a tremendous hit with New York audiences, acting and singing for Vitaphone? . . . Colleen Moore covered the opening of the World's Series in New York for a newspaper syndicate?

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The Small Bachelor

The Funniest Story Ever Written by the Master of Comedy

GRADUALLY the web of guilt and crime that began with Sigsbee H. Waddington's substitution of a fake for his daughter Molly's $50,000 pearl necklace reached out to enmesh the innocent. For even Mrs. Waddington's fierce opposition to the marriage of Molly and George Finch did not hold so menacing a threat to their happiness as did the lowering shadow of the necklace. Some hint of this permeated the muttonlike intelligence of Sigsbee H. Waddington himself.

Love will light the smallest lives, and love had come to George's valet, Mullett. After a life of sin, Mullett had reformed, and his dearest wish was that his sweetheart, Fanny Welch, might give up picking pockets to become the mother of his children.

Then came temptation, in the form of Sigsbee H. Waddington, who sought to cover up his own tracks at any cost.

Disaster seemed to track the footsteps of Mr. Waddington.

But he was determined that his own daughter never should know that he had swiped her pearls to buy $50,000 worth of stock in the Finer and Better Films Company. Anything rather than exposure!

Mr. Waddington, like many a better man than he, thought at once of J. Hamilton Beamish, fixer incomparable, as the man to get him out of his predicament.

But, to his great dismay, Beamish could offer no better solution than that he, meaning Mr. Waddington, fall under a train or leap into the river. Obviously, there was no profit in either course.

But the gods protect fools. As Mr. Waddington sat, plunged in despair, in Beamish's Washington Square apartment, a caller arrived. It was none other than Garroway, the poetic policeman, who had come to display his latest *vers libre* lyric to his master, Beamish.

GARROWAY unwittingly played doubly into the hands of the scheming Waddington. First, moved by the glowing assurance of Sigsbee H. that a fortune lay just around the corner for those who invested in the stock of the Finer and Better Films Company, the poetic policeman surrendered $300 in hard, immediate cash for certificates representing Waddington's $50,000 investment—certificates generously appraised by J. Hamilton Beamish at ten dollars.

Besides thus supplying Waddington with cash for nefarious designs, he told him of Mullett, George Finch's butler, a reformed burglar who was trying to live an upright life.

Mr. Waddington determined to essay the corruption of Mullett. Undismayed by an utter failure to shake that good man's stern adherence to honesty, this craven ex-millionaire then dangled his bait of gold before pretty Fanny Welch, and succeeded in entangling one more human pawn in the messed-up skein of his affairs.

Meanwhile, J. Hamilton Beamish, thrilled with the palpitant realization of his first love, awaited his next sight of Madame Eulalie with throbbing expectancy.

PART EIGHT

"YES, sir. Exactly, Mr. Beamish," said Garroway. "I quite see that."

"Then go away and rewrite your poem on the lines I have indicated."

"Yes, Mr. Beamish." The policeman paused. "Before I go, there is just one other thing."

"There is no other thing in the world that matters except love."

"Well, sir, there are the motion pictures, to which you made a brief allusion just now, and——"

"Garroway," said Hamilton Beamish, "I trust that you are not going to tell me that, after all I have done to try to make you a poet, you wish to sink to writing motion picture scenarios?"

"No, sir. No, indeed. But some little time ago I happened to purchase a block of stock in a motion picture company, and so far all my efforts to dispose of it have proved fruitless. I have begun to entertain misgivings as to the value of these shares, and I thought that, while I was here, I would ask you if you knew anything about them."

"What is the company?"

"The Finer and Better Motion Picture Company of Hollywood, California, Mr. Beamish."

"How many shares did you buy?"

"Fifty thousand dollars' worth."

"How much did you pay?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"You were stung," said Hamilton Beamish. "The stock is so much waste paper. Who sold it to you?"

"I have unfortunately forgotten his name. He was a man with a red face and gray hair. And if I'd got him here now," said Officer Garroway, with honest warmth, "I'd soak him so hard it would jolt his grandchildren. The smooth, salve-slinging crocodile!"

"It is a curious thing," said Hamilton Beamish musingly. "There seems to be floating at the back of my consciousness a sort of nebulous memory having to do with this very stock you mention. I seem to recall somebody at some time and place consulting me about it. . . . No, it's no good; it won't come back. I have been much preoccupied of late, and things slip my mind. Well, run along, Garroway, and set about rewriting that poem of yours."

The policeman's brow was dark. There was a rebellious look in his usually mild eyes.

"Rewrite it nothing! It's the goods."

"Garroway!"

"I said New York was full of lepers, and so it is. Nasty, oily, lop-eared lepers that creep up to a fellow and sell him scabrous stock that's not worth the paper it's printed on. That poem is right, and I don't alter a word of it. No, sir!"

Hamilton Beamish shook his head.

"One of these days, Garroway, love will awaken in your heart and you will change your views."

"One of these days," replied the policeman frigidly, "I shall meet that red-faced guy again, and I'll change his face. It won't be only my heart that'll be aching by the time I've finished with him."

GEORGE FINCH'S wedding-day dawned fair and bright. The sun beamed down as if George, by getting married, were doing it a personal favor. The breezes, playing about him, brought with them a faint but well defined scent of orange blossom. And from the moment when they had finished the practical business of getting outside their early worm, all the birds for miles around had done nothing but stand in the trees, singing Mendelssohn's Wedding March. It was the sort of day to make a man throw out his chest and say "Tra-la!" and George did so.

Delightful, he reflected, as he walked up from the inn after lunch, to think that in a few short hours he and Molly would be bowling away together in a magic train, each revolution of its wheels taking them nearer to the Islands of the Blest and—what was almost more agreeable—farther away from Mrs. Waddington.

It would be idle to deny that in the past three weeks George Finch had found his future mother-in-law something of a trial. Her consistent failure to hide the pain that the mere sight of him so obviously caused her was damping to an impressionable young man.

George was not vain, and if Molly's stepmother had been content to look at him simply as if she thought he was something the cat had dragged out of the ashcan, he could have borne up. But Mrs. Waddington went further. Her whole attitude betrayed her belief that the cat, on inspecting George, had been disappointed. Seeing what it had got, her manner suggested, it had given him the look of chagrin that cats give when conscious of effort wasted, and had gone elsewhere to try again.

A LOVER, counting the days until the only girl in the world shall be his, will see sweetness and light in virtually everything; but George Finch, despite his most earnest endeavors, had been compelled to draw the line at Mrs. Waddington.

However, these little annoyances were, after all, the merest trifles; and the thought, as he approached the house, that inside it there sat a suffering woman who, thinking of him, mourned and would not be comforted, did nothing to diminish his mood of overflowing happiness. He entered the grounds, humming lightly; and, starting to pass up the drive, came upon Hamilton Beamish, smoking a thoughtful cigarette.

"Hullo," said George. "So you've got here?"

"Correct," said Hamilton Beamish.

"How do you think Molly is looking?"

"Charming. But I only caught a glimpse of her as she was hurrying off."

"Hurrying off?"

"Yes. There has been a slight hitch in the proceedings. Didn't you know?"

"My God! Tell me!" said George, clutching his friend's arm.

"Ouch!" said Hamilton Beamish, releasing the arm and rubbing it. "It is nothing to get excited about. All that has happened is that the clergyman who was to have married you has met with an accident. His wife telephoned

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JANNY had just grasped the case in her hand when a heavy hand was placed upon her shoulder.

just now to say that, while standing on a chair and trying to reach down a volume of devotional thought from an upper shelf, he fell and sprained his ankle!"

"The poor fish!" said George warmly. "This is awful news, Hamilton. I must rush about and try to find a substitute. Good heavens! An hour or so before the wedding, and no clergyman!"

"Calm yourself, George. The necessary steps are being taken. I think Mrs. Waddington would have been just as pleased to let the whole thing drop, but Molly became very active. She telephoned in all directions, and eventually succeeded in locating a disengaged minister in the neighborhood of Flushing. She and Mrs. Waddington have gone off together in the car to fetch him. They will be back in about an hour and a half."

"You mean to tell me," demanded George, paling, "that I shall not see Molly for an hour and a half?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Forty-three]

"'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.' I quote Thomas Haynes Bayly. And Frederick William Thomas, a poet of the early nineteenth century, amplifies this thought in the lines:

"'Tis said that absence conquers love;
But oh believe it not!
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

"Be a man, George. Clench your hands and try to endure."

"It's sickening."

"Be brave," said Hamilton Beamish. "I know just how you feel. I also am going through the torment of being parted from the one woman."

"Absolutely sickening! A clergyman, and not able to stand on a chair without falling off!"

A sudden gruesome thought struck him:

"Hamilton! What's it a sign of when the clergyman falls off a chair and sprains his ankle on the morning of the wedding?"

"How do you mean, what is it a sign of?"

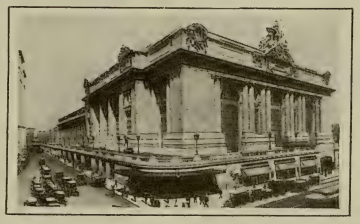
"I mean, is it bad luck?"

"For the clergyman, undoubtedly."

"You don't think it means that anything is going to go wrong with the wedding?"

"I have never heard of any such superstition. You must endeavor to control these fancies, George. You are allowing yourself to get into a thoroughly overwrought condition."

"Well, what sort of a condition do you expect a fellow to be in on his wedding morning, with clergymen falling off chairs wherever he looks?"



Hamilton Beamish smiled tolerantly.

"I suppose nerves are inevitable on such an occasion. I notice that even Sigsbee H., who can scarcely consider himself a principal in this affair, is thoroughly jumpy. He was walking on the lawn some little time ago, and when I came up behind him and laid a hand on his shoulder, he leaped like a startled roe. If Sigsbee H. Waddington possessed a mind, I should say that there was something on it. No doubt he is brooding on the West again."

The sun was still shining brightly, but somehow the day seemed to George to have grown overcast and chill. A gray foreboding had come upon him.

"It isn't fair that a delicate, highly strung girl like Molly should be upset like this at such a time."

"I think you exaggerate the effects of the occurrence on Molly. She seemed to me to be bearing it with equanimity."

"She wasn't pale?"

"Not in the least. She seemed quite her normal self."

"Thank God!" said George.

"In fact, the last thing she said to Ferris, as the car drove away, was——"

"What?"

Hamilton Beamish had broken off. He was frowning.

"My memory is terrible. It is the effect, of course, of love. I have just remembered——"

"What did Molly say?"

"I have forgotten. But I have just remembered what it was that I was told to tell you as soon as you arrived. It is curious how often the mention of a name will, as it were, strike a chord. I spoke of Ferris, and it has just come back to me that Ferris gave me a message for you."

"Oh, darn Ferris!"

"He asked me, when I saw you, to say that a female of some kind was calling you up on the telephone earlier in the morning. He told her that you were at the inn and advised her to get you there; but she said it didn't matter, as she was coming down here immediately. She said she had known you in East Gilead."

"Oh?" said George indifferently.

"And her name, if I remember rightly, was Dubbs or Tubbs or Jubbs—or—no, I have it. My memory is better than I supposed. It was May Stubbs. Does it convey anything to you?"

IT chanced that, as he spoke these light and casual words, Hamilton Beamish, glancing down, noted that his shoelace had come untied. Stooping to attend to this, he missed seeing George's face. Nor—for he was a man who concentrated even on the lightest task the full attention of a great mind—did he hear the other's sudden whistling gasp of astonishment and horror. A moment later, however, he observed out of the corner of his eye something moving; and, looking, perceived that George's legs were wabbling strangely.

Hamilton Beamish straightened himself. He was now in a position to see George steadily and see him whole; and the spectacle convinced him that something in the message he had just delivered must have got right in among his friend's ganglions. George Finch's agreeable features seemed to be picked out in a delicate Nile green. His eyes were staring. His jaw had fallen. Nobody who had ever seen a motion picture could have had the least doubt as to what he was registering. It was dismay.

"My dear George!" said Hamilton Beamish, concerned.

"Wok — wuk — wok" — George swallowed desperately—"wok name did you say?"

"May Stubbs."

"GEORGE! George! Why did you desert me? You don't belong to that girl there!"

Hamilton Beamish's expression grew graver and he looked at his friend with a sudden suspicion.

"Tell me all, George. It is idle to pretend that the name is strange to you. Obviously it has awakened deep memories. I trust, George, that this is not some poor girl with whose happiness you have toyed in the past, some broken blossom that you have culled and left to perish by the wayside?"

George Finch was staring before him in a sort of stupor.

"All is over!" he said dully.

Hamilton Beamish softened.

"Confide in me. We are friends. I will not judge you harshly, George."

A SUDDEN fury melted the ice of George's torpor.

"It's all that parson's fault!" he cried vehemently. "I knew all along it meant bad luck. I'm done for."

"Who is this May Stubbs?"

"I knew her in East Gilead," said George hopelessly. "We were sort of engaged."

Hamilton Beamish pursed his lips.

"Apart from the slovenly English of the phrase, which is perhaps excusable in the circumstances, I cannot see how you can have been 'sort of' engaged. A man is either engaged or he is not."

"Not where I come from. In East Gilead they have what they call understandings."

"And there was an understanding between you and this Miss Stubbs?"

"Yes—just one of those boy-and-girl affairs. You know: you see a girl home once or twice from church, and you take her to one or two picnics, and people kid you about her, and—well, there you are. I suppose she thought we were engaged. And now she's read in the papers about my wedding, and has come to make herself unpleasant."

"Did you and this girl quarrel before you separated?"

"No. We sort of drifted apart. I took it for granted that the thing was over and done with. And when I saw Molly——"

Hamilton Beamish laid a hand upon his arm.

"George," he said, "I want you to give me your full attention, for we have arrived now at the very core of the matter. Were there any letters?"

"Dozens. And of course she has kept them."

"Bad!" said Hamilton Beamish, shaking his head. "Very bad!"

"And I remember her saying once that she believed in breach-of-promise suits!"

Hamilton Beamish frowned. He seemed to be deploring the get-rich-quick spirit of the modern girl, who is not content to sit down and wait for her alimony.

"You think it certain that she is coming here to make trouble?"

"What other reason could she have?"

"Yes, I fancy you are right. I must think. I must think. Let me think!"

And, so saying, Hamilton Beamish turned sharply to the left and began to walk slowly round in a circle, his hands behind his back and his face bent and thoughtful. His eyes searched the ground as if to wrest inspiration from it.

Few sights in this world are more inspiring than that of a great thinker actually engaged in thought; and yet George Finch, watching his friend, chafed. He had a perhaps forgivable craving for quick results; and Hamilton Beamish, though impressive, did not seem to be getting anywhere.

"HAVE you thought of anything?" he asked, as the other came round for the third time.

Hamilton Beamish held up a hand in silent reproof and resumed his pacing. Presently he stopped.

"Yes?" said George.

"With regard to this engagement——"

"It wasn't an engagement. It was an understanding."

"With regard to this understanding or engagement, the weak spot in your line of defense is undoubtedly the fact that it was you who broke it off."

"But I didn't break it off."

"I used the wrong expression. I should have said that it was you who took the initiative. You left East Gilead and came to New

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE SMALL BACHELOR Continued from Page Forty-five]

York. Therefore, technically, you deserted this girl."

"I wish you wouldn't say things like that. Can't you understand that it was just one of those boy-and-girl affairs that come to an end of themselves?"

"I was looking at the thing from a lawyer's viewpoint. And may I point out that the affair appears not to have come to an end? What I am trying to make clear is this: that, if you had wished it to come to an end, you should, before you left East Gilead, have arranged somehow that this Miss Stubbs broke off the engagement."

"Understanding."

"The engagement or understanding. That would have cleaned the slate. You should have done something that would have made her disgusted with you."

"How could I? I'm not the sort of fellow who can do things like that."

"Even now, it seems to me, if you could do something that would revolt this Miss Stubbs—make her recoil from you with loathing——"

"Well, what?"

"I must think," said Beamish. He did four more laps.

"Suppose you had committed some sort of crime?" he said, returning to the fixed point. "Suppose she were to find out you were a thief? She wouldn't want to marry you if you were on your way to Sing Sing."

"No. And neither would Molly."

"True. I must think again."

IT was some minutes later that George, eying his friend with the growing dislike that those of superior brain power engender in us when they fail to deliver the goods in our times of crisis, observed him give a sudden start.

"I think I have it," said Hamilton Beamish.

"Well?"

"This Miss Stubbs. Tell me, is she strait-laced? Prudish? Most of those village girls are."

George reflected.

"I don't remember ever having noticed. I never did anything to make her prudish about."

"I think we may assume that, having lived all her life in a spot like East Gilead, she is. The solution of this difficulty, then, is obviously to lead her to suppose that you have become a reprobate."

"A what?"

"A Don Juan. A Lothario. A libertine. It should be perfectly easy. She has seen motion pictures of life in New York, and will not be hard to convince that you have deteriorated since you came to live here. Our plan of action now becomes simple. All we have to do is to get some girl to come along and say that you have no right to marry anybody but her."

"What!"

"I can see the scene now: This Miss Stubbs is sitting beside you, a dowdy figure in her homemade village gown. You are talking of the old days. You are stroking her hand. Suddenly you look up and start. The door has opened and a girl, all in black, with a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

white face, is entering. Her eyes are haggard, her hair disordered. In her arms she clasps a little bundle."

"No, no! Not that!"

"Very well, we will dispense with the bundle. She stretches out her arms to you. She totters. You rush to support her. The scene is similar to one in Haddon Chambers' Passers-By."

"What happened in that?"

"What could happen? The fiancee saw the ruined girl had the greater claim, so she joined their hands together and crept silently from the room."

George laughed mirthlessly.

"There's just one thing you're overlooking: Where are we going to get the white-faced girl?"

Hamilton Beamish stroked his chin.

"There is that difficulty. I must think."

"And while you're thinking," said George coldly, "I'll do the only practical thing there is to be done, and go down to the station and meet her, and have a talk with her and try to get her to be sensible."

He turned and hurried down the drive. Hamilton Beamish, still meditating, made his way toward the house.

He had reached the lawn when, as he stopped to light a cigarette to assist thought, he saw a sight that made him drop the match and draw back into the shelter of a tree.

Hamilton Beamish stopped, looked, and listened. A girl had emerged from a clump of rhododendrons, and was stealing softly round the lawn toward the dining-room window.

* * *

GIRLHOOD is the season of dreams. To Fanny Welch, musing over the position of affairs after Sigsbee H. Waddington had given her her final instructions, there had come a quaint, fantastic thought, creeping into her mind like a bee into a flower—the thought that, if she got to the house an hour earlier than the time he had mentioned, it might be possible for her to steal the necklace and keep it for herself.

The flaw in the scheme, as originally outlined, had seemed to her all along to lie in the fact that Mr. Waddington was to preside over the enterprise and take the loot from her the moment she had got it. The revised plan appeared immeasurably more attractive, and she proceeded to put it into action.

Luck seemed to be with her. Nobody was about, the window was ajar, and there on the table lay that which she had now come to look on in the light of a present for a good girl. She crept out of her hiding-place, stole round the edge of the lawn, entered the room, and had just grasped the case in her hand, when it was borne sharply in upon her that luck was not with her as much as she had supposed. A heavy hand was placed upon her shoulder. Twisting round, she perceived a majestic-looking man with a square chin and horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Well, young lady!" said this person.

Fanny breathed hard. These little contretemps are the risks of the profession, but that makes them none the easier to bear philosophically.

"Put down that jewel-case."

Fanny did so. There was a pause. Hamilton Beamish moved to the window, blocking it up.

"Well?" said Fanny.

Hamilton Beamish adjusted his spectacles.

"Well, you've got me. What are you going to do?"

"What do you expect me to do?"

"Turn me over to the police?"

The figure in the window nodded curtly.

But Mrs. Waddington went further. Her whole attitude betrayed her belief that the cat, on inspecting George, had been disappointed.

Fanny clasped her hands together. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't turn me over to the bulls, mister! I only did it for ma's sake."

"All wrong!"

"If you was out of work and starvin', and you had to sit and watch your poor old ma bendin' over the washtub——"

"All wrong!" repeated Hamilton Beamish forcefully.

"What do you mean, all wrong?"

"Mere crude Broadway melodrama. That stuff might deceive some people, but not me."

Fanny shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, I thought it was worth trying," she said.

Hamilton Beamish was regarding her keenly. That busy brain was never still, and now it had begun to work with even more than its normal intensity.

"Are you an actress?"

"Me? I should say not! My folks are awful particular."

"Well, you have considerable dramatic ability. There was a ring of sincerity in that drivel you just recited which would have convinced most men. I think I could use you in a little drama that I have been planning. I'll make a bargain with you. I have no wish to send you to prison."

"Spoken like a man."

"I ought to, of course."

"Yes; but it's a lot better fun doing things that you oughtn't, isn't it?"

"Well, the point is, I have a friend who is in a difficulty, and it occurs to me that you can get him out."

"Always glad to oblige."

"My friend is going to be married today, and he has just heard that a previous fiancee of his, whom in the excitement inseparable from falling in love with the girl who is to be his bride he had unfortunately overlooked, is on her way here."

"To make trouble?"

"Precisely."

"Well, what can I do about it?"

"Just this: For five minutes I want you to play the role of my friend's discarded victim."

"I don't get it."

"I will put it more plainly. In a short while this girl will arrive, probably in company with my friend, who has gone to meet her. You will be waiting outside here. At an appropriate moment you will rush into the room, hold out your arms to my friend, and cry, 'George! George! Why did you desert me? You don't belong to that girl there! You belong to me—the woman you have wronged!'"

"Not on your life!"

"What?"

FANNY drew herself up haughtily.

"Not on your life!" she said. "Suppose my husband got to hear of it!"

"Are you married?"

"Married this morning at the Little Church Around the Corner."

"And you come here and try to steal things on your wedding-day!"

"Why not? You know as well as I do what it costs nowadays to set up house."

"Surely it would be a severe shock to your husband to find that you had been sent to prison? You had better be reasonable."

Fanny scraped the floor with her shoe.

"Would this thing you want me to do get into the papers?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"And there's another thing. Suppose I did come in and pull that spiel, who would believe it?"

"The girl would. She is very simple."

"She must be."

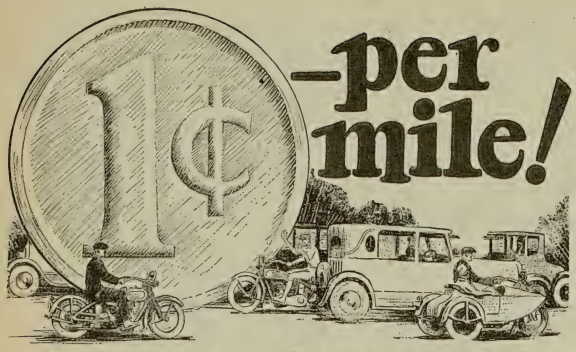
"Just an ignorant village girl—the sort who would naturally recoil from a man in the circumstances I have outlined."

"Suppose they ask me questions?"

"They won't."

"But suppose they do? Suppose the girl says, 'Where did you meet him and when did all this happen and what the hell—' and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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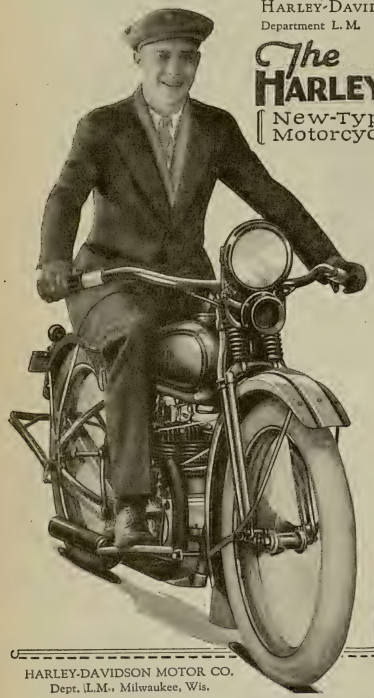

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[THE SMALL BACHELOR Continued from Page Forty-seven]

all like that, what do I say?"

Hamilton Beamish considered.

"I think the best plan would be for you to pretend, immediately after you have spoken the words I have indicated, that emotion has made you feel faint. Yes, that is best. Having said those words, exclaim, 'Air! Air! I want air!' and rush out."

"Now you're talking. I like that bit about rushing out. I'll go so quick they won't see me."

"Then you are prepared to do this thing?"

"Looks as if I'd got to."

"Good. Kindly run through your opening speech. I must see that you are letter-perfect."

"George! George!"

"Pause before the second 'George' and take in breath. Once more, please."

"George! George! Why did you desert me?"

"Arms extended."

"You don't belong to that girl there!"

"Pause. Breath."

"You belong to me—the woman you have wronged!"

Hamilton Beamish nodded with restrained approval.

"Not bad. Not at all bad. Now go back and hide in the rhododendrons. This girl may be arriving at any moment."

* * *

HAMILTON BEAMISH strolled out into the hall. He was lighting a cigarette when through the open door he saw Madame Eulalie alighting from a red two-seater car. He skipped joyously to meet her.

"So you managed to come, after all!"

Madame Eulalie shook his hand with that brisk amiability that was one of her main charms.

"Yes. But I've got to turn right round and go back again. I've three appointments this afternoon. I suppose you're staying on for the wedding?"

"I had intended to. I promised George I would be his best man."

"That's a pity. I could have driven you back."

"Oh, I can easily cancel the thing," said Hamilton Beamish quickly. "In fact, I shall, directly George returns. He can get dozens of best men—dozens."

"Returns? Where has he gone?"

"To the station."

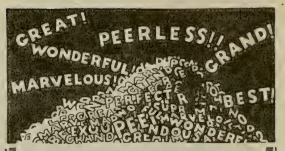
"What a nuisance! I came specially to see him. Still, it doesn't matter. I had better see Miss Waddington for a moment, I suppose."

"She is out."

"Doesn't anybody stay in the house in these parts when there's to be a wedding?"

"There has been a slight accident," explained Hamilton Beamish. "The clergyman sprained his ankle, and Mrs. Waddington and Molly have gone to Flushing to pick up an understudy. And George has gone to the station."

Do you know how a red-blooded man makes love? Even if he writes booklets for a living? Don't miss J. Hamilton Beamish's demonstration in next week's issue.



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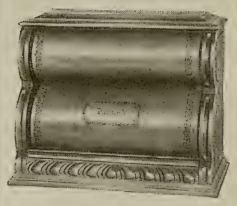

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Fifty-Fifty Marriage *Doesn't* WORK

Pictures by R. B. Fuller

Wedded Life Is a Tug-of-War, With the Odds Against the Missus

An Article *by* One Who Tried It

"YES," we told our friends complacently when we married, "it's absolutely on a fifty-fifty basis. And it's working out fine."

That was during the first four weeks or so. By the time we'd been married several months, my contributions to conversations on this subject were just a trifle strained. I would have died rather than let anyone know the fifty-fifty arrangement was definitely sloping to a sixty-forty basis. And I was afraid that, if a change were not speedily made, there was one perfectly good marriage bound for the rocks.

Here was the situation: When we were married, I was making an unusually good salary as manager of a department in a big store. My husband had a small but excellently paying business. We figured our assets were about the same and agreed to share expenses on a strict fifty-fifty basis.

We had pooled our savings and made a first payment on a substantial, small house in the country. My first job was to employ a competent maid of all work who also would be moderately cheap, and thrifty, to boot. I chose a German girl, who came to us for the exceedingly small (nowadays) sum of sixty dollars a month. She was clean and conscientious, and oh, awfully, awfully stupid. As a consequence, whenever we had guests for dinner, I had to make a breakneck journey home to see that the all-important finishing touches were supplied to house and table.

A great many of the people we entertained were my husband's friends. But on a certain evening I had asked two girls, co-workers, to dine with us. I knew it would be impossible to catch an early train, enabling me to plump up the pillows, set furniture at the exactly careless angles, see to the flowers, and cast a last anxious look at the table-laying, which Gerda was pretty sure to ball up. My husband was having an afternoon off. I had heard him say he was going to the ball game. It occurred to me it would be mere child's play for him to see to things, so that the stage would be properly set and I a delightfully care-free hostess.

He refused flatly to do it. Amiably, jocosely, chucklingly—but flatly. He laughed at my "fussiness." He patted my cheek affectionately and said it was my job, after all, to see that everything was correct when guests came. And, leaving me so angry that I was literally speechless, he marched off.

HE had simply been brought up to believe it was unmanly to perform household jobs.

It was silly of me, but I called off that dinner party. It wouldn't have mattered really, I suppose, if the dining-room chairs had been lined up like stiff soldiers on parade when the girls and I arrived. None of the small and important things would have mattered so greatly if my husband had not so blithely refused to co-operate with me.

The next night I trotted out my grievance and tried to settle it with him. He continued to laugh at me. I saw then, with amazement and consternation, that when he talked about a fifty-fifty arrangement he meant nothing of the kind. He was no more modern than his father and grandfather, who believed there were certain lowly tasks assigned to woman, which a man never, in any circumstance, took over.

He was never mean about it. He had simply been brought up to believe that it was unmanly to perform household jobs. Thus, on Thursday, when Gerda was off and when I wrestled with dinner, he refused to help with

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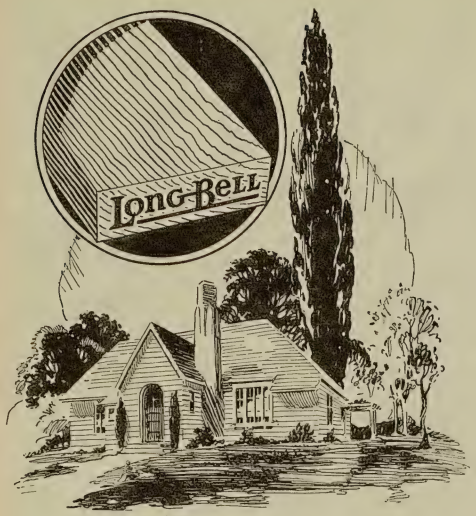

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Beautiful Floors Interesting, valuable information on oak floors for prospective home owners and builders. Sent free on request.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

the dishes. Do I hear someone ask, Why didn't you dine out? Well, after I had been cook and dish-washer for several weeks, that is precisely what we did. My husband did not like restaurant food, but it did not occur to him to change his policy, even so.

The various small irritations were beginning to make me cross. I was working hard, quite as hard as he was, and it irked me to have to sort the family laundry and plan weekly menus while he occupied the lawn swing and smoked.

In despair, finally, at Gerda's utter stupidity, I regretfully let her go and took on a trained worker who cost twenty dollars more a month, but who took most of the generalship off my hands.

Her husband took charge of the babies, carting them off to beach or picnic ground.

Other inconsistencies continued to crop up in our so-called fifty-fifty household. When my husband was slightly ill he serenely took it for granted that I was to call up the office and beg off for the day. But when I was ill, ah, that was another matter. If it were the least bit serious, he would, of course, call up a nurses' agency and send out a trained attendant. But I would have to pay for it out of the budget. Men never sat at bedsides and smoothed hot pillows, did they? It was ridiculous even to suggest it!

He played poker every few weeks, and sometimes, of course, he lost. Wifely tact was supposed to glide unseeingly over these losses. But regularly, on the first of the month, he frowned indulgently over my small extravagance. It was maddening to me to see him check up on my charge-account bills for scent and silk stockings, bath salts and lingerie, and do the "Well, well, little woman, we've been going it rather strong this month, haven't we?" act.

It was dreadful for me to find these petty angers eroding our love. I hated to admit our modern experiment wasn't panning out.

ON all sides I saw people who were managing their lives in much the same way. Some, I had to admit, seemed to get away with it in great shape. But was it only seeming? I couldn't help wondering.

There was one friend I envied deeply. Her husband seemed to have such a marvelous spirit of co-operation and helpfulness. She had actually had two children, in the course of their six years of marriage, still kept her excellent job, and didn't seem to be cross and harried. But on the nurse's day off, I happened to know, her husband took charge of the babies, carting them off to beach or picnic ground, so that she might have a precious holiday of her own. If the cook failed to show up, he rolled up his sleeves and washed the dishes. It never occurred to him that certain menial jobs were his wife's by divine right. Theirs was the only real fifty-fifty marriage I have ever known.

When I found I was going to have the child my husband and I both wanted, I saw a decent loophole out of our difficulties. I could now, without sacrificing my pride, quit my job and fall back on the old one of home-keeping without giving everyone a chance to say we had failed in what we'd started out to do.

I knew very well that if I had attempted to keep up the hollow fifty-fifty stunt, our love and marriage both would have gone on the rocks.

I despaired of teaching my husband any of the salutary lessons so glibly handed out by fiction writers. He was "sot in his ways" and I did not believe my plots, however clever, would change him. I had tried a few and they had failed. And besides, I believed that, in his heart of hearts, he preferred having an entirely dependent woman as a wife. It was worth trying, anyway.

THINGS are working out better for us now. My baby is two months old. I have a cheap but diligent servant who works well enough under direction. Our house, thanks to those first eighteen months when I labored, is pretty well paid for.

I am satisfied with this arrangement, and life is certainly smoother and less puzzling.

I know feminists will read this with the most complete scorn for any woman who could so humbly "knuckle under" and submit her will, wishes, and career to a mere man. But my career was more or less hard grubbing. It was really just the money I wanted; and, since there is no longer any actual necessity for my working, I am happier this way. What a professional woman, devoted to her work, would have done in the circumstances, I don't know. I suppose she would have had to put up a stronger fight, sacrificing her mate to her work, if need be. My job did not seem important enough.

But I often think, when I hear these blithe young things planning to keep their jobs after marriage and run things on the vaunted fifty-fifty basis, that I'd like to hand them this bit of advice: First, be certain your man is absolutely honest and fair in his avowal to share, and share alike, work, play, responsibility, and money. Otherwise, look out for trouble.

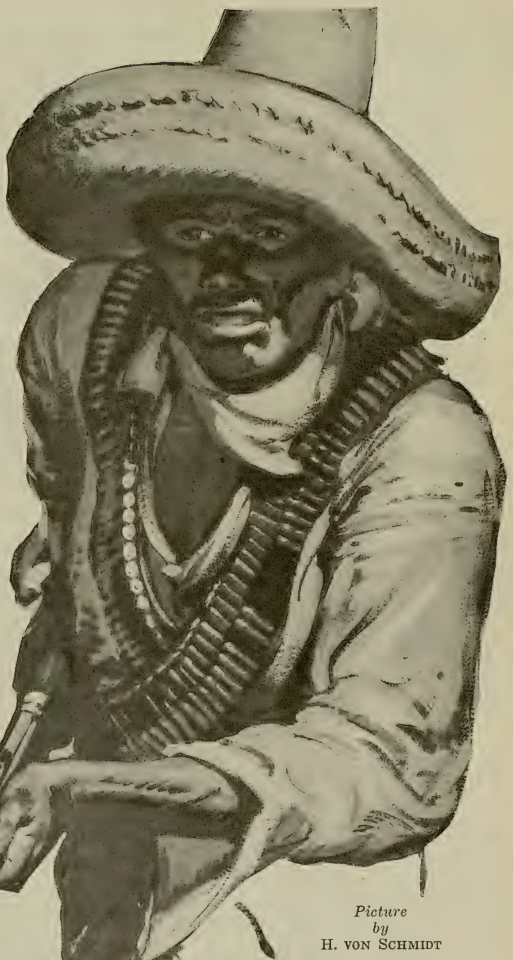
THE END

The Machete versus The Cross

Another Letter from Mexico

Strange Contradictions of the Mexican Constitution and How They Precipitated Religious War

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND



Picture by H. VON SCHMIDT

Catholic nuns, such as were exiled from Mexico. In background: Mexico City cathedral.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Sutherland again has written from the Latin republic on the strange religious conflict. Previously he sketched the picture of 11,000,000 Catholics deprived of religious freedom by a minority government. Here he tells the fundamental causes of this condition. The writer is an American, but as he was reared in Mexico, the son of a Methodist missionary, he is particularly well equipped to report the present conflict without partiality but with a keen insight into the temperaments of the participants.

Mexico City,
Wednesday, August 11, 1926.

MY DEAR HARVEY:

History, if the historian's own country is the topic, is largely an expression of patriotic views. It is seldom that a historian can understand or sympathize with the episodes and people of another country. All history, therefore, is more or less propaganda.

Hence the diffidence with which one must approach the chronicling of the origins of the present religious controversy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to be Happy tho Married!

New food drink brings health and happiness to thousands of homes.

MILLIONS of married people are unhappy because they lack the pep and energy that would make them cheerful companions. The many duties of modern intensified living sap their vitality. After working hard all day, hubby and wife find their evenings crowded with various social engagements. They rob themselves of sleep that would rebuild worn-out tissue—make demands upon their energy faster than the food they eat can replace it. No wonder they never feel quite fit—and as a result are inclined to be petulant and irritable.

To acquire health and happiness, they need an abundance of nourishment in an almost instantly digested form.

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Seamless aluminum TODDY shaker (retail price, 75c)
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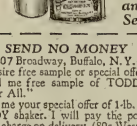

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Town..... State.....
My grocer does not sell TODDY. His name and address is:
.....

[THE MACHETE VERSUS THE CROSS Continued from Page Fifty-one]

between President Calles and the Catholic Church in Mexico. Nevertheless, a start must be made; and, summarized, the following strikes me as a reasonably accurate account of the background of the conflict in question. I have not seen any of it denied.

From the time when Cortez sacked the Aztec Empire, beginning in 1519, until Benito Juarez separated the state and church in the Constitution of 1857 and wrote the Reform Laws of 1859 to give that code effect, the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church either completely controlled or shared in the rule of the territory now embraced by the Republic of Mexico.

Four-fifths of the land, naturally the choicest parcels, was owned or claimed by the church authorities, and their power was shown by the fact that Roman Catholicism was made the state faith when Mexico won her independence from Spain in 1810-1821. All other religions were prohibited.

JUAREZ completely altered all this. He declared that all church property should and thereafter did belong to the nation. No priest was allowed to vote, to hold office, to make a will or to profit by legacy, to appear in public in the vestments of his office, to give political advice, or in any way to participate or have a voice in politics. That Juarez did not then seize all church property attests his good judgment; but though he did not molest the church buildings, the convents, and some of the haciendas, he did take over most of the vast landholdings.

The Church did not yield supinely to this procedure. With the ascension of Maximilian and Carlotta to the throne of Chapultepec, the ecclesiastical power was again triumphant. Maximilian was executed; Carlotta went mad begging the straw Napoleon and the Pope to save him; and the civil authorities returned to rule with the charter of 1857 again in force.

There were insurrections without number, all backed by the priesthood, according to President Calles. Finally Porfirio Diaz mounted the saddle. He sat there for thirty years, and he indorsed the basic law of Juarez. Diaz, however, was a genuine statesman and he did not unduly annoy the Church.

Came the Madero revolt, and the subsequent kaleidoscopic and comic-opera changes in the Presidency, which would have made the world laugh had they not made it shudder, so dreadful was the bloodshed, the numerous assassinations, and the wanton destruction of foreign and native property alike.

Now, one of the outstanding features of Diaz' long reign, and one of the contributory causes of his eventual downfall and exile, was his unending war with the Yaqui Indians of Sonora. They were utter barbarians; incapable of civilization; untamed, unconverted to Christianity, and un-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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$10.00 extra fare from Chicago, and $8.00 from Kansas City. It is luxury—supreme comfort—and charming refinement unparalleled in the world of transportation. Fred Harvey Club and Dining car service sets the standard.

You will want to take the Indian-detour—by Harveycar $45.00 extra, including everything, and conducted by Fred Harvey—through the land of prehistoric America. Also stop at Grand Canyon.

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Santa Fe System Lines
1150 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Send me free Santa Fe Picture Folders of California and Grand Canyon.

.....
.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

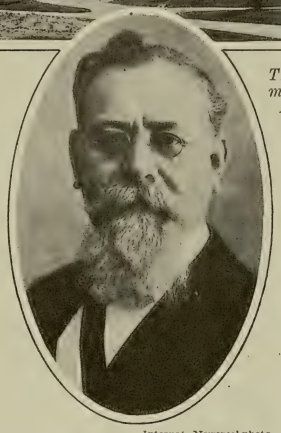
afraid. Those adults whom the old man didn't butcher he sent into horrible slavery in tropical Quintana Roo.

Destiny is a capricious jade, and her wheel often describes eccentric circles. It has turned and put the Yaquis in power, where they sit today represented by Plutarco Elias Calles, Alvaro Obregon, and others from the northern part of the republic. And what a harrowing vengeance they have exacted from the Cientificos, as the old Diaz crowd was called because of its scientific exploitation of Mexico's seemingly inexhaustible resources!

Today, Mexico has a Yaqui government; savage, unsparing, antagonistic to religion, bitterly loathing everything foreign—especially the American and his Anglo-Saxon civilization—selfish, cunning, and bent on annihilating its ancient foes—the cultured class of Mexico and the Roman Catholic Church.

Nine years ago, a grotesque congress met at Queretaro within a few rods of the Cerro de las Campanas—the Hill of the Bells—where Maximilian faced the firing squad. Under President Venustiano Carranza, pro-German and anti-American during the World War, this body was composed solely of men who had aided the aged adventurer to power and were panting to share in his rape of the country.

The Government Palace in Mexico City.



Internat. Newsreel photo

Ex-President Carranza, who aided in framing Mexico's Constitution.

THEY revised the Constitution of 1857 and adopted one now known as the Constitution of 1917. It is a weird document, containing among other clauses the famous Article 27, in which the Mexicans express their hatred for foreigners—always with the gringos in mind—and their contempt for a pacifist country that will not redress wrongs and murders committed by Mexicans against United States citizens of both sexes.

Article 27 confiscates all the oil and mineral development achieved by foreigners in Mexico—but I'll tell you a little more about that after a bit.

For the purposes of this letter, Harvey, we shall consider briefly the articles of the new constitution on which President Calles bases his present warfare against the Catholic Church.

There are seven of these articles—Nos. 3, 5, 24, 37, 55, 82, and 130. That Articles 7 and 9 are directly opposed to the provisions of the seven just enumerated is an inconsistency apparently clear to everybody in the world except the Mexican government. Let us sketch the intent of these nine clauses in the code of 1917; for on an understanding of them, and of the enabling law that Calles later put into effect, hinges the whole story of Mexico's latest troubles.

Art. 3. Instruction is free; but, private or public, primary or higher, it shall be nonsectarian.

Art. 5. Contracts, covenants, and agreements are prohibited if involved with religious vows; monastic orders are forbidden.

Art. 7. Gives Mexicans by birth all the rights imaginable.

Art. 9. Specifies (along with other articles) some of these rights; such as the inviolable right to meet and draw up a petition to the government; complete freedom of the press on any and all subjects; entire freedom of speech and opinion and conscience, etc., without limit of any nature whatsoever.

Art. 24. If not guilty of an offense punishable by law, a man can embrace any faith he wishes, but must practice the rites of his church only inside a building under government supervision.

Art. 37. Citizenship is forfeited by any person compromising himself before a priest (of any denomination) not to obey the constitution.

Art. 55. Representatives shall not be ministers of any creed.

Art. 82. The President shall not belong to the ecclesiastical state nor be a minister of any creed.

Art. 130. This is a long one, and provides many things. Federal authorities can intervene in religious matters. Congress shall not establish or forbid any religion. Marriage is a civil contract and solely within civil jurisdiction. The law recognizes no judicial personality in religious institutions known as churches. Ministers shall be considered as persons exercising a profession and subject to laws enacted on the matter.

State legislatures shall have exclusive power to determine the maximum number of ministers according to the needs of a locality. Only a Mexican by birth can be a minister.

No minister, in public or in private, shall criticize the constitution, the authorities, or the government. They shall have no vote, nor be eligible for office, nor be allowed to assemble for political purposes. (In spite of Articles 7 and 9, and the fact that they are native born citizens!)

No new churches may be opened without permission from the Secretary of the Interior, after the Governor of that State has made a report; and all churches shall operate under a caretaker legally responsible for law obedience of the cult and for all objects used in worship.

This caretaker, together with ten citizens, shall promptly advise the authorities as to the caretaker's identity. (The caretaker really is the minister or priest.) The caretaker must register with the civil authorities and tender an inventory of everything connected with the church. (It is to this provision that the Catholic authorities strenuously object and it forms the *casus belli* in Mexico today.) The outgoing caretaker shall give notice of change, and then be accompanied by the incoming minister and the ten citizens of the place.

Municipal authorities, under penalty of dismissal and a fine of 1,000 pesos for each breach, shall be responsible for the exact performance of this provision. They shall keep a register of places of worship and another of the caretakers thereof; and shall notify the Federal authorities of any new places of worship, their contents, and the identity of the caretakers.

No (scholastic) credits in institutions of learning where ministers are given religious instruction shall be recognized by other institutions.

NO periodical or publication which, by reason of its program, its title, or merely by its general tendencies, is of a religious character, shall comment upon any political affairs, or publish any information about acts of public or private individuals, in so far as these have to do with public affairs. (Forgetting all about Art. 9.)

No political association is permitted whose name shall bear any words or give any indication relative to any religious belief. No assemblies of political nature

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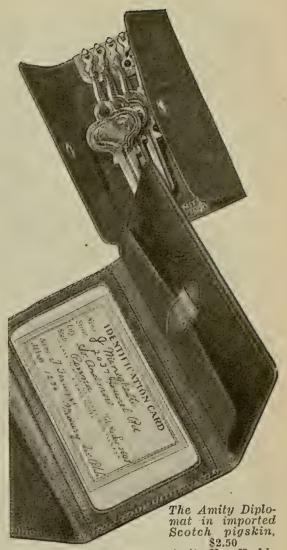

The Amity Diplomat in imported Scotch pigskin, $2.50
Amity Key Kaddy to match the Diplomat, 75c

Amity *matched leather goods* now the vogue

For men to be well dressed today they must carry their money and keys in a harmonious way. What can be better than the Amity Diplomat, a threefold wallet in chocolate pigskin, to hold bills and cards, and an Amity Key Kaddy in the same leather? They are perfectly matched because both are made of imported Scotch pigskin in identical design.

Pigskin combines splendid appearance and unusual wearing qualities. Its beauty grows greater day by day. Use mellows it, and affection for it increases.

Amity uses other choice leathers too. Key Kaddies can be had from 25 cents to $7.50, and threefold wallets from $1 to $17 in matched leathers, including calf, pinseal, ostrich, the new sharkskin, and imported goatskin and steerhide. Amity products may be purchased separately or in combination sets, and may be had in handsome silk-lined gift boxes. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wis.

if stamped AMITY *it's leather*

Join The Gasoline War!

Cut Your Gasoline Cost to 9c Per Gallon

Say good-bye to the high cost of gasoline! For now an amazing new invention—a ridiculously simple little device—makes practically any car give twice its regular mileage to the gallon! This wonderful invention is the work of Mr. J. A. Stransky, of Pukwana, South Dakota. Already it is being used by over a million satisfied car owners—on all makes and models of cars. And now the inventor will send you a sample at his own risk! Read his offer below.

The Stransky Vaporizer is one of the biggest sales propositions of the century—you can make big money quick. But don't take our word for it. Read what these men say. A. W. Cronk made $51 in one hour. He says: "The results of one hour's work—17 men gave me orders for the vaporizers."

$120 in One Day

I have found out that the Stransky will do what you said it would. I took forty orders in one day and wasn't out long. My Ford runs better than it ever did. I can save half the gas and it pulls better.—J. M. James.

$48 in 3 Hours

My gas bill has been cut nearly in half. I have removed every particle of carbon from my engine. Since I installed it my engine runs as good as new, starts easier and quicker. I went out Saturday about three hours and secured 10 orders.—J. A. Williams.

$147.50 in One Day

My profits for one day were $147.50. In one week I made $280. Yes, I am always on the job.—S. E. Herrick, Ore.

$39 in 3 Hours

In three hours on Saturday I cleared $39. In one hour on the previous Saturday I cleared $18. —T. N. Wiley, N. C.

Earn $250 to $500 a Month

WITH this wonderful new invention, auto owners in all parts of the country have chalked up records of from 37 to 57 miles and even up to 60 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

And now this amazing new invention is making big money for agents and distributors. Now you, too, can make good money—just telling your friends about it. You should easily earn astonishingly big profits in full or spare time.

Fits Any Make or Model Car

Here's how this wonderful little device works—how it adds more power and mileage to any make or model car. Every carburetor is adjusted to make starting easy—it gives a rich mixture to start a cold engine. But once the engine gets heated up the mixture is far too rich, resulting in faulty explosion.

There is too much gasoline and not enough air. Half the gasoline is drawn into the cylinders in a raw state and instead of exploding, it burns. This causes a heavy deposit of carbon.

But with this startling little device in a car all this is changed. As soon as the engine warms up, this device automatically begins to admit a much larger volume of air, thoroughly vaporizing all the gasoline, giving it fully 50% more power—breaking it up so that it explodes instead of burning.

A Carbon Remover

Not only does this invention save half the gasoline, but it also saves the expense and time of having carbon scraped out—a job costing from $5 to $25. It prevents carbon formation and it removes carbon after it is formed.

Introductory Sample Offer

To introduce this new invention Mr. Stransky, the inventor, will send a sample at his own risk. Not only that, but he will actually pay you for testing his Vaporizer if you are not delighted with it. Write at once for his proposition.

Make $250 to $500 a Month

The demand for the Stransky Vaporizer is enormous. Agents handling this device are simply coining money. Every auto owner in the country—and there are twenty millions of them—wants this splendid new invention the minute he sees it. You should sell from five to twenty in one demonstration. Splendid for spare time work.

Just send the coupon at once for full details of our introductory sample offer. Be the man to cash in big in your community. Mail the coupon right now—today.

One Million Satisfied Users

This wonderful device cuts the cost of gasoline in half by making practically any car give twice its regular mileage to the gallon—it made it possible for a car to go 60 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Ford Runs 60 Miles on a Gallon

I made approximately 60 miles on a gallon of gas in a Ford Sedan as I made 15 miles on one quart of gas.—O. C. Zeigler, Pa.

32 Miles with Buick

Vaporizers installed on both Buick and Ford are doing wonderful work; getting 32 miles on Buick and 51 miles with Ford.—Harvey C. Hipple.

Battling Nelson Says: "It's the Goods!"

The Vaporizer is the best thing I ever saw and I have seen many good things in my life. If I don't have a Stransky Vaporizer on every car in Hegewisch, I miss my guess. I dare say most of the public know me well enough to know that I never bunked them in my life, and when I say Stransky Vaporizer is it you say it is, I swan it.
(Signed) Battling Nelson, Hegewisch, Ill.

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.,
P-460 Stransky Bldg. PUKWANA, S. DAK.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.,
P-460 Stransky Bldg., Pukwana, South Dakota.

Tell me how I can get sample of the Stransky Vaporizer at your risk.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

City.....*State*.....

[THE MACHETE VERSUS THE CROSS Continued from Page Fifty-three]

shall be held within churches.

No minister may inherit any real property occupied by an association of religious or charitable purpose. Ministers are incapable of inheriting from ministers of the same creed or from private individuals to whom they are not related by blood within the fourth degree.

All real and personal property pertaining to the clergy or to religious institutions shall be governed in conformity with Art. 27. (This means such property belongs to the nation.)

And, finally, no trial by jury shall be granted for infraction of any of the preceding provisions.

From 1917 until January of this year, the Mexican authorities used the foregoing constitutional dicta solely as a threat, failing to enforce them to any appreciable extent. Nevertheless, the great ecclesiastical body stirred apprehensively as it contemplated the potentialities of the situation.

Alvaro Obregon, anti-American, pro-Moscow, and harasser extraordinary of business—especially foreign business, and particularly American business—ruled four years after the characteristic assassination of President Carranza, and departed to his chick-pea ranch in Sonora. Calles was "elected" in his stead, as the authorities whimsically call the farce that passes for balloting in this charming country. I shall etch his portrait in another letter.

WITH the induction of Calles began an unceasing and ingenious bedeviling of native and foreign industry and commerce. Between the tax collector and his ominous prophet, the bookkeeping inspector—who grafted unmercifully and found "errors" which the tax harvester was not tardy in correcting—and the organized labor unions, business concerns truly found themselves between a pack of devils and the unfathomable sea.

On January 7 last, Calles announced that having attended to other pressing problems, among them the agrarian confiscatory practices, he was now ready and disposed to enforce the anti-religious provisions of the Queretaro code. He began by refusing to permit the return to Mexico of Serafin Cimino, papal legate, who had departed on sick leave. Other preliminary measures were announced.

Archbishop Jose Mora y del Rio, seventy-two-year-old Michoacan Mexican, apprised the Vatican of the prospects confronting the Church, and on February 2 the Pope sent an apostolic letter to his dignitaries, protesting vigorously against the threatened confiscation of Catholic properties, the registration of the priests, the expulsion of foreign pastors, the inventorying of church holdings, and the forbidding of Roman Catholic instruction to children.

To this President Calles replied by branding the ecclesiastical attitude as "rebellious," and ordering the law enforced. Little was done for a while in the larger

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

College Man Wins Big Advancement

By the Accountancy Route

Ralph J. Daly was a college-bred engineer—and good enough to teach engineering for three years at the University of Pennsylvania. Seeking a greater opportunity, he took a position with the Detroit Trust Company, where for a period he did little more than mark time. He saw that he needed a certain fundamental grasp of business principles and methods if he was ever going to get anywhere in business. He enrolled for LaSalle home-study training in Higher Accountancy. Today, as Secretary-Treasurer of the Detroit Fidelity and Surety Company, Mr. Daly writes: *"I feel that LaSalle was the one great factor which enabled me to find myself."*

Send for Salary-Doubling Plan

Are you ambitious to make a real success in business—to fit yourself for positions paying $3,000, $5,000, $10,000 a year and even better? Then you will find LaSalle's 64-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," of the greatest help and inspiration—and LaSalle will send it to you FREE. For the sake of a brighter future, clip and mail the coupon NOW.

LaSalle Extension University
The World's Largest Business Training Institution
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I should be glad to have details of your *salary-doubling plan* as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐Higher Accountancy
☐Modern Salesmanship
☐Business Management
☐Traffic Management
☐Railway Station Management
☐Law—Degree of LL.B.
☐Commercial Law
☐Industrial Management
☐Factory Management
☐Banking and Finance
☐Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
☐Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
☐Personnel and Employment Management
☐Expert Bookkeeping
☐C. P. A. Coaching
☐Business English
☐Commercial Spanish
☐Effective Speaking

Name .....
Present Position .....
Address .....

Millions know how to

Keep Slender

In every crowd now note how slenderness prevails. Fat has become the exception. It is a blight to beauty, health and fitness, and people have learned to combat it. Go ask your friends how they lost their fat and follow their example.

The leading way for 19 years has been Marmola Prescription Tablets. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. People simply take four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal.

Those delighted users have told others until the use of Marmola has spread the world over. Your friends will tell you if you ask them. People who know are using over a million boxes yearly.

Go try Marmola—you owe that to yourself. Watch the weight come down, the vitality go up. Note the change that appears in a month. You'll be glad you learned about it.

All drug stores sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it is mailed in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 1807 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

cities; but in the smaller communities throughout the republic local officials began to apply pressure on the little churches and the little priests. There was rioting as the bewildered, ignorant, and resentful peons perceived the annoying of their priests, and the Federal troops were prompt to support the village authorities and to punish the rebels.

Convents and monasteries were warned and then invaded; priests were arrested and held without bail; drastic penalties were dealt to poor men who protested against the manhandling of their spiritual counselors; Monsignor George J. Caruana, newly appointed papal legate, was shadowed, insulted, and ordered out of the country; agrarians seized ranches and city properties of the Church and occupied them; and soldiers were posted in front of tabernacle entrances to intimidate the faithful.

On February 12 there appeared nocturnally posted on the corners of the city of Mexico an open letter to the President, signed by numerous Mexican Masonic lodges and leaders, demanding the discharge of every Catholic in government employ and the substitution therefor of Mexican Masons.

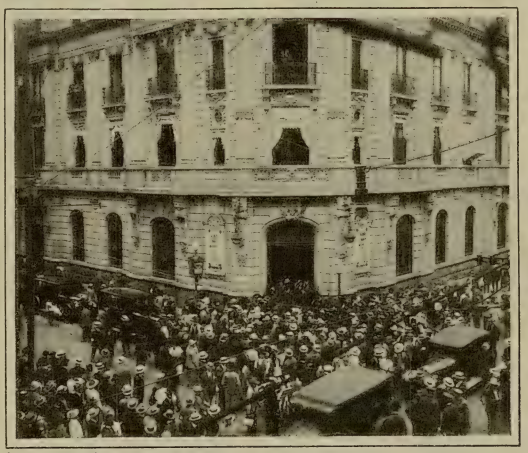
This is an appropriate place, Harvey, to inform you that, save for two or three lodges under American jurisdiction, only one of which took part in this harsh and unjustified demand, American Masonry does not recognize the Mexican orders. There are reasons, and I assure you that all of them are sufficient.

INDESCRIBABLE hardships followed a somewhat general compliance with this Mexican Masonic suggestion.

Old men who had been working for their country for many years, young women stenographers, and many heads of families were ousted from their jobs and left destitute to make room for men and women willing to sign a pledge that they were not Catholics and were staunch supporters of the Calles program.

And with foreigners expressly forbidden to take part in Mexico's politics, particularly when religious questions are involved, it is interesting to note that numerous signers of the Masonic letter *were* foreigners, including several Chinese. They were not punished, as the law requires. I am sending you, as a matter of record, a picture of this letter, with the names of such foreigners underlined.

Then came the blow which the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico had been dreading and half hoping might be averted. The religious *reglamento*, as the enabling act is called in Mexico, was issued on June 14, above the signature of President Calles. A Mexican President is given extraordinary powers to act in whatever situation he regards as an "emergency." Mexican Presidents are always finding emergencies and issuing decrees. Since they have the army to back them up, and control the pay rolls that inspire the army's patriotism, you may be sure, my good friend, that



Catholics withdrawing deposits from the Bank of Mexico in protest against the seizure of Church property.

objection to these decrees is feeble and of no avail.

The *reglamento* was a stern and all-embracing document. It contained thirty-three articles, each of which sets down the law as Calles and his radical labor leaders interpreted it, and then provided the penalty for disobedience. These penalties range from heavy fines to long terms in prison. Among the provisions of the new regulations were these:

Only Mexicans by birth can be ministers of any cult.

All education shall be laic.

Monastic or other religious vows are prohibited, on the ground that they restrict personal freedom.

All monastic orders and convents are to be immediately dissolved, and if members return to community life hereafter they are subject to six years in prison.

Priests even discussing politics incur the same penalty.

Newspapers may not discuss religious problems that involve acts of government. Editors, publishers, and writers are subject to "major" penalties.

No insignia of a religious cult, such as robes, hats, and other distinctive garb, rosaries, crosses, etc., shall be worn outside a church.

Inventories of church holdings and the registration of the priesthood must be made within the allotted time, under penalty of seizure and arrest.

Informers are exempt if they denounce violators of any of these regulations.

No religious association has the capacity for acquiring, possessing, or administering real estate or securities of any nature; those now owning or administering such must immediately turn everything over to the Federal government, since the nation automatically owns all church property, including lands, legacies, buildings, and their contents; bishops' residences, parish houses, seminaries, asylums, colleges, convents, and churches.

State and municipal authorities are equally liable with Federal officials for enforcement hereof; and destruction, concealment, withholding, or any evasion whatsoever shall be strictly punished.

Municipal authorities who within one month fail to comply with all these instructions shall incur most drastic penalties.

The *reglamento* went into effect on July 31, 1926, and thereafter all prior legislation in conflict therewith is automatically repealed.

The Catholic world staggered under this punch. The Protestant world, composed mostly of foreigners, should have been identically affected had it not been for the cunning strategy of the Federal government. The latter took a few pretentious steps to make it seem that all creeds were alike the target of the *reglamento*, but in reality secretly assured the American and English Protestants to sit quiet and not get excited. Foreign Minister Aaron Saenz and his brother, Moses, under-Secretary of Education, are Methodists, by the way.

THE aged Archbishop and the Pontiff in Rome hastily consulted, and on July 25 the mighty Church made a concerted manifestation. Mora y del Rio in Mexico City, Cardinal Mundelein in Chicago, Cardinal Hayes in New York City, and Papal Secretary of State Gaspari in the Eternal City issued almost identical pastoral letters denouncing the Mexican government and its plans, and setting aside a day for universal prayer. The Mexican episcopate, on the battlefield, threatened excommunication and the dreaded interdict.

The interdict, it should be explained, is a weapon greatly feared by members of the ancient faith and is calculated to stir them to activity. It is the withholding from a specified territory of all the rites of the Catholic Church.

The venerable Mexican prelate also announced that on the day the *reglamento* took effect he would withdraw all priests from the churches, rather than consent to their transfer from ecclesiastical

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STOP!

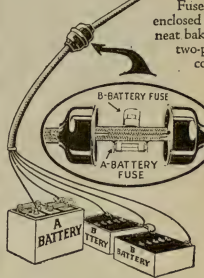
Don't

Burn Out Tubes
Discharge Batteries
Incur Fire Hazards

Use a
Belden
Fused Radio
Battery Cord

MAKE a neat job of wiring the batteries to your set by using this handy battery cord, and get the tremendous advantage of fuse protection for your batteries and tubes. Crossed wires can start no fires or ruin batteries if you use a Belden Fused Radio Battery Cord. Every set needs this protection—don't run the risk. It is cheap insurance.

Fuses are enclosed in a neat bakelite two-piece cover.



Ask your nearest radio dealer to show you a Belden Fused Radio Battery Cord. Get one, today!

Mail the Coupon for Illustrated Folder

Belden Manufacturing Co.
2334 A. So. Western Ave., Chicago

I surely want to keep up-to-date on radio, so please mail me your folder describing the new Belden Fused Radio Battery Cord.

Name.....

Address.....

Letters *with personality*

REMINGTON-WRITTEN letters are neat, accurate, clean-cut. They have personality. It sets them apart from the ordinary, makes them ambassadors of good will, wins praise for the operator, and subconsciously tells the recipient that the sender is a top-notch business man.

It is good business to use Remingtons—there's a machine for every writing need.

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TYPEWRITERS
A MACHINE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

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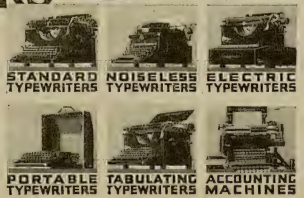


REMINGTON-MADE
PARAGON RIBBONS
AND RED SEAL CARBON PAPERS
ALWAYS MAKE GOOD IMPRESSIONS

[THE MACHETE VERSUS THE CROSS Continued from Page Fifty-five]

authority to civil regulation; and in addition he wielded a practical and more worldly bludgeon about his enemy's head by ordering a boycott of all business by the vast body of Catholics in Mexico.

Meanwhile, a convent in Coyoacan, a lovely suburb of the capital, was closed and the thirty nuns and their Mother Superior, an American, departed from the country. More than 500 others have left voluntarily, since they could not stand for the treatment they suffered at the hands of the raiding troops, as I shall describe later, and at least 300 priests, mostly Spanish and Italian, crossed the frontiers, about half of them under compulsion.

The rest of the priests, about 6,500, went into hiding. Hundreds of thousands of Indians hastened to confession the last few weeks before the deadlock, thousands of couples were married, and tens of thousands of babies were baptized.

Thus, on August 1, 1926, began the great religious warfare of Mexico. On the one hand was President Calles and the might of his splendid army, abetted by the disciplined power of highly organized soviet labor; and, on the other hand, Archbishop Mora y del Rio, the Catholic episcopate, and the millions of helpless but unswervingly loyal followers of the Church.

Of what has happened since, I shall write anon. I make you my compliments and remain,

Affectionately,

Sidney Sutherland

Another letter from Mexico, to appear in an early issue, will outline the Mexican government's contentions in this religious struggle, as told to Mr. Sutherland by officials and government spokesmen during his visit.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Eat It and Forget It

My next-door neighbor has a little girl aged four. One day on asking for candy, her mother offered her one piece. "Oh, you might as well give it all to me and I will eat it up and get it off my mind," she urged.—J. R. H., Seattle, Wash.

* * *

A Happy Dream

I was watching my small son Billy as he took his nap one afternoon. Suddenly he woke up, laughing. When asked the cause, he said:

"Muvver, I fell off the porch and landed right in bed."

He had dreamed he was falling and thought he really fell.—Mrs. C. L. R., Wichita, Kans.

PERMANENT

THERE are many ways in which a leak in your radiator can temporarily be stopped. But only two sure ways of making a PERMAMENT repair.

The one is by an expensive soldering job. The other is the cheapest and equally as permanent.

RADIATOR NEVERLEAK

Simply pour contents of can into radiator while motor is running. Repair is made instantly. Guaranteed not to clog or impair cooling system.

Leave it in the radiator. It prevents rust and scale.

Sold by accessory and hardware dealers and garages everywhere.

Buffalo Specialty Co.
526 Liquid Veneer Building
Buffalo, N. Y.

Repairs are as PERMANENT AS THE PYRAMIDS

50¢ and 75¢ Per Can

WE WANT
the 100 Oldest Vacuum Cleaners
NOW IN USE
Regardless of Make!

WE will give—absolutely free—one hundred $65.00 1927 Ball Bearing Cadillac Electric Vacuum Cleaners (non-oiling) *with all attachments* for the 100 oldest Vacuum cleaners now in family use, anywhere in the U. S. A.—regardless of make!

You may be the owner of one of these 100 old cleaners. All you have to do is to fill out and send in the blank below giving name, serial and model numbers of your cleaner. Friends having old cleaners will appreciate your bringing this advertisement to their attention.

This offer closes soon—so, be sure to fill out and send blank at once. Watch these ads for further announcements.

REMEMBER! The 100 owners of the oldest cleaners will get FREE one hundred $65.00 1927 Ball Bearing Cadillac Electric Vacuum Cleaners with all attachments! No strings or hitches to this offer. Enter your old cleaner—NOW!

CLEMENTS MFG. CO.
605 Fulton Street :: Chicago, Ill.

Use this Form

Clements Mfg. Co.,
605 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Enter my vacuum cleaner in your search for the 100 oldest vacuum cleaners in family use.

Name of Owner _____

Street or R.F.D. _____

City _____ *State* _____

Name of Cleaner _____

Model No. _____ *Serial No.* _____

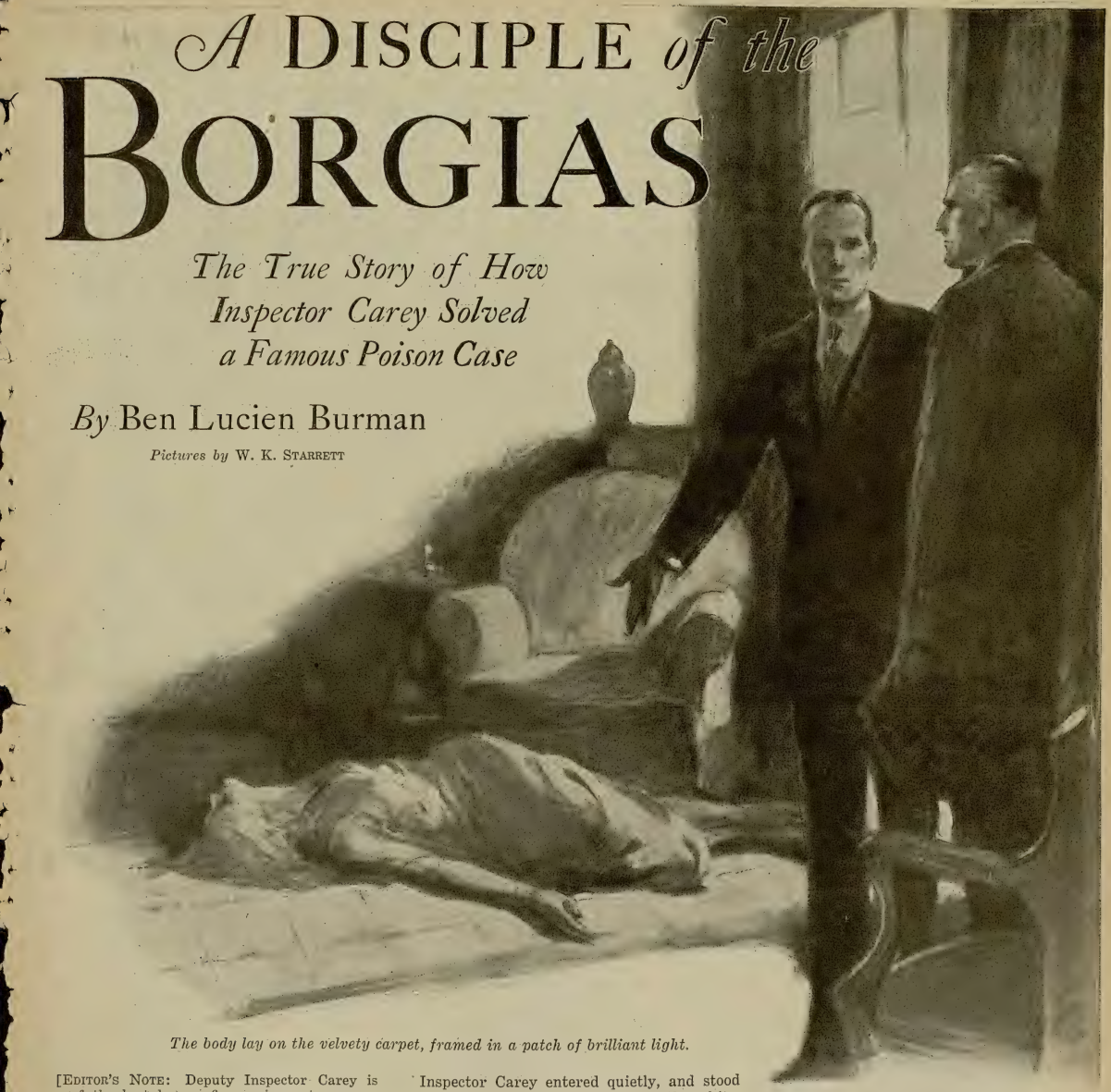
Age of Cleaner _____

A DISCIPLE of the BORGIAS

The True Story of How Inspector Carey Solved a Famous Poison Case

By Ben Lucien Burman

Pictures by W. K. STARRETT



The body lay on the velvety carpet, framed in a patch of brilliant light.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Deputy Inspector Carey is one of the best known figures in contemporary American detective history. In his long career as head of the famous Homicide Squad of New York City he has played a leading part in the solution of many great murder mysteries and has won an international reputation among criminologists for his skill in gathering evidence and his brilliance in deduction.]

THE body lay on the velvety carpet, framed in a patch of brilliant light streaming through the wide French window. It was the body of a woman, some years past fifty. But the repose and dignity usually attendant at the death of cultured middle age was lacking; her gray hair lay tangled and disordered over her delicate white dress; her body was strangely twisted, her face distorted, and her arms outstretched.

Inspector Carey entered quietly, and stood silent a moment while he gazed at the white, wrinkled face. Then he turned to the man who had entered with him—a tall, athletic individual who might have served as a model for a firm of fashionable tailors.

"Tell me about it," he said quietly. "Everything."

The other shuddered.

"The doctor says it's murder. That's why I called you. But it can't be. She had no enemies."

"Tell me about it, please," the detective repeated.

The eyes of the man he addressed sought the body and, as though hypnotized, rested there. With a visible start he forced his glance away.

"I will tell you all I know. I told you my name, I think. Benton—Zachary Benton. I'm physical director of the Winnebago Club. You know the club, of course?"

The detective nodded. It was one of the most exclusive social organizations of the metropolis.

"I was in my office getting ready to go down to the handball courts when the mailman brought a small box to me. I opened it and found a silver bottle-holder; a beautiful thing, engraved in an old English pattern. I took the cap off and looked inside. It held a bottle of Bromo-Seltzer, the kind you see in all the drug stores. I looked for a card, wondering who sent it, but there was none. I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

8point CONTACT

Unique Tower feature

ILLUSTRATED above is *just one* of the exclusive features responsible for the high quality reproduction of the Tower Cone. Where other cones have only one connection from unit to cone, Tower has *eight*. Thus, at the outset, maximum energy reaches the largest possible area, resulting in a volume and resonance of tone wholly unique.

Ask your Dealer to Demonstrate the Other Features Exclusively Tower

TOWER MFG. CORP., BOSTON, MASS.

Tower cone

$9.50

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

UNDER the director's table—under the desks on which momentous plans are worked out—on the feet of men who can and do demand the best things of life—you'll see this Florsheim, the "Walton." A shoe as distinguished as its wearer.

The WALTON · *Style M-226*

Write for Booklet "STYLES OF THE TIMES" *Showing the right shoe for you*

Most Styles $10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers · CHICAGO

[A DISCIPLE OF THE BORGIAS]
Continued from Page Fifty-seven

thought no more about it then and put it away in my medicine chest."

The detective interrupted:

"Weren't you suspicious of a thing sent anonymously?"

Benton shook his head drearily. "Why should I have been? People often send me things. Generally they're foolish, lovesick girls."

His voice became trembling again, hesitant.

"The — body — there is the — body—of my mother-in-law, Mrs. Rutgers. She lived in this apartment. I and my wife live in the next. No—no. Don't mistake. We were all very happy together.

"The evening after the bottle-holder arrived, the three of us were in this apartment, chatting. I was examining some of Mrs. Rutgers' silverware on the buffet, when I suddenly noticed that one design was almost exactly like that of the bottle-holder. I told her of the coincidence. She suggested that I bring it down from the office and let her see it.

"I brought it last night and took it to her room. And this morning——"

He once more stared at the body on the floor.

THE detective touched his arm. "I'm sorry," he murmured. "I know you feel miserably. But, if you wish me to help, you'll have to finish your story."

Benton looked up wanly.

"It happened just after breakfast," he continued. "My wife and I were in here. Mrs. Rutgers was complaining of a headache.

"'Why don't you take some of the Bromo-Seltzer that came in that pretty silver bottle-holder?' my wife suggested.

"Mrs. Rutgers thought it was a good idea. I got out the bottle and tried to take off the cork. It was covered with paraffin and was very tight. Finally, after several minutes, I got the cork out and poured the powder into a tumbler of water.

"Mrs. Rutgers drank it.

"A few seconds later she was seized with a fierce pain in the stomach. She began to quiver and stagger—then she fell to the floor and lay there, writhing. I called a doctor. But when he came she was dead."

Closely the detective watched the narrator's face.

"Is that the bottle there on the buffet?" he asked.

Benton nodded wretchedly.

The detective took it in his hand and studied it closely. From the glass his attention drifted to the label. He wondered why it was so gray, so lacking the brightness that crisp white paper should possess.

Quickly he took his hat and hurried out to a neighboring drug store; speedily he bought a second bottle of the headache powder and, returning, placed his purchase beside the first.

Instantly the truth was apparent: The bottle sent to Benton was not a Bromo-Seltzer bottle. It was slightly smaller and some-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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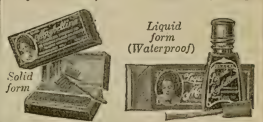

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Original, cream form ☐ New Liquid form ☐

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

what lighter in color. The label had been soaked off a genuine bottle and then repasted on the false. Comparison of the corks brought further proof. Covering the cork of the genuine bottle was a thin layer of paraffin. The cork of the false bottle bore a paraffin coating ten times as thick.

The detective put the bottle in an envelope and prepared to depart.

"I'll have the contents examined by the department chemist," he announced. "But even without that I'm positive this is a case of poisoning. I'm——"

"It's an accident," Benton interrupted doggedly. "It must be an accident. There's no motive for murder."

"You seem to forget one important factor," the detective answered placidly. "According to your story, the bottle was sent to you, not to your mother-in-law. Remember that you, not she, was marked for death.

"Think a moment. You must have enemies. Almost every man has enemies. Who would go to such extreme lengths to be rid of you?"

Benton gazed at his questioner blankly. "I have no enemies," he answered slowly.

The detective shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll have to determine that," he replied. "Meanwhile, let me have that silver bottle-holder and the package in which it came. What I want particularly is the outer wrapper."

Benton trudged to his room and came back with a box and some loose papers. Inspector Carey tied the package carefully, and went to headquarters, where he gave the powder to the chemist. In a short time the report arrived:

It was cyanide of mercury, a deadly poison.

Inspector Carey began a close scrutiny of the box and its coarse manila wrapper. The box itself, of shining pasteboard, was some eight inches long and bore the imprint of the celebrated firm of Tiffany. The wrapper bore the inscription, printed in a clear, bold hand, "Zachary Benton, Winnebago Club"; the postmark was "January 15, City Hall Station."

Truly here were no great aids to a search. To select one man out of New York's millions by his handwriting was virtually impossible.

THE detective turned his attention to the bottle-holder, on the base of which was stamped a circle inclosing a capital L, the trademark of a well known jewelry manufacturer in New Jersey. He wondered a moment as to the murderer's motive in purchasing such a costly piece of silverware, then decided that had the powder been sent in an ordinary blue bottle, Benton undoubtedly would have considered it a joke and tossed it into the wastebasket.

Another question arose to confront the investigator—the question as to why the poisoner had not used a genuine Bromo-Seltzer bottle, but instead had taken pains to soak off the trade-marked label and repaste it on a bottle of different type. He placed bottle-holder, Bromo-Seltzer bottle, and poison bottle side by side upon the table.

THE first bottle was too large to fit into the silver container.

In a case so blind, so apparently motiveless, as this, the investigator could only theorize. Out of a mist he must reconstruct a man. The bottle-holder the murderer had bought was of high artistic quality; therefore he must be possessed of artistic tastes. The bottle he had substituted was an unusual bottle; therefore he must have had various types of bottles at hand. He had employed as the death agent cyanide of mercury, a rather uncommon drug and one rarely employed for criminal purposes; therefore he not only had access to many drugs, but understood their effects.

"What was the cause of Rufus Morrill's death? The real cause?"

Carey concluded that a doctor, an artist, a chemist, or a skilled photographer might possess all three.

He decided that the bottle-holder was the first key with which he would try to unlock the mystery, and journeyed to New Jersey to the plant where it had been manufactured. "How many of these bottle-holders have you made?" he inquired, after he had introduced himself to the manager.

The manager took the silver container and examined it curiously. "What did you call this?" he queried.

"A bottle-holder."

"It isn't a bottle-holder. It's a toothpick-holder. I remember it distinctly, because we made only fifteen of them."

"That's odd. It was used as a bottle-holder," Inspector Carey answered. "But, bottle-holder or toothpick-holder, I'd like a list of the dealers to whom they were sent. Can you give this to me?"

"Surely," the manager replied.

Back at headquarters, the detective studied the names and addresses. Three holders had been sold to dealers in the New York district, and it was upon these three that the detective determined to concentrate. However, the next day he found two of the toothpick-holders still in the stocks of the purchasers. The other one had been bought by Arnot, a jeweler in Newark, New Jersey. Its sale was recorded in the Arnot ledgers under the date of January 10, five days before the poison gift had been dropped into the mail chute.

"Sure, I remember sellin' it," a tall salesgirl replied to the detective's query. "A big, fine-lookin' feller bought it. Had shiny gray eyes an' a gray beard, an' was wearin' a big kind of yellow fur coat. Wanted to buy a bottle-holder, but all we had was the holders for little perfume bottles an' he said they was too small. So I showed him the toothpick-holder. An' he bought it."

BUT the store did not have the buyer's address.

Inspector Carey visited Benton in his apartment that evening. The detective repeated the salesgirl's description and pleaded with him to try to think of someone whom the description might fit. The director's only answer was to murmur that he knew no one.

But the detective was convinced that the sender of the poison was numbered among the physical director's acquaintances. For the murderer had been so familiar with Benton's habits that he knew the physical director often received presents from admirers and accepted them unhesitatingly.

Moreover, such knowledge almost implied that this mysterious acquaintance was a member of the Winnebago Club, for it was here that Benton spent practically all of his waking hours. Certainly the theory had its flaws. Enemies can be made as easily in five minutes as in five years. The poisoner might have been presented to Benton on one of his rare evenings out, but the detective resolved that the theory was worth investigating.

The detective was a constant guest in the clubrooms thereafter for two weeks; sauntering through the corridors or reading in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[A DISCIPLE OF THE BORGIAS
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

library. Then he happened to hear a conversation that caused him to become rigid with attention while two men talked on a lounge near him.

It was a leisurely, matter-of-fact story that the conversation unfolded. One Rufus Morrill, a Wall Street broker, had two months before been seized with a violent attack of indigestion while in his room upstairs and had died after a few minutes of convulsions. The doctor summoned had pronounced the collapse due to heart failure and general weakness, following an attack of acute indigestion. But that word "convulsions" had set the detective's imagination to work.

He learned the name of the dead man's physician and called at his office.

"Doctor Norton," he said, after he had been ushered through a waiting-room crowded with patients, "what was the cause of Rufus Morrill's death? The real cause?"

"Real cause?" The doctor's look of surprise quickly changed to anger. "I pronounced Morrill's death due to heart failure following acute indigestion. I'm not accustomed to having my diagnoses questioned."

"Don't be offended," the detective replied coolly. "Strictly speaking, I'm not questioning it. Only, I know that sometimes medical men aren't themselves sure of their pronouncements in a case like this, and as I heard the attack described it seemed a bit severe for acute indigestion. You're a leading member of your profession. Your word carries weight. If you assure me here that you are honestly convinced Morrill died from those causes, I'll be inclined to drop the matter. But can you give me that assurance?"

THE anger faded from the physician's cheeks.

"Queer, your asking me this," he murmured thoughtfully. "No; to be quite honest, I haven't been thoroughly satisfied in my own mind that Morrill did die of indigestion. His convulsions were simply terrific, the worst I've ever seen. Yet I couldn't explain it any other way. I thought for an instant of poison. But at the club that seemed incredible."

"What made you think of poison?"

"I don't know, really. Just had the feeling, that's all."

"Did you notice anything unusual in the room?"

The doctor reflected a moment. "No; nothing— Yes, there was one thing. I had forgotten. A small tin box—a box of patent medicine. Wait a minute. I've just remembered I took the box away. Brought it here for analysis, and then forgot all about it. I'll have the girl get it."

A moment later the box was set before him—an ordinary box. Printed on the label in brilliant red letters were the words "Summit Digestive Salts." Beneath this was the inscription: "For All Disorders of the Stomach and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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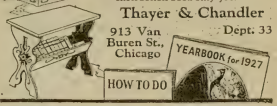

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

Liver. Free Sample. Not to Be Offered for Sale." The seal was broken.

The detective lifted off the cover, exposing a fine white powder. This he brought close to his nostrils; then he rubbed a few grains between his fingers.

"Cyanide," he pronounced quietly. "Cyanide of mercury. See if you don't say so yourself."

Quickly the surgeon repeated the tests the officer had made.

"No. I haf nefer see dis gentleman before."

"You're right," he muttered. "It is cyanide. Poisoned—poisoned!" He stared at the detective in incredulous bewilderment.

"But who has done it? And why would anyone want to do it?" asked the doctor.

"I've been working weeks to find out," the officer answered gravely. "Morrill isn't his only victim. You may be able to help me find him. You were Morrill's physician. Were you his friend as well?"

"Yes—perhaps his best."

"Can you think of anyone who might have desired his death?"

"No one. He was a rather solitary sort of man. Few friends. And no enemies that I know of."

"It must have been a friend. No one else would have had the opportunity to leave the poison in the room. Who were the friends? Tell me something about them."

Absently the doctor tapped his cigarette.

"Let me think. Ferris, the lawyer. Frederick Vontreuil, the artist who makes those queer dyed tapestries so popular now. Hum. There was some talk of Morrill's being a little too intimate with Vontreuil's wife. Nonsense, though; I took no stock in that story. Morrill knew Benton, the physical director of the club, well, too. Then he and Dorset of the Cotton Exchange and Westcott of the Third National were rather chummy. I guess that's all."

MENTALLY the detective marched each of these in review before him. His choice fell upon Vontreuil, the artist. Here was a man who fitted perfectly into his theories. His tastes were unusually artistic; he understood chemistry, for such knowledge was vital in the manufacture of the dyestuffs he used each day; he must possess many kinds of bottles. Lastly, and perhaps most important, he possessed a motive for one of the murders—jealousy of Morrill. There was one flaw in the officer's hypothesis; the artist contradicted in every feature the garrulous salesgirl's description of the man who had bought the toothpick-holder. Vontreuil's eyes were a bright blue, not gray; Vontreuil had a dapper, trimmed mustache, but not a trace of beard; Vontreuil's overcoat was not of yellow fur but of dark blue chinchilla.

Yet the detective, schooled in the frailty of human testimony which calls black a reddish yellow and describes a bicycle as a high-powered motor car, thought it quite likely that the girl was entirely mistaken, and he set out on the trail of Summit Digestive Salts to follow where it led. This preparation was one of the most popular patent medicines on the market.

The detective visited the com-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Name.....
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City.....State.....

[A DISCIPLE OF THE BORGIAS Continued from Page Sixty-one]

pany and was ushered into the office of the chief of distribution.

"I'd like to know your method of sending out these free samples," Inspector Carey said, after explaining his errand.

"Most of the time we send them to people who write us in for samples," the official answered. "They see the ads in the newspapers."

"You keep all the letters, I suppose?"

"Oh, surely."

"Could I look at them?"

The man chuckled. "You can look at them. But you're going to find it kind of a job. We do a mighty big business. But you're very welcome to look if you want to."

The detective undertook the labor. The brightness of the tin and the freshness of the label on the box used for the poison told him that it had not been long out of the factory; thus he was enabled to confine his investigation to the letters written only a few months before Morrill's murder.

Day after day he read the heaps of requests, and at last he lifted from the pile a sheet of blue paper embossed in the upper right-hand corner with three tiny crescents. It was a note seemingly like the other thousands he had read, simply stating that the writer suffered from stomach trouble and asking that a sample be sent to Box 37, care of the New York *Citizen*.

THE date was November 25, only a few days before Morrill's death, and the name written evenly across the bottom of the blue page was "Zachary Benton."

The detective's amazement was unbounded. Wondering whether he had erred, he hurried to the Winnebago Club, found Benton, and brought him, mystified, to the business office of the *Citizen*. A pleasant-faced German stood behind a counter.

"Are you the man in charge of renting the boxes?" the officer demanded.

The other nodded assent.

"You rented Box 37 to a Mr. Zachary Benton. Is this the man?"

The little German blinked, then shook his head.

"You haf say der truth when you say I haf rent der box to Meester Zachary Benton," he mumbled. "But I haf nefer see dis gentleman before."

The detective turned swiftly to Benton.

"I thought so," he stated decisively. "Someone's been using your name, probably the murderer." He faced the little German again. "How did the other man look?"

The Teuton smiled apologetically. "It is so—so long time ago. I haf forget," he replied slowly. "Only am I sure dis iss not der Meester Benton who haf rent der box."

"Would you know him again if you saw him?"

"Ach, yess! Dot is differunt! Nefer do I forget a face."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

"Good. I'll probably call on you again in a few days. Meanwhile, please let me have those two letters that I see in Mr. Benton's box. I'll take the responsibility as an officer of the law."

The letters given to the detective were rather bulky. One was from a manufacturing chemist in Cincinnati, inclosing a small sample of Nu-Vim tonic; the other, on the letterhead of a similar company in Detroit, from an employee who had once been Benton's assistant at the club.

Taking leave of the physical director, the officer entered a telegraph office and wired the drug companies in both the Ohio and Michigan cities to forward the letters written by the supposed Zachary Benton. They arrived by special delivery. Both were written on blue stationery decorated with three tiny crescents. The Detroit letter, rather chatty, informal, displayed an intimate knowledge of Benton's habits. Its contents left one of two conclusions to be drawn; either the writer was Benton himself, or a diabolically clever acquaintance trying to fasten the guilt upon him.

The detective's thoughts reverted to the suave Frederick Vontreuil. He began an intensive investigation that spared no phase of the artist's varied activities, when he was struck by the idea that a criminal who had rented a letter box under the name of one of his intended victims might very well have rented a similar box under the name of the other. No sooner had the idea flashed upon him than he put it into execution: he instituted an exhaustive search of the newspaper offices, and in twenty-four hours had discovered at the New York *Daily Messenger* a box rented to the dead Rufus Morrill.

Some fantastic mania to collect patent medicines evidently had the murderer in its grip. In this box, as in the other, was a letter inclosing a sample of a cure-all, this time a sample of Poynter's Liver Regulator.

Again the detective telegraphed the company to send the letter in which the request had been made; again he saw that it was written on the same blue paper bearing the three tiny crescents. But it was the blank accompanying the letter that caused him to smile exultantly.

THE blank was one of those forms so common in every rustic drug store, forms sent to every prospective user of a patent medicine, asking detailed information as to the sufferer's physical condition and medical history in order that the company's "doctors" might be able to arrive at a correct diagnosis. On the dotted line allotted for the name was written "Rufus Morrill." The patient's age was stated as forty-two; his height as six feet; his chest as thirty-seven inches; his waist as thirty-two. One question on the blank was answered—the question, "Is there any scrofula or tuberculosis in your family?" The word tuberculosis was underscored, then this phrase written in: "Yes, the latter." Not unusual measurements, perhaps, except that they furnished an exact description, not of the dead financier, Rufus Morrill, but of the artist, Frederick Vontreuil.

THE detective had found the links to form his chain of evidence. A woman who had frequently corresponded with Vontreuil identified as his the crescent-decorated paper; while a few days later, as if to dispel all remaining doubt, the files of another remedy factory yielded up a letter on this same telltale stationery, at last signed with his own name. He was speedily arrested when penmanship experts found that all the letters, the address on the wrapper of the bottle-holder, and his own handwriting were identical.

Haughtily he protested his innocence; coolly he summoned to his aid the cleverest attorneys practicing before the criminal courts of the metropolis. But his denials proved futile when the little German at the *Citizen* office and an employee at the *Messenger* identified him as the man who had rented letter boxes in the names of the two men he had hoped to murder.

The revelation of his motive for plotting to kill Benton gave ample evidence as to his mental condition; while his desire to be rid of Morrill arose through the belief that the financier had stolen his wife. He schemed to accomplish the physical director's death for a reason so absurd that it could actuate only one type of human being—a madman. Six months before, Benton had purchased two horizontal bars and a punching-bag for the Winnebago Club. But he made the purchases hastily and forgot to obtain the approval of the gymnasium committee, of which Vontreuil happened to be the chairman. The physical director admitted his error, but Vontreuil, believing his authority had been purposely thwarted, was infuriated. He made a bitter protest to the club supervisors. Their action only served to increase his fury, for they gave the director a complete exoneration. Ever afterward he looked upon Benton with a secret, burning hate, until his brooding culminated in the scheme to make his enemy pay for the insult with his life.

Convicted and sentenced, Vontreuil escaped execution by a legal technicality.

But there are many who deem the end he found a thousandfold worse than the noose he fled. He died in the steel-walled cell of a madhouse.

THE END

Dissolve two "BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN" in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle thoroughly.

Swallow some of the solution. Don't rinse the mouth. Repeat gargle every two hours if necessary.

This is an effective gargle proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians.

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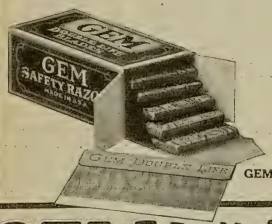

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For the Love o' Lil

CHAPTER XXI of Leslie Thrasher's cover continuity, which appears below, explains Mr. Thrasher's illustration on the cover of this issue. Each week, LIBERTY will publish a story describing some incident in the lives of Lil Morse and Sandy Jenkins, and the cover will carry the story along in pictures.

Thousands of LIBERTY'S readers throughout the country are watching Sandy's desperate love affair. Later on, possibly next summer, LIBERTY may have another prize cover contest. You will want to join it, and it's easy to keep up with what happens. Now for the story:

For the Love o' Lil

CHAPTER XXI *of the* FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

By LESLIE THRASHER

IT'S their rarity that makes kisses so sweet, and Lil was well aware, as a girl should be, that too much sweetness is not good for a boy. Sandy, of course, objected violently at times, but, like the beggar he was, he had to take what she gave him.

However, he inveigled her into betting a kiss against a five-pound box of candy that Jefferson, his Alma Mater, would not wipe up the gridiron with its ancient enemy, the Bolling eleven. And, with the red feather of his choice sprouting from his hatband, he took her out to see the game.

Old Jeff wiped up, all right; mopped up, in fact; and Sandy, jubilant in his double victory, would have collected his kiss right there in the grand stand. But Lil protested. "Crazy, I'm not going to kiss you here—before the whole world!" she said, blushing furiously.

Seizing her arm, Sandy started breaking a pathway through the crowd for home—and the coveted kiss. But as they crossed the field, past the gymnasium, Lil suddenly halted. "Mr. Dolan!" Sandy heard her gasp and, turning, saw her white-gloved hand disappearing into the mud-smeared paw of one of the conquering football heroes. It was Babe Dolan, erstwhile lifeguard and Sandy's chief rival at the beach that summer.

"Aw, keep your old kiss!" remarked Sandy scornfully half an hour later, as he abruptly left Lil at her gate. "I can get along without it." But could he?

(To be continued next week)

In Next Week's LIBERTY

Pace in the Movies

By DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

The Master Director Tells You What He Knows About Films

EVERY picture fan has wondered what it is about the movies that gives them their fascination. This article reveals the secrets of an outstanding master of film technique. Griffith goes straight to the heart of the movies and shows what makes them live.

In Next Week's LIBERTY

My Twenty-Five Years of FOOTBALL

By WALTER ECKERSALL

They Played for Blood in the Games that Developed the Greatest of Quarterbacks

Burke & Koretke photo

I started for the end which Garrels had deserted.

THE eyes of each of the great universities in the Middle Western Conference were fastened upon Walter Eckersall when he finished his brilliant football career at Hyde Park High School in Chicago in 1903. He was actively rushed by enthusiastic alumni, but withstood all blandishments until the early fall of that year, when the thud of the pigskin lured him to watch the practice of the University of Chicago team. He matriculated at once in that school.

The University of Michigan was then the football leader of the Middle West, and under "Hurry Up" Yost, its coach, had turned out a "point-a-minute team" and others as powerful. With Eckersall in the field, Chicago began to offer bitter opposition, and the annual conflicts between these two institutions were life-and-death matters to the alumni and the students.

PART FOUR

LONG before the football season of 1905 opened, it was apparent that the fight for the conference championship—and in those days that meant the Western championship as well—was going to be the bitterest in years.

Those who know football only as it has been played since the revised rules went into effect in 1906 will find it difficult to realize the intensity of feeling that prevailed before that time.

Almost the first act of the cheer leaders now is to call for a tribute to the opponent. When a player on the opposing team is injured, he is greeted with cheers from the grand stands in which the supporters of the opposing team are seated.

Before 1906 the rooters cheered their own eleven only, and often they rejoiced when a player on an opposing team was injured. Veritable hymns of hate were sung.

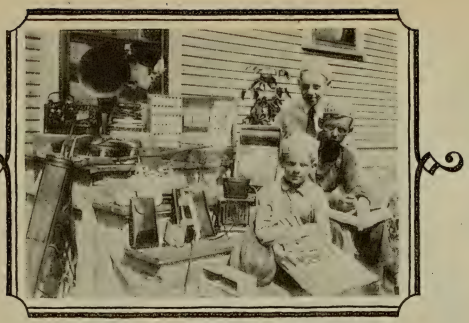
A yell that was used indiscriminately by several colleges ran:

Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax—
Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax!
Where?
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck,
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck—
There!

Those who chanted it meant every word. Naturally, the spirit of the grand stands was reflected on the field. Even when the rules were strictly observed, there was the roughest kind of play.

Then, too, there was plenty of opportunity

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Some fine bunch of prizes! Ervin Schulz of Minnesota, the boy at the rear, won all of them in addition to many others not shown on the picture by selling Liberty—and earned money every week to boot. Ervin won a fine radio, complete set of golf clubs, fishing outfit, baseball game, ice skates, chemcraft set, pen and pencil set, and many other prizes. You can do the same!

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[MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FOOTBALL
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

for foul play and some players were not above it. The tradition of rough play had come from the East, and when we played West Point in 1903 we surprised the East by what it was pleased to call our gentleness.

Michigan had held the Western championship for four years, although tied one year by Minnesota. The only time its supremacy had been threatened was in 1904, when Chicago won the conference meet and Michigan had been forced to be satisfied with the threat, "You'll get yours in the fall."

Naturally, we were more than ever determined to win, but first we had to dispose of our other opponents. Practice games with North Division High School, Wabash, and Beloit got us started. All were won handily.

Iowa, which had loomed up in 1900, when it won the conference title, came to Marshall Field for the first championship contest. We won rather easily, 42 to 0, and then we beat Indiana 16 to 5.

Wisconsin, our next foe, was the team we feared more than any other except Michigan.

IN a measure, luck was against us. Our style of play required a fast field and I have seldom seen a worse one than that on which we played at Madison on October 21. Three times in the first half we were held near the Wisconsin goal line, and each time I tried for a goal from the field; but the wet ball would slip off my instep.

It was not until the middle of the second half that we got our opportunity. On a third down I was able to find a dry spot near the twenty-three-yard line. I kicked a goal for the four points, which were the only ones scored during the game.

Northwestern was our next foe, but we had little trouble in disposing of her with a 32-to-0 score, which duplicated the one we had rolled up in 1904.

A better preparation for our game with Michigan was afforded by Purdue, coached this year by Herrnstein, who had been Heston's running mate on the most famous of Michigan's teams. We managed to score once in the first half on a drop kick which I lifted from the forty-five-yard line. This was repeated in the second half, and with the weakening of the Boilermakers we scored two touchdowns in the latter part of the half, winning 19 to 0.

The Illinois game that followed was utilized as practice for drop kicking. The game started with a procession to the fifteen-yard line, where I kicked a goal from the field. Four more times during the game I kicked field goals, and also made one touchdown. The final score was 44 to 0, of which I contributed twenty-five points. The five field goals constituted a new record.

The bad luck that usually hit us just before a Michigan game was with us again. Earlier in the year we had lost Boone, upon whom we had depended to play one of our

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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Another Mystery of the Films Explained

Read

PACE IN THE MOVIES

By
David Wark Griffith

A master director lets you in on some of his secrets.

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

halfback positions, because of a protest. Now we lost De Tray, the best of our halfbacks, who had been injured in the eye and was told by physicians that he could not possibly go through a big game.

There was nothing to do but patch up our backfield by using Walker and Hitchcock, a former North Division player, who was a good player, but rather light for college football.

NO game ever played in the West had aroused the interest that was felt in the approaching Chicago-Michigan game. Additional stands had been erected on Marshall Field, and when it was announced that 26,000 persons would see the game, we thought that was some record. Even ordinary games now attract double that number.

Michigan came to Chicago cocksure. Its songs and yells were written only to acclaim victory. One expressed a polite wish for me:

Eckersall, Eckersall,
When you're running with the ball
You will get an awful fall.
Eckersall, Eckersall—
Eckie, Eckie, break your neckie,
Eckersall!

After a false start, Stuart of Michigan kicked off against the wind and the ball came straight for me as I stood a little ahead of our five-yard line. I gathered it in and carried it past our thirty-yard line before I was stopped.

Michigan, supremely confident of the superiority of its line, expected us to direct our play around the ends and to resort to tricks. Curtis, their left tackle, was the keystone of their defense. Realizing this, I shot our plays at him almost from the first. In two downs Bezdek had gained seven yards and a first down through the giant. I tried the light Hitchcock, and in two downs he had gained five yards and another first down through the same place. Then Catlin made three around end and Bezdek four more through the line. The ball was now near the center of the field, and from the astonished Michigan stands arose the cry: "Hold 'em! Hold 'em!"

Our supposedly weaker line was outplaying the Michigan stalwarts. Michigan realized that it would need everything it had to win, and began to fight harder, and we were held. I kicked to Michigan's twenty-yard line, and Parry and Catlin, our ends, were down the field as fast as the ball, nailing Norcross without an inch of gain.

Tom Hammond, my old schoolmate, Longman, Curtis, and Stuart brought the ball back fifteen yards in short gains. Then our line stiffened and Stuart had to kick.

Then we had our first bit of bad luck. After winning a first down, we fumbled, and it was Michigan's ball on our forty-yard line. But here our linesmen proved themselves, and after two efforts to gain through the line, the Wolverines essayed a place kick, Tom Hammond making the attempt. I caught the ball on the fifteen-yard line, returning it to the twenty-five-yard line.

We too were forced to kick, and this time the luck favored us. Norcross tried to catch my punt in the center of the field, but made a mess of it.

Both Catlin and Parry were on the leather in a second, and we had the ball in the center of the field.

From that time until just before the end of the half it seesawed between our own thirty-five-yard line and the Michigan ten-yard line.

I had dropped back to the Chicago thirty-five-yard line to punt when Curtis, Michigan's star tackle, came charging down upon me. The ball was already away and he had no chance to block it; but his impetus carried him into me, and we crashed to the ground together. He was some fifty pounds heavier than I. Trying to pick myself up, I was not able to do so, and by the time I recovered I was astonished to see Curtis being led off the field by his team-mates. Rhinehart, who was acting as umpire, decided Curtis had roughed me and ruled him out of the game.

H. A. Atwell photo

Eckersall making one of his famous punts.

When the first half ended without a score the Chicago stands were jubilant, the Michigan ones still noisy, but somewhat subdued.

AFTER a few plays in the second half Walker was hurt so badly that he had to leave the game. As I have explained, we were already crippled in the backfield. De Tray had been in the grand stand during the first half in street clothes, his eyes bandaged and forbidden by his physicians to play. The excitement of the first half was too much for him, however, and during the intermission he stole away from his family and, getting into his football togs, watched the game from the side lines.

He now tore out on the field, encouraging both the team and the rooters by his unexpected appearance. We needed all we could get. A few minutes later the ball was on our ten-yard line, but in our possession.

Parry, our big end, had been equipped with a jacket to which were attached straps. Parry was to carry me along hanging to these straps. The play was called, but Parry forgot the rule that required a quarterback carrying the ball to go at least five yards to either side of center before crossing the line. We were penalized fifteen yards, and now the ball was within our five-yard line.

It was second down, twenty yards to gain. The wind was against me. A kick would almost certainly be heeled for a fair catch and there was little doubt that, with the advantage of the wind, Tom Hammond would kick a goal from the field on the resulting free kick.

It was with a sinking heart that I dropped back for the next play to call the signal. But, as I did so, I noticed that Garrels, Michigan's left end, had drawn in close to his tackle to attempt to block the expected kick.

I jerked out the signal, and as the ball reached me I circled the end which Garrels had momentarily deserted, gaining the required twenty yards.

A few plays later we had reached the center of the field, when it came Michigan's turn to pull a surprise. A kick had sent the ball to the Michigan twenty-yard line, and Garrels dropped back as if to punt. He fooled Parry as I had fooled him, and was around end and to the center of the field before I pulled him down.

A few plays and an exchange of kicks, and it was Chicago's ball on the Michigan forty-five-yard line. I dropped back to the center of the field to punt. The wind was against me, so I sent the ball low and hard. It sailed over the Michigan goal line and into the arms of Clark, who was playing left halfback for the Wolverines.

Clark ran forward to catch it, and then continued toward our goal. He had barely reached his own goal line when Badenoch, our right tackle, hit him and stopped him. Clark started to fall forward across the goal line, but in a flash Catlin, our captain and right end, also struck him, carrying him back across the goal line.

The game was won, but for a moment few realized it. The subtle distinction between a safety and a touchback was known to experts only. The man at the score-board didn't know what to do.

Then Hackett, the referee, a West Pointer, who later commanded an artillery regiment in the World War, raised two fingers above his head, waving them at the score-board keeper. What looked like the biggest figure 2 I ever saw in my life went up, and the delirium that swept the city until the early hours of next morning began.

THE game was won. The rest was anticlimax. We had won the championship on a play that had seldom been seen on a college field and that will never be repeated. Present rules would make the safety impossible.

After the Western championship was won in 1905, the victorious Chicago team selected me as the 1906 captain, and I was again chosen by Walter Camp for the All-American eleven, this time for quarterback, my natural position.

For a time it looked as if my captaincy would be only an empty honor and that my last game of football had been played. During the year 1905 eighteen football players had been killed and 159

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FOOTBALL
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

injured on the gridiron. Most of those killed or severely injured were youths who would have been barred if subjected to physical examinations.

Still, there was some justice in the complaints of the newspapers, preachers, and educators who now demanded the abolition of the game.

Fortunately, Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States at the time. As a Harvard graduate and a lover of all kinds of manly sport, he was naturally a football enthusiast, as he later proved conclusively when he wrote to von der Wiebe, Harvard fullback, thanking him for a victory over Yale.

As a football fan, Roosevelt wanted to see the game retained. As President he was opposed to a sport that was killing and maiming young Americans. He called Walter Camp, the father of American intercollegiate football, and other prominent members of the rules committee, to the White House.

HE told them how he felt and how he believed the people of the country felt, warning them that unless they took steps to restore the good name of the game it would have to go.

Needless to say, Camp and his associates took the hint. Someone suggested that football drew enormous crowds in England and the British dominions without rolling up a list of deaths and injuries. Canada was near to the United States, and Camp went there. He witnessed how lateral and forward passing made for a running, open game that had every element of excitement of the old game and was easier for the spectators to follow.

When he returned to the United States he brought with him a football revolution. The most important change was the one legalizing the forward pass.

The men who changed the rules were conservative at heart and they couldn't quite get away from the old traditions.

Under the old rules a forward pass was a heinous offense, penalized by the loss of five yards.

Ultimately the forward pass did most to open up the game, but the change that had immediate effect was the rule increasing the distance to be gained from five to ten yards, four instead of three downs being allowed. The five-yards-in-three-downs rule had been an incentive to using heavy and tall men regardless of their speed and skill. It is obvious that any six-footer could gain two yards in each down if he fell forward his own length with the ball. To make this rule more effective, pushing the player with the ball was prohibited. With one set of men pushing one way and another the other, the man with the ball was likely to be injured.

Another rule that aided in doing away with the heavy mass play was the one that declared that the ball automatically became dead when its forward progress ceased. Under the old rules a player frequently would advance the ball, only to be carried back several yards when two or three tacklers hit him.

It was under the old rules that Clark of Michigan had been carried across his own goal line in the play that gave Chicago a safety and the Western championship of 1905.

New Western regulations prohibited squad practice before September 15, and our University of Chicago team was late in getting started and trying out the new rules. Of the line that had beaten back Michigan's forwards in the championship game of the year before, Ed Parry was the only regular left and he was shifted back to tackle.

The backfield of the year before, with the exception of myself, also had disappeared. However, there was compensation for this in the acquisition of Walter Steffen, against whom I had played when he was at North Division High School. Steffen's team at North Division had invaded the East the year after Hyde Park had won the intersectional interscholastic championship by defeating Brooklyn Poly, 105 to 0 and won a 76-to-0 victory over the Eastern boys.

Steffen was looked upon as a star when he entered college, and he made good almost immediately, afterward being picked for Walter Camp's All-American team. He is now a judge of the Superior Court of Cook County and advisory coach of Carnegie Tech of Pittsburgh. Harold Iddings and Sherman Finger, two fairly speedy backs, completed the backfield. With such material I was able to speed up play, employing our old Hyde Park High School style.

H. A. Atwell photo

LEO DE TRAY, who risked his sight to inspire Chicago in a crucial game.

Our first test of the new rules came in the game with Purdue, played on Marshall Field. We were able to try them out thoroughly, for I got our first touchdown within five minutes of the start of the game, and from that time on it was almost a practice game for us. We ran up a score of 39 to 0.

Throughout this game we never tried a forward pass, not because we didn't believe in the play, but because there was no need for it.

Although the game was a hollow affair for us, the stands seemed to relish the new style of play. The cheering was louder than usual and the new rules were pronounced a success.

Indiana was our next foe. For some unexplained reason the Hoosiers came to Marshall Field confident of victory. For a time it was a real battle, neither team being able to gain, and there was a resultant punting duel between Bunny Hare, the Indiana captain, and me. Finally, after four futile attempts, I was able to score a goal from the field from the forty-five-yard line. But a little while later Hare tied the score by duplicating my field goal.

The game was a seesaw again for a few minutes, until I got a flying start in returning one of Hare's punts and was able to dodge my way for seventy-five yards through the Indiana team to within two yards of the goal line. Finger made the needed yards and the half ended with the score 10 to 4.

Soon after the start of the second half, a fumble gave the Hoosiers the ball on our thirty-yard line, and from here McGaughey kicked a second goal from the field and the score was 10 to 8. Right there we woke up. Aided by a blocked kick, we got the ball inside of Indiana's ten-yard line and soon made our second touchdown. From that time on it was easy, the score being 33 to 8 at the finish.

Our third game was the one we knew would decide the championship—the one with Minnesota. A drizzling rain, changing to snow, made a quagmire of the playing-field and soaked the ball through and through.

THE game became a punting duel, during which I kicked upward of 1,000 yards; but our ends weren't able to cover the kicks, and finally a twenty-five-yard run by one of the Minnesota backs gave Bobby Marshall, Minnesota's colored player—one of the greatest ends the game has ever seen—his opportunity. Dropping back to his own forty-yard line, he sent a place kick squarely between the goal posts for the only points his team scored.

Our only points came on a safety later on, when I kicked to the Minnesota goal line, and Larkin, stepping backward, gave us a safety. He explained later he made this play to prevent our getting the ball near the Minnesota goal line and tying the score by a drop kick.

There was a remarkable resemblance between this 4-to-2 game which lost us the championship of 1906 and the 3-to-2 game which Michigan lost to Northwestern in the Soldiers' Field stadium at Chicago last year. Both games were played under weather conditions that made real playing impossible.

During our Minnesota game we never once got a chance to try a forward pass, for we hadn't learned the secret of throwing a light and heavy ball by letting it slide from the hand.

Our two remaining games only afforded us the consolation of running up scores for comparative purposes. We beat Illinois 63 to 0, using the forward pass, and Steffen made one run of eighty-five yards after receiving the ball from me on one of them. I made one touchdown and a goal from the field.

We wound up the season and my amateur career in a game with Nebraska, then somewhat of an unknown quantity for the conference teams. Nebraska had held Minnesota to one touchdown and a 13-to-0 score earlier in the season, and we tried to better this score.

It was my last chance and I neglected no opportunity to try for goals from the field. Five times I was able to send the oval over the crossbars and between the posts, counting twenty points for Chicago.

We also used the forward pass to advantage in the Nebraska game, Steffen carrying one I tossed him ninety yards for a touchdown.

Walter Eckersall's brief sally into professional football and the high lights of his career as an official are described in the next issue of LIBERTY.

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TITLE	PLAYERS	DIRECTOR	DATE
ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS	Starring GILDA GRAY. With Warner Baxter, William Powell, Julanne Johnston and Percy Marmont.	Maurice Tourneur	
Rex Beach's PADLOCKED	With Lois Moran, Louise Dresser and Noah Beery.	Allan Dwan	
FINE MANNERS	Starring GLORIA SWANSON. Eugene O'Brien is the leading man.	Richard Rosson	
THE SHOW-OFF	With Ford Sterling, Lois Wilson, Louise Brooks and Gregory Kelly.	Malcolm St. Clair	
FASCINATING YOUTH	With Paramount Junior Stars	Sam Wood	
Sinclair Lewis' MANTRAP	Clara Bow, Ernest Torrence and Percy Marmont.	Victor Fleming	
THE CAMPUS FLIRT	Starring BEBE DANIELS	Clarence Badger	
TIN GODS	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. With Aileen Pringle and Renee Adoree.	Allan Dwan	
NELL GWYN	Starring DOROTHY GISH.	Herbert Wilcox	
VARIETY	With Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti.	E. A. Dupont	
DIPLOMACY	With Blanche Sweet, Neil Hamilton, Arlette Marchal, Matt Moore and all-star cast.	Marshall Neilan	
YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Lowell Sherman and Clive Brook.	William Wellman	
HOLD THAT LION	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN.	William Beaudine	
Zane Grey's FORLORN RIVER	With Jack Holt, Raymond Hatton, Arlette Marchal and Edmund Burns.	John Waters	
Florenz Ziegfeld's KID BOOTS	Starring EDDIE CANTOR. With Clara Bow, Billie Dove and Lawrence Gray.	Frank Tuttle	
THE GREAT GATSBY	With Warner Baxter, Neil Hamilton, William Powell, Georgia Hale and Lois Wilson.	Herbert Brenon	
YOU'D BE SURPRISED	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH.	Arthur Rosson	
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN	Starring W. C. FIELDS. With Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers.	Gregory La Cava	
THE EAGLE OF THE SEA	With Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez.	Frank Lloyd	

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., NEW YORK

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A James Cruze Production From the Story by Laurence Stallings

"OLD Ironsides" sails again in this great production immortalizing the romance and drama centering around the glorious fighting career of this famous vessel. With Wallace Beery, Esther Ralston, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell.

Sorrows of Satan

Produced by D. W. Griffith With Adolphe Menjou as Satan

RICARDO CORTEZ, Carol Dempster and Lya de Putti. A drama of love, temptation, regeneration from Marie Corelli's book that has been read and re-read by millions of people.

Beau Geste

Romance and Adventure in the French Foreign Legion. New York Critics say "The Year's Greatest Melodrama"

PRODUCED by HERBERT BRENON, from the novel by Percival C. Wren. With RONALD COLMAN, Noah Beery, Neil Hamilton, Ralph Forbes, Norman Trevor, William Powell, Alice Joyce, Mary Brian.

ABOVE are three of many big Paramount productions of the coming season. The two below and those in the chart you can see now or very soon. Ask your Theatre Manager.

Harold Lloyd

in a New Comedy Watch For the Title

IMAGINE Harold with a gun and a sheriff's badge—and a feud on his hands! When his Father goes away, Harold plays sheriff—but when Dad comes back he makes him go through with it! The dreamy country boy makes good, but not until he's given you more laughs than you can ever remember. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. Directed by Lewis Milestone and Ted Wilde. Coming soon.

Richard Dix in The Quarterback

College Comedy-Drama

THE laughs that start when you see Dix as a raw, ungainly "freshie" turn to cheers when you see him win the big game, and the beautiful blonde belle of the campus, Esther Ralston. Two football games—one of the gay '90s and one of today—with real all-star elevens coached by "Hurry-Up" Yost of Michigan—as exciting as the real thing. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.

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The new HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

SELECTING and PREPARING the Thanksgiving DINNER

By ETHEL SOMERS

A THANKSGIVING turkey, a Christmas goose, and New Year's game have come to be almost universal practice. So universal, in fact, that the peak of high prices results naturally from supply and demand. Duck for Thanksgiving will be found a wise economy; as cheap as chicken, yet more festive and more particularly in season. Properly selected and prepared, duck can be a true delicacy—a pleasant Thanksgiving surprise!

Domestic duck should never be more than a year old (four and a half to six pounds). This young type of fowl may be identified by its soft feet and breastbone; its flesh-colored, brittle under beak, and by its tender windpipe, which breaks if pinched between the fingers.

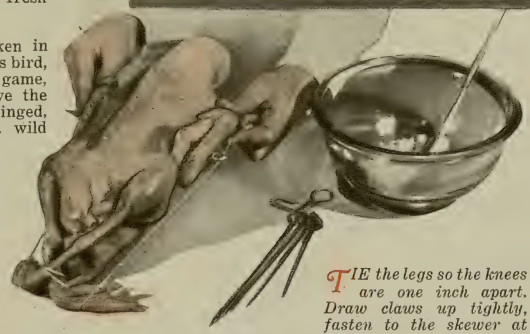
The flesh of the breast should be firm and plump and the skin fresh and clear in color.

SET the fowl on a rack, so that it is above the grease. Baste several times during the roasting process.

EVERY care should be taken in preparing and roasting this bird, as it more nearly resembles game, with its strong flavor. Have the fowl carefully drawn, singed, cleaned, and washed. If a wild variety—as canvasback, redhead, or blackhead—roast unstuffed. Mallard duck has a sweet, celery flavor, which is enhanced by inserting a few stalks of celery in the inner cavity, discarding them after baking. Domestic duck may be stuffed with any desired piquant stuffing.

Duck usually is trussed differently from chicken or turkey (see lower illustration). As a rule, the feet are left on. After they are scalded and skinned, the feet are turned back close to the legs to serve as a garnish and to hold the short legs close to the body. Insert the stuffing in the washed and dried cavity.

Placing the fowl on its breast, push the neck down into the breast cavity, draw the skin of the neck tightly over it, and skewer or sew the surplus neck skin fast to the back of the fowl. Skewer the wings tightly to the side of the body. Tie the legs together below the knee joints, draw the string so that the legs are but one inch apart, and tie securely. Wind the string about the claws and draw each claw up so that the feet are crossed. Fasten the strings around the ends of the skewer and tie the twine ends together across the back of the fowl.



TIE the legs so the knees are one inch apart. Draw claws up tightly, fasten to the skewer at the wings, and tie at back.

IMMERSE the feet of the fowl in boiling water for about five minutes and then peel off the soiled outer skin.

Rub from two to four tablespoons of fat (lard, vegetable fat, or unsalted butter) over the breast, thighs, etc. Place breast side up on a greased rack in a roaster.

If the fowl is wild game, it must be served quite rare; in fact, so rare that the juices run down with the knife blade on cutting. If tame duck is chosen, it must be well done (from twelve to fifteen minutes a pound). A covered roaster may be used. Close the vent in the cover, except for the last fifteen minutes of the roasting period. Should there be no vent, remove the cover entirely for the last fifteen minutes. Place the covered roaster in a very hot oven (500° F.) for thirty minutes and reduce to a hot oven (400° F.) for the remainder of the time.

Remove the fowl from the oven, pull out skewers and strings, and serve hot.

(Next week LIBERTY will publish Carving Hints for the Thanksgiving Feast.)

Accompaniments

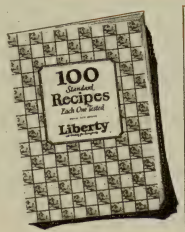
Tame Duck Garnishes	*Stuffings*	*Sauces*
Curled celery	Potato–celery	Mushroom sauce
Rosy apples	Potato–nut	Orange sauce
Baked apples	Potato–sage	Currant sauce
Parsley	Sweet potato–peanuts	Tomato sauce
Watercress	Sweet potato–peanut butter	Curry sauce
Sliced lemon or orange	Chopped apple–prunes	Apple sauce
Fritters	Chopped apple–raisins	Cherry sauce
	Corn stuffing	*Relishes*
		Currant sauce or jelly
		Curry sauce
		Cranberry sauce or jelly

Vegetables

Onions, boiled	Croquettes—
Onions, soufflé	Hominy
Fried hominy	Chestnut
Sweet potatoes	Sweet potato
Parsnips	Corn fritters
Asparagus	Lima or shell beans
Celery	Squash
Green peas	Turnips

WILD duck is garnished the same as tame duck, except that fewer vegetables are served with it and a larger salad service. Wild duck is usually roasted unstuffed, unless celery or apple is used, and then the stuffing is discarded as non-edible.

100 TESTED RECIPES FOR 10 CENTS!



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11-6-26

CURVED lines of narrow braid and an unusual flounce enhanced this model.

AN ideal ensemble is this model of bright navy kasha with its linen collar.

THIS gown of champagne velvet flatters the lines of the figure.

Drawings by Carl Erickson

SNOW-WHITE hair and red velvet combined when this frock appeared at Biarritz.

Lending Enchantment to the Dangerous Age

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, October 10.

THERE is a lure about the dangerous age of woman which above all things charms the European. He cannot comprehend the American worship of the flapper. Her verve and vitality, her fresh skin and color, are intriguing; but the *savoir faire* of the years between thirty and fifty more than compensate for the "used" look that is inevitable in these two decades. She is more dangerous—more subtle; and because of this Paris couturiers love to dress her.

France is the paradise of the middle-aged woman—the kind that appears youthful and does not succumb to the fatal weakness of dressing according to the code of respectable middle age.

The evening gown of our sketch, worn at Biarritz by a woman who might be anywhere between twenty and sixty, helped her effect of ageless youth. A marquis on one side and a duke on the other paid homage to the woman and her frock.

Made of champagne-colored chiffon velvet, with tiny figures in blue and brown, this model, with its bloused waist, deep-yoked skirt, and box-plaited lower tunic, is a perfect complement to tawny hair and a face that makes a charm of the ravages of time.

You cannot turn around in Biarritz without feeling the charm of the *femme du monde*. She may be a princess of the old noblesse, or she may be a once-upon-a-time charwoman who, through the chances of fate, was called to the high places. She dominates. At the Dinner of Marvels, under the patronage of Andre de Fouquieres, the arbiter of all that is elegant in French society, this type of woman dictates the customs and the modes of the most discriminating society to be found in Europe.

On the beach, in the midst of an animated crowd of all races, she stands out. Dressed in a simple kasha frock such as that shown here, made of a blue that is dark and yet alive, box plaits stitched flat from shoulders to knees, a white linen collar inside the kasha collar, a tiny belt of black suede with an enamel buckle, a hat and fur scarf of gray, she is an ultra-smart figure.

There are, of course, limitations to this enchanting age of woman. When the sea is rough she is satisfied to watch the huge breakers from the jetty and let the younger mermaids go out in the big waves along with the Prince of Wales. But there is always something for her to do—somebody to talk to or dance with.

The fete of the Princess Paley, at which Lucien Lelong presented a dress for each hour of the day, with a huge clock marking the correct hour at which to wear them, brought out many beautifully gowned women of the dangerous age.

A STRIKING example was a slender woman wearing the dahlia-red velvet frock sketched on this page—a Redfern model. The short-hipped, bloused waist, with its narrow band collar and its motif of embroidery, the plaited skirt, and the narrow jeweled belt set off perfectly her white bobbed hair. It is very smart just now to show a shock of pure white hair loosely waved over a youthful face.

She sat beside a young Londoner whose favor is coveted by women of every nation.

Just in front of them was another woman of the dangerous age, dressed in our frock of black velvet, with its circular ruffle of self-material lifted in back, and the curved lines of narrow braid—also from Redfern.

These women have learned to carry the dangerous age as a charm that outlasts youth.

Americans Demand Individuality from Paris Designers

By Mary Brush Williams

5285
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A SPORTS coat of gray mixture, showing the set-on panel effect that is popular both in dresses and wraps.

A WORN look has come over the faces of Mmes. Lanvin, Cheruit, Renee, and Jenny. M. Jean Worth's thin features are drawn and there are two perpendicular lines between his eyes. M. Jean Patou, to be sure, retains his debonair presence; but then, he always seems a little withdrawn from the turmoil of his business. M. Doeuillet is jaunty and jesting and English—that is, with a superimposed manner, under which you know beats a French heart. But he gives the impression of being harassed. Mme. Yvonne Davidson is what we describe as "all in." And Mme. Chanel's high-born, haughty features in their frame of red hair look tired.

As a matter of fact, Americans have suddenly gone fashion-mad. Buyers are asking for large consignments of everything, and politely requesting that a new idea be wrapped up in each fresh order. American girls are asking for something individual and different that will "knock their eye out" at home. They race over Paris with their Anglo-Saxon personalities swathed in French styles. They are like living pictures of the fashions—slim silhouettes with a slender, flesh-colored exhibition of stockings to the knee. At night the stockings are curtained with long silken fringe falling from a brilliant Spanish shawl that envelops the wearer—or perhaps in an Italian shawl of a single color.

Shawls have never been more popular. Even the French are wearing them, as they seldom have done in the past.

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KASHA of plain color trims this brown silk blouse with its plaid kasha skirt. The bateau neckline is much used by the house that made this model.

If it is by daylight that we view the American girl in Paris, there is still the same long, slender line of beige stocking, and usually, as to costuming, something drawn from the sports departments.

My pleasantest image is that of a tall young woman, free of movement and unaffected, who wears a straight-lined tiger-skin coat coming scantily below the knee-line, with a collar and cuffs of long-haired, fluffy gray fur. With it goes a gray moire hat carrying the prevailing narrow brim set with the current diadem effect above it.

Under this the girl wears sometimes a knitted dress in old-blue wool, perfect in America for the South, for the country clubs and country places, and, as a matter of fact, for cities as well.

Sometimes she wears a tailored dress of soft beige, the material being like kasha in finish, only thinner, made with the popular long-coat effect and a white gilet. That long, floating coat line, which we are always harping on, is an important note in the autumn styles. The coat, as you know by this time, is only a dream and an illusion, as it is all front and no back, being two front panels sewed into the dress.

Sometimes, when this American girl is going to a place that is really "dressy" for tea, she wears a lithe crepe de Chine "rag," as she calls it, under that semi-sports outfit of tiger-skin coat and Greek diademed hat. Thus costumed she has a heart for any fate or fete, up to and including the Ritz bar, until dinner-time, when, as she puts it, she "climbs into" her evening clothes.

That, to me, constitutes the perfect wardrobe for anything during the winter, supplemented only by an evening coat, and augmented by more dresses of like character if they are needed. After all, what situation do they fail to cover in America?

In offices the sports dress is excellent, for that has come to be a name for get-ups that cover more than polo and the races. A two-piece knitted dress in three shades of blue, with a bloused effect going into a wide band of the material at the waistline, and worn with a finely plaited beige crepe de Chine skirt, is one of the costumes appropriate to that coat and hat. The blouse of such a costume carries a note of beige as a background of the blouse.

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5286
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SPORTS dress of soft beige jersey trimmed with henna-colored jersey. In one piece, made to look like two.

FOR the rest, the French designers have been so pressed that they have been forced back on details with which to put the stamp of the season on the new styles. A soft line that eliminates the old hard set in sleeves is one of the features. Each house has its own way of running darts and seams and tucks to make the shoulder fall softly. One of the leading dress-makers offers the accompanying model of a coat, which, besides its dolman sleeve, not too tightly fitting, has a cuff of fur at the elbow, and below this a mousquetaire sleeve as on a glove.

5284
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A COAT of green velveteen, showing the new soft-shouldered effect. The coat is in the popular wrap-around style. The fur is lynx.

VOX POP

Getting Rough

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Your magazine reminds me of the great majority of movies of today: Just ordinary stuff—empty, crude, rough.

I guess you must be catering to the same type of half-wits, flappers, and sex-appeal babies that the New York tabloid newspapers are gunning for.

Snap out of it! Drop the sloppy story, confession type stuff. Publish things that are instructive and leave the reader with a "good taste in his mouth."—*Harry L. Fernheimer.*

Our Petting Youth

HEALDTON, OKLA.—Drinking and petting would not have such a strong hold on youth if our *best* magazines would cease to publish stories that are crammed full of that stuff.—*Emla Knight.*

A Friend—a Friend!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I admire LIBERTY, specifically, because it is clean; free from the so-called spicy stories and veiled insinuations so commonly found in many other magazines.—*J. H. Smith.*

Here's a Mystery!

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Your article, Why Am I Such a Dumb-bell? is humorous but rather unbelievable. As a studious college student, I consider this space-filler an insult to our present-day college system. Such flippant and apparently innocent articles cause more harm than serious treatises, by creating false impressions in the minds of the public. How a man can study a subject for seven consecutive years and forget it entirely, is beyond comprehension. —*Mae Brimberg.*

Take That! And That!

DENVER, COLO.—Please, please, don't publish again such utter rot as Why Am I Such a Dumb-bell? as I am afraid I might get sick reading it. The man who wrote it is worse than a dumb-bell: he is suffering from perverted egoism, and should be put away in a safe place.—*Rosalie Jonkers.*

Defending the Dumb-bell

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Tonight I read an article in LIBERTY that appealed to me more than any other—for it might have been my own experience.

I refer to the article, Why Am I Such a Dumb-bell? My own experience almost parallels that of the author. I received an A. B. degree in one of our very strict universities, studied in France, had seven years of Latin, four of Greek, and majored in philosophy. Yet, today, I am working for less than fifty dollars a week in a candy store.

I wonder if LIBERTY cannot start some kind of an educational campaign that will arouse public interest to the point where people will demand that our colleges teach us something a little more practical than Latin, Greek, and unproved theories of philosophy?—*Edwin D. Claudius.*

Disgraceful Girls

DETROIT, MICH.—The article by Lin Bonner, Death Stalks at the Side of Fashion, should be read by every woman, and heeded. The young women of today are a disgrace. Hump shouldered, hollow chested, no blood supply, no ambition. Shoulder blades looking as though they were trying to sprout wings. Head held forward like a kangaroo, to tell the people the rest of the body will be along after a while. Is it any wonder that not one in a hundred is in fit condition to be married or nurse a child?—*Dr. Lida Chase Duncan.*

How About Next Spring?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Your Sherlock Holmes story was very good. Can't we have one every week? A person gets tired of love stories all the time. Something mysterious or wild and woolly is a good change.—*Mrs. Bauer.*

The Professional in Sport

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Your editorial, What Is an Amateur? is interesting but misleading. The writer seems to be of the opinion that the antipathy to professional sport is based on class distinction and is essentially British.

As an Englishman, I would like to point out that of the two national games in England—cricket and Association football—one is largely professional, and the other almost entirely so. In fact, with regard to football, professionals and amateurs play together on the same teams. The man who is paid for playing in England neither loses nor gains prestige thereby, and is not considered any more or less a gentleman than is the amateur.—*Austin Shaw.*

Fitting the Pocket

PORTLAND, ME.—I am one of that vast army of dressed-up bums, a specialty salesman. After the day's work is done, we like to read. If we made a list of our favorite magazines, LIBERTY, like Abou ben Adhem, would lead all the rest.

Now comes the kick. You fellows have got the wrong size and shape to your magazine. You get out some fine morning and try to catch your train with a sample case in one hand, a bag containing your toothbrush and other collar in the other, and your ticket in your teeth and your LIBERTY working loose from your coat pocket.

You should get yourself up in a shape and size that would conveniently fit into the average coat pocket.—*Gus. J. Orr, Jr.*

Why Do They Buy It?

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Perhaps you would be interested in knowing that, at a certain drug store in Kansas City, LIBERTY is known as "The Rotten Weekly." You can call for it by that name, and the druggist knows what you mean, without question.—*Warren Terry.*

Thanks, Nellie!

SEATTLE, WASH.—That physician who criticized the series of Cover Contests just concluded surely must have swallowed one of his own pills. That must have been the reason he made such a wry face at LIBERTY.

I think the covers are fine and the contest that has just closed was the best LIBERTY ever gave the public.—*Nellie Veluzat.*

From a War Bird

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—As an ex-member of the 264th Aero Squadron, U. S. A., let me congratulate you on War Birds.

My squadron was stationed at Hounslow for about six months, including the entire time the author of War Birds was practicing with Major Bishop, and I'm here to testify that that crew was a wild one, no foolin'! But they sure knew their onions when they took off for France.

Good luck to you, and don't let the knockers scare you out of publishing stories with a kick.—*Joseph Seligman.*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Liberty, published weekly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1st, 1926.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. M. Patterson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Editor, J. M. Patterson, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Managing Editor, H. V. Deuell, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Business Manager, M. Annenberg, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

The Tribune Company, publisher of The Chicago Tribune, owns and holds all the stock of Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state).

There are no bonds, mortgages, or other securities outstanding against Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

J. M. PATTERSON,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1926.

(Seal) TINA GREENE
Notary Public, New York County.
New York Co. Clerk's No. 423, Reg. No. 7293
Commission expires March 30th, 1927.

Form 3526 Ed. 1924.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

EVER AWAKE AND ATTENTIVE TO THEIR DUTY, Chicago police start a new move for stricter enforcement of the anti-spooning and curfew laws in the many parks of the Windy City.

NEW MILLINERY FAD turns president of the Society for the Systematic Ridiculing of Hats that Cover the Eyebrows to the great work of suppressing indecent exposure of the forehead.

ARGUMENT NUMBER 1 IN FAVOR OF THE MOVEMENT TO ARM HONEST CITIZENS: It would make suicide easier when vaudeville singers have spotlight turned on timid souls in the first rows.

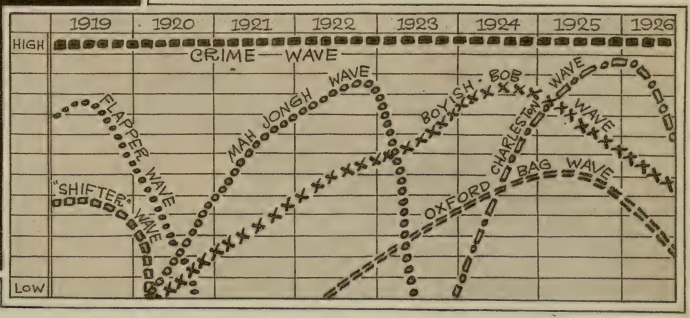


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE DURATION, at a glance, of the various celebrated waves of the past few years.

"I Wanted to Smile Right Back . . ."

"I knew he meant it when he told me I danced beautifully. I just wanted to smile right back and say something nice to him, too. But . . ."

* * *

Don't ever let your teeth embarrass you. Use Colgate's . . . and flash a happy smile.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream will make your teeth glisten gloriously. It will whiten them and bring out all their natural beauty. But even more important . . . it will help keep your teeth and gums healthy.

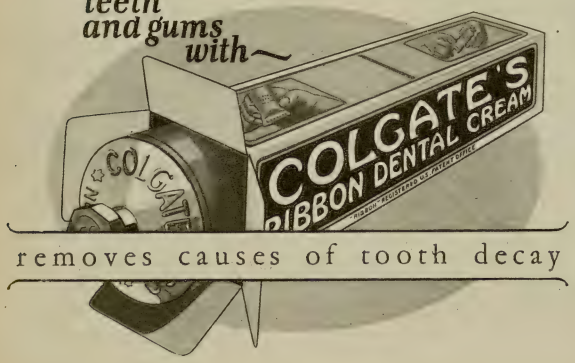
Colgate's penetrates every place where it is possible for germs and food particles to collect. It loosens these impurities at once. Then it washes them away, leaving your teeth and gums absolutely clean. Germs can't lurk in the warm, dark interior of your mouth when you use Colgate's regularly. Colgate's literally goes right into their hiding places and removes those causes of tooth decay.

And you'll like the taste . . . priced right, too.

Large tube 25c.

COLGATE & CO.
581 Fifth Avenue, New York

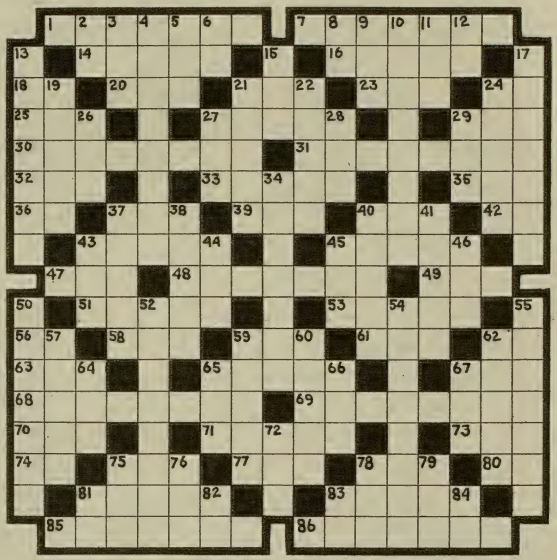
protect your teeth and gums with



removes causes of tooth decay

$25 for Cross Words

YOU'VE solved lots of cross-word puzzles—why not make one? LIBERTY pays $25 each week for the best puzzle contributed. You have as good a chance as anybody to win if you settle down—some rainy evening, say—with pad, pencil, and the family dictionary, and *concentrate.* But do not choose any obsolete or technical words—and remember that all parts of your puzzle must interlock. Address your entry to Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 9

BY EMMA BAUM, 178 Broad Street, Claremont, N. H.

HORIZONTAL

1 A bullfighter
7 Dried fruit (plural)
14 A sword
16 To harden
18 A military officer (abbrevintion)
20 Craw
21 Expression of contempt
23 A primate
24 To partake of reality
25 A constellation
27 To vacillate
29 Masculine proper name
30 Aquatic mammals inhabiting southern waters
31 Pertaining to tears (variant spelling)
32 Stone of a fruit
33 Dogma
35 A letter of the Greek alphabet
36 Past participle ending of many verbs
37 The moon god in Babylonian mythology
38 Sunrise or sunset
40 To entancle
42 A pronoun
43 Burns in a kiln
45 To wind round a pin, cleat, etc.
47 Crowded mass of people
48 Irrigated
49 Cask
51 Plied with medicine
53 Old Venetian magistrates
56 One indefinitely of a number
58 Nothing
59 To subvert by wearing away
61 A container
62 Six
63 Device for measuring the rate of a ship's motion
65 Hauls
67 To rouse into quick action
68 Pertaining to minute particles
69 A variety of apple (plural)
70 A color
71 A watcher
73 Acquire
74 Exists
75 Idle talk
77 A river in England and Wales
78 Groove
80 The son of Nut (Egyptian mythology)
81 An Oriental guitar
83 A fruit
85 Stately funeral procession
86 A wind instrument of the double reed kind

VERTICAL

2 No less than
3 A flat woolen cap
4 Slaughterhouse
5 Moisture condensed on the surface of cool bodies
6 Either
8 South American arboreal animal
9 Feminine proper name
10 Celestial
11 Passion
12 A compass point
13 Held with a binding device
15 A letter of the Hebrew alphabet
17 More farinaceous
19 The trail of a gun carriage
21 Establishes, as an argument or conclusion
22 Wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta
24 An eruption or rash
26 Emmet
27 Saturated
28 Contemptuous name for a non-union workman
29 Minor devil
34 A cardinal number
37 One of the Apostles, usually called Peter
38 Balustrade post
40 A red wine
41 Captured
43 A craze
44 Downcast
45 Part of a printing-press on which the form is laid
46 Aye
50 A febrile disease
52 Salt of a silicic acid
54 Periwig (plural)
55 Nap (plural)
57 Written promise to pay (plural)
59 An article of diet, usually uncooked
60 A phoebe
62 A serpent
64 A deity
65 Teamster's word of command
66 Title of respect
67 A witch
72 Low island or reef
75 Light vehicle
76 The cry of a sheep
78 The matter or thing (law)
79 A word noting excess
81 Initials of a continent
82 The British navy (initials)
83 The Creole State (abbreviation)
84 None

Answer to Puzzle No. 8

Vacation Love

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

THEY learned not to mind a field mouse in bed with them.

A STORY *for* CHILDREN

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

BY the time Carlotta and Greg, with Pompey in his basket, had reached Soundside, we were very lonely indeed for them. Uncle Bunkle had left us the day after we arrived, to spend the winter in town, and Gran had gone back to stay with Haddock, Braddock, and the Twins. They were so much younger that she felt they needed her more than Emmy, Nicky, and Greg.

So for two days Emmy, Nicky, and I were alone, with Domar to take care of the house at night. The first thing Emmy and Nicky did was to take Domar on his leash for a walk about the neighborhood, to show him off.

After Carlotta and Greg came home, we were a normal family again, except that we were a bit short of animals. We missed the poultry, and it didn't seem at all right for us to have no livestock except the two dogs. But this, I knew, would soon straighten itself out. We just naturally attract animals.

When we were all together again, going to school in a humdrum fashion, Tony came home to spend a week-end, and he and I gave the children a small examination to find out what they had learned during the summer. We always do this. Things that you learn during vacation are at least as valuable as those you learn at school.

Last year they had learned to milk a goat and make a good scarecrow; and to know whistlewood when they saw it and make whistles from it; and to build a fire in the woods and cook bacon on it; and not to mind a field mouse in bed with them; and to eat the leaves of sassafras and "bread-and-butter" plant.

"Well," said Emmy, "we learned this year that cows wear high-heeled shoes—like mother."

"Do they?" I asked interestedly. "I didn't know that."

"Mud guards, the chicken-catchers call 'em," said Greg.

"Dewclaws, I believe they are called," put in Tony, who had evidently known this before. "But don't you go around, mother," he said in his fatherly way, "calling 'em dewclaws because I said so. I may be wrong, and then people would laugh at you."

EMMY came home dirtier than usual and said Elizabeth had bucked her into the cow ditch.

I was afraid I shouldn't have much occasion to air this piece of information, so I suggested that they go on with their list.

"And we learned that butterflies smell sweet, like flowers," said Nicky.

"And they say," Greg said, "that mendadybugs bite. But I don't weally *know* it. It's just what zey *say*."

"An' Anna Banana taught us how to make spontaneous combustion," said Nicky.

"*That* ought to come in handy!" Tony laughed, while I exclaimed in horror. "Now you won't need to steal matches."

They all looked a little offended and it was some moments before they would consent to tell this secret.

"Well," said Emmy at last, "you take some damp grass, an' some sawdust an' hay, an' you make a little pile of them——"

"Then you dance on it!" cried Nicky.

"Zen you jump off, an' in a minute flames shoot up!" Greg finished for him.

"Well, *that*," I said, "is a piece of knowledge I think you might have got along without."

"But," said Tony, as we were at dinner together that evening and the children were upstairs doing their home work, "they learned ever so many things they didn't mention to you. Such as learning to ride cows—only I don't suppose they *learned* that at Buttonwood. They'd probably done it before."

"Do you mean to tell me they *rode* those cows at the chicken-catchers'?"

"Well, I heard them say that one of the cows broke the reins, so I suppose they did."

"That must have been Elizabeth," I mused. "Don't you remember the morning Emmy came home dirtier than usual and said Elizabeth had bucked her into the cow ditch?"

"Yes," Tony giggled. "And Emmy was awfully angry about it. She said: 'I never did, and I never did, and I never *did* like that cow. She's the most despised cow of all!' And her eyes just sparkled!"

"That was the morning Greg had tried to milk, but the cow kicked all the milk over, and Greg too."

"I'm pretty sure, mother, they rode the cows, and they *certainly* learned to bait bulls."

"Yes, I'm afraid they did," I admitted. "I wonder if they will ever live to grow up?"

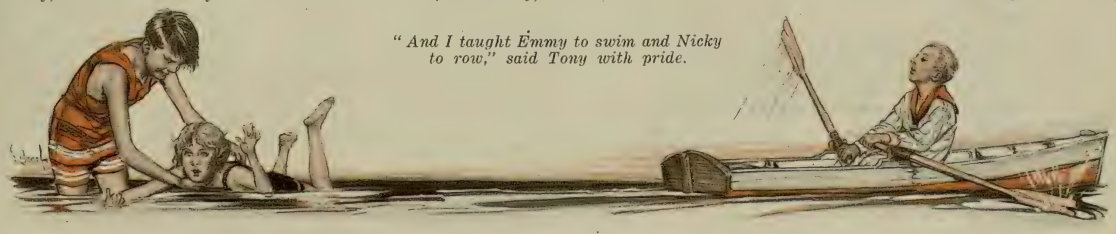
"And *I* learned to make jelly. I made ten glasses!" said Tony with pride. "And I taught Emmy to swim and Nicky to row."

WE had finished dinner by now and Carlotta came in to clear the table.

Carlotta looked grimly amused when she heard what we were doing.

"I don't know so much what they *learned*," she said, tossing her head so that her curls bobbed up and down; "but there's an awful lot they *didn't* learn. And when you go back upstairs I wish you'd look into Emmy's closet. She brought home a kitten this evening. She tried to keep me from seeing it, and I'm sure she's hid it in her closet!"

Next week there's an addition coming to the family. You'll enjoy reading about Fido.



"And I taught Emmy to swim and Nicky to row," said Tony with pride.

By Her MAKE-UP You Shall Know Her

An Article by

EILEEN BOURNE

Picture by
CARL VAN BUSKIRK

Paris.

THERE used to live and move in genteel social circles an old-fashioned lady who knew she was pronouncing a moral judgment along with the simple bit of information that "Mary used to be a nice girl before she took to powder and paint."

If the dear old lady lived in Paris today, and hadn't a powder wardrobe herself, her granddaughter doubtless would have one—a complete kit for making up her eyes, with several shades of rouge and lipsticks suitable for daytime and night wear. And, unless she were ultra-conservative, also a special make-up for her legs and feet. For the important query nowadays is no longer "Does she powder and paint?" but "Does she make up well?"

By the latter query is not meant what brands, but rather what style of make-up. For styles in make-up change almost as frequently as fashions of dress in Paris. Moreover, the really chic French woman and the American follower in her footsteps want an individual style of make-up. The numerous *instituts de beaute* and cosmetic emporiums being what they are in Paris, there is no reason why any two make-ups should be exactly the same.

The standard powder and rouge of reputable houses are no novelty in America, and it is generally conceded that Nature needs a lift occasionally and no more stigma need be attached to the fact that every lady would like to have—

". . . a garden
in her face,
Where roses and
white lilies
show."

The important query is: "Does she make up well?"

Or, if not white lilies, then perhaps the more striking tiger variety. Or, omitting the roses and improving on nature still further, making the lilies a delicate mauve; even discarding the roses, and having a creamy Chinese lotus-blossom garden in her face. For this sweet seventeenth-century song is too much like a generalization to suit our Parisienne. She would far rather look individual than like nature, even at its best.

Knowing this Parisian weakness, many of the best beauty shops mix special powders for each of their important clients. A set usually comprises five different shades, all carefully chosen to blend in with the wearer's occasions. For daytime wear, a darker powder is permitted than for wear under electric lights. If darkest ochre, say, is chosen for the day powder, a lighter ochre can be worn at night. If a brilliant "fire rose" is used for the day, what is known as "peaches and cream" can be worn at night. There are also powders for dry skins and powders for oily skins, as well as special brands for red noses and for flushed faces.

But this is only half the story. A lighter powder should always be used for the neck and shoulders than for the face. One must consider the shadows thrown by lights on the neck and also the fact that the skin of neck and shoulders is not always the same in tone as the skin of the face. With the lighter powder on the neck the good chin line is thrown into sharper relief.

"Not only a careful study of the tones of one's skin, but the effect of certain colors upon it, should be part of every woman's beauty knowledge," says one expert. "Mauve and all shades of the lavender blues and mauve pinks now so fashionable in dress colors make the skin look darker. If a dark powder is used with a gown of such color it makes the skin look dirty. A sports costume in white permits the use of a much darker powder than is usually worn, the contrast being a dazzling one. A white evening gown, however, would call for a warm shade of rachel, a tone that is becoming to practically every woman under every circumstance."

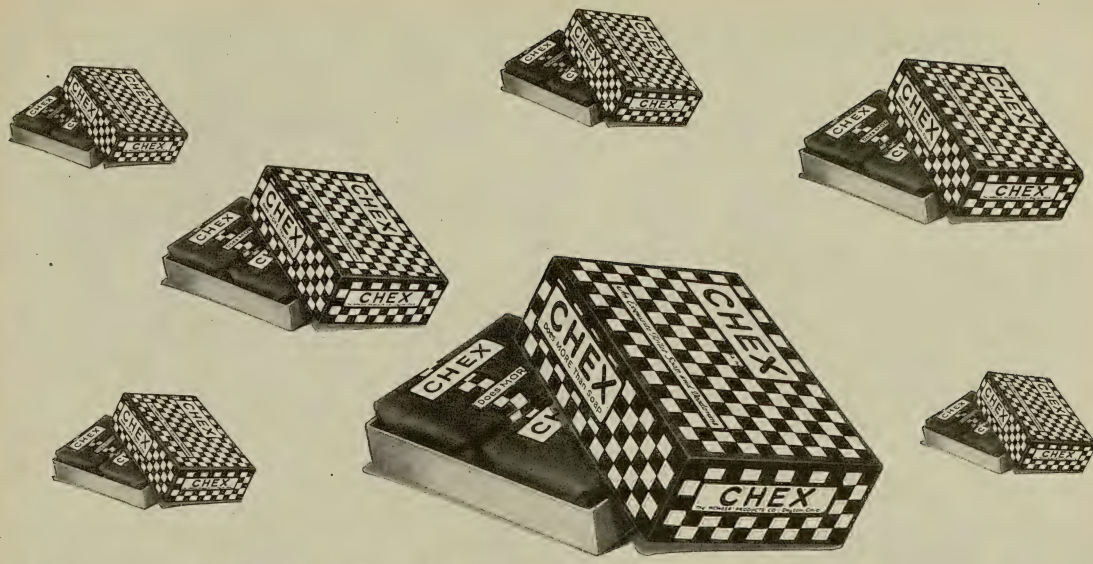
A year ago it was the fashion to affect a very dark make-up, an orange-brown ochre being used by the woman anxious to emphasize her individuality. Color was usually added by an orange-rose lipstick and cheeks were given only a very meager dab of rouge. But this South Sea island style of make-up is no longer the fashion. The fact that patches of white skin became ridiculously visible if the lady perspired slightly made such a make-up impractical. Florence Walton, however, shows how attractive such a make-up can be if the tone of the skin is naturally brunette.

Lately the blonde and the redhead have come into their own. For the very young blonde with a faultless white skin, a powder almost white, or the shade known as "natural," is used. The redhead—the golden redhead, not the auburn-haired variety—wears decided mauve, with a dash of pink during the day and an out-and-out lilac for night. Of course, a dazzling white skin is necessary for this.

The popular supposition that, because one's eyes and hair are dark, brunette powder or rouge is required,

[Cont'd on Page Eighty]

Styles in make-up change frequently.



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*(Signed) W. H. M.———, M. D., Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters and Art of London, Ltd., Hartford, Conn.

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*(Signed) W. H. H.———, Ph. G., M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

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Chexically yours,
*(Signed) Francis W. R———, M. D., Specialist in Chronic Nervous Diseases, Boston, Mass."

"Have used CHEX and find it is soothing to the skin and gives a softness to the hands and face. As a deodorant I think it is excellent. I will recommend its use to my patients."
*(Signed) E. C. K—, M. D., Boston, Mass.

(*) Name furnished on request.

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Jim Tully

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INSIST UPON KEMP'S BALSAM for that COUGH

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-EIGHT]

is exploded in Paris. The expert carefully regards the skin alone, discounting whether hair is blonde and eyes blue or if eyes and hair both are dark. Selection of the proper make-up for the eyes, on the other hand, depends entirely on their color.

The Parisian woman uses a blue stuff known as *fard hindou* over her eyes: light, electric, or gray blue if her eyes are blue; one of two tones of brown if that is their color; black if she is a particularly vivid brunette. For a line under the eye, a pencil is used; usually blue. Kohl she puts inside the lower lids at the outer edge to give them depth. Kohl is black, brilliant, and of Oriental derivation. And for her eyelashes she uses the tiny brush and mascara well known to Americans.

A great fuss was made several years ago over the almost complete disappearance of eyebrows, that feature which has more influence on the expression of the face than any other. Eyebrows were plucked into a very fine, oblique, Chinese line that turned demure young things into sophisticated Orientals. The Chinese eyebrow is *passe*. Eyebrows are still plucked, but the favored line is a delicate arch or curve.

A change has come about, too, in fashions in rouge. There are still light and dark shades, but a light, bright rouge is most popular. The rouge that comes in salve form is generally advocated over here.

It is used for the lips, too, and recommended for its longer staying-on power than the compact lipstick, although, of course, the latter is necessary to every woman's vanity case.

A BOOK could be written on the science of rouging correctly. For the narrow face, the rouge should be put on high and rounded out toward the temples. This also brings out the color of the eye if the right tone has been chosen. The woman with wrinkles is advised not to try to camouflage them under rouge. Its application simply exaggerates the lines. The broad-faced woman will wisely avoid putting rouge on her cheek bones, while the very thin face can be made to look a bit more plump if the rouge is put on well up to the ear tips and not concentrated near the hollows of the face.

The boyish bob has brought on the fashion of tinting the ear lobes. Not only the outer part of the lobe; a little dab is applied also to the inner edge. And the woman with very white skin and small features can afford to put a tiny speck of red inside each nostril. A touch of red in the inside corners of the eyes, near the nose, and a dash of black in the outer corners will make the eye look twice its normal size.

Making up the legs and feet is gaining in favor in the gay centers, particularly at the summer resorts where stockings are discarded, either for health's sake or because a small fortune in silk stockings can be saved this way. I have the word of one just returned from the Lido that at the most conservative golf course there many women go stockingless. One hears much talk about the virtues of sun baths, which is the chief stockingless-fad alibi.

The virtues of sun baths are the chief stockingless-fad alibi.

LEG massage is given at beauty parlors and liquid powder is sold for adding to the leg's appearance. Removal of the annoying hairs that mark most legs has become a science. Tiny tin casseroles filled with specially prepared wax can be purchased. The wax is melted and spread on thinly. The coating is torn off in one quick, deft movement before the wax is cool and with it the hair. This practice is not new over here, as it has been done in America for some time. Certain beauty shops also pluck the hair on legs and arms, exactly as the eyebrows are plucked; but to the sensitive person that is almost unbearable.

Bathing beauties at all the smart European seaside resorts have their toenails manicured, trimmed, and polished, as carefully as their fingernails. The pedicurist has benefited from the present mania for sun and sea baths without stockings.

The Chinese pedicure is extremely popular in Paris at present. There are Chinese pedicure parlors fitted out in Oriental manner and with the staff wholly Chinese. Many of the beauty parlors employ one or two Chinese for this particular kind of work, and they are kept as steadily employed in a day as the manicurists.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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An Article by

Grace L. Daggett

Making Furniture Fit the HOME

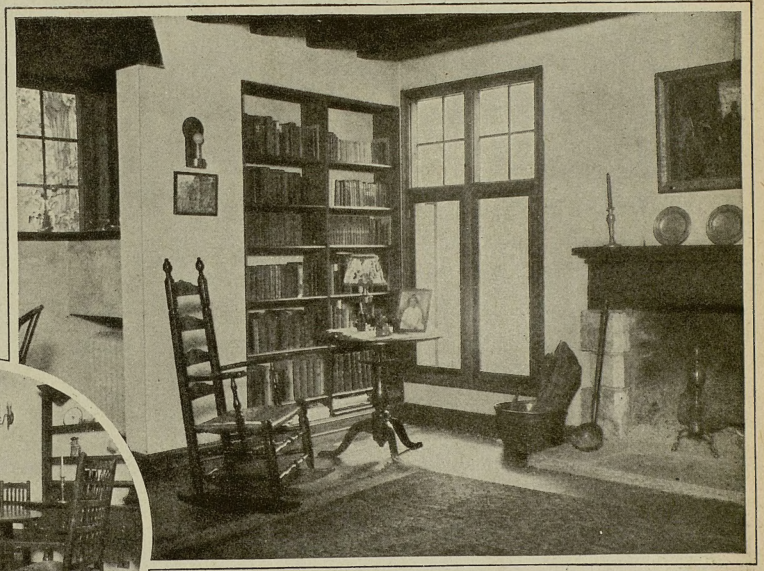
[EDITOR'S NOTE: The building of LIBERTY'S homes in Bronxville, N. Y., Kansas City, Milwaukee, and Spokane has been described in a series of articles. Now, in a second series, Miss Grace L. Daggett, internationally known interior decorator, is telling how these homes were furnished, decorated, and made livable and beautiful. This is her fifth article.]

THERE are so many alluring temptations in furniture and accessories to be found in our shops this season that it is no wonder Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson have had difficulty in deciding on the specific pieces appropriate for their home. After a thoughtful survey of the market and a careful comparison of prices, they have outlined their budget to take care of their immediate needs.

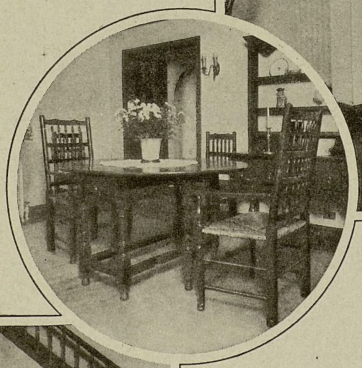
Since the color scheme and floor coverings had already been settled, it only remained to decide upon the pieces of furniture to be purchased, in order to complete the home. The English atmosphere is to be preserved throughout, and a selection of the most simple but dignified character has been made.

Mrs. Jefferson has found constructive entertainment in drawing patterns of the various pieces of furniture in smaller scale and arranging them on the floor plans. In this way she has been able to arrive at the most pleasing groupings, and has solved the problem of correct space filling without difficulty. The experiment is simple, and almost anyone will find this a helpful method in working out correct furniture placement. The object to be placed in a given space must follow the general structural lines of that space.

As almost always, the fireplace is the center of interest, and with attractive brass andirons and fire tools is extremely colorful. Its bright flames and glowing embers reflected in the polished surfaces of the metal add charm to the room.

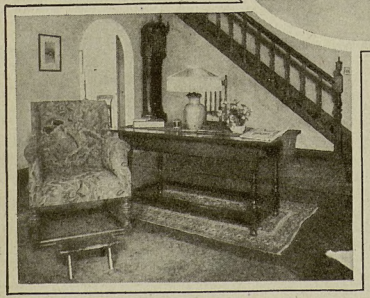


Built-in bookcases give a "lived-in" look to this room. P. & A. photos



Showing the simple dining-room, in the best English tradition.

The choice of a large but well shaped overstuffed sofa of simple lines, insures a comfortable retreat for each member of the family. A durable covering of dark brown frizette was chosen for this piece, as the labor of recovering is costly. Great care was used to keep all the furniture in scale. Frequently a sofa is too large for a room.



The center table: family rallying point on winter evenings.

Every living-room is made more homelike by a large table around which the family chairs can be grouped at night. The center lamp should be big enough to send its friendly rays evenly all around the table, extending comfort to each reader.

There are several types of desks that are commodious and good looking. So many hours will be spent at this piece of furniture that it should be both well built and attractive. In the Jefferson home a Governor Winthrop design of dark brown mahogany has been given the preference. A simple Windsor chair will be used, and other ladder-backs are to be grouped around it to make an intimate corner for the serious moments of the day.

Equally important in imparting comfort are upholstered chairs that suit the various members of the family. If the man of the house is large or small, let him choose the particular kind of chair that affords him the greatest ease. Some men favor a chair that reclines, giving a chance for complete relaxation. On the contrary, others prefer to sit more erect, claiming the need of support in furniture. These points were taken into consideration, and Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson chose accordingly.

Several additional occasional chairs complete the group for the present. These are of the ladder-back and Windsor variety; not expensive, but in good taste. Windsor chairs are always useful in the simple home and come in a variety of designs. This gives an opportunity to use the different types together.

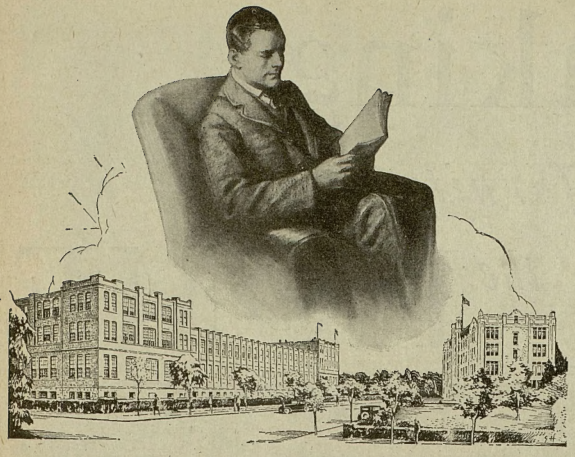
A tiptop table of graceful lines, holding accessories and a lamp, has been placed near the bookcase. Small tables have a strong decorative value, at the same time imparting comfort.

Dignified but unpretentious English furniture was selected for the dining-room. A walnut gateleg table and six rush-bottom chairs form the center group. The Welsh cupboard holds the silver and gives an opportunity for the display of the odd pieces of china and pewter that have been collected at opportune moments. At the side of the room a chest or highboy provides ample drawer space for linen and smaller pieces of silver.

The budget for the furniture in these two rooms called for an expenditure of $1,031.50.

While there are still many things to be added, a good start on a sensible basis has been made and the Jeffersons have established a foundation to which they may add any time.

In next week's LIBERTY Miss Daggett will tell how the Wards, of Kansas City, Mo., planned the furnishing of their home with especial reference to the needs of their children.



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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

YOU'VE noticed, of course, that LIBERTY is paying $5 instead of $1, as first announced, for each question and answer published in this department.

We ask twenty questions every week, sent in, together with the answers, by our readers. *Don't forget* to include answers with your questions.

Here are this week's questions with the names of $5 winners attached:

1—Who was Mother Goose?—*Mrs. B. Dippacher, New Orleans, La.*

2—Who founded the American post-office system?—*Mrs. E. S. Palmer, Bradford, Pa.*

3—What team has won the most world's series?—*Bennett Yearsley, Elizabeth, N. J.*

4—Who organized the Grand Army of the Republic?—*Connie Combis, St. Louis, Mo.*

5—What was the longest prize fight under Queensberry rules?—*Arnold E. Harn, Peru, Ind.*

6—What is the record distance covered by a sailing vessel in one day?—*Louis R. Hartshorn, Pensacola, Fla.*

7—What State has the privilege of subdividing into four States?—*Emily Willson Smith, Govans, Md.*

8—What is the first use of camouflage on record in American military annals?—*Mrs. W. W. Ball, Columbia, S. C.*

9—Has a Negro ever been a member of the United States Senate?—*P. L. White, Des Moines, Ia.*

10—In what American city is there no living green thing and why?—*Archie Rice, Walton, N. Y.*

11—What President served four years without a change in his Cabinet?—*Mrs. Jennie Denton, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

12—How many years does a copyright endure in the United States?—*Paul M. Plunkett, Chicago, Ill.*

13—Who is commander in chief of the United States battle fleet? What is his flagship?—*J. N. Lawrence, San Pedro, Calif.*

14—What is our newest national park?—*Juel McCann, Washington, D. C.*

15—What President's wife smoked a corncob pipe in the White House?—*Emily Easterly, Lebanon, Va.*

16—Who planned the first United States bank?—*Clinton Jackson, Atlanta, Ga.*

17—Who originated the motto, E Pluribus Unum?—*John Martin, Central Falls, R. I.*

18—What State does not grant divorces?—*W. A. Chambers, Chattanooga, Tenn.*

19—What dog has been called the standardized mongrel?—*Olive Muir Barbour, Montgomery, Ala.*

20—When did the parcel-post system take effect?—*Mrs. G. W. Darwin, Laurel, Miss.*

See the Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What President of the United States was blind in one eye for twelve years before he died?—*Archie Rice, Walton, N. Y.*
A.—Roosevelt.

2—For whom was Cincinnati named?—*Edith A. Smith, Riverside, Ill.*
A.—George Washington, the Cincinnatus of his country.

3—What was the first steamship to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and when?—*James E. Phinney, Mechanicsville, N. Y.*
A.—The Savannah, in 1819.

4—How many shots did the American fleet fire at the battle of Santiago to sink the four Spanish ships, Oquendo, Vizcaya, Maria Teresa, and Cristobal Colon?—*James E. Nix, Philadelphia, Pa.*
A.—Nine thousand four hundred and seventy-four shots, making 124 hits.

5—Can you bound Kansas from memory without using a map?—*F. Muir, Rock Springs, Wyo.*
A.—Here's what the map shows: on the North by Nebraska, East by Missouri, South by Oklahoma, and West by Colorado.

6—On what day of the year did the Bastille fall?—*Maurice Denison, Elmhurst, N. Y.*
A.—July 14.

7—What famous battle did General Grant win on the third day after being beaten with heavy losses the first two days?—*J. Harper Eade, Los Angeles, Calif.*
A.—Shiloh.

8—Does the hair grow in a bunch on the end of a mule's tail, or is it clipped?—*James F. Keir, Tonkawa, Okla.*
A.—It is clipped.

9—What is the largest oak tree in the United States?—*Marie P. Davidson, Baltimore, Md.*
A.—The Wye Oak, at Wye Mills, Talbot County, Maryland. It is 383 years old, 89 feet tall, has a horizontal spread of 140½ feet, is 18 feet 3 inches in diameter one foot from the ground.

10—How much dual flying instruction does the average person require before flying a plane alone?—*F. Williams, Tallulah, La.*
A.—Ten hours.

11—Who was the first President born under the American flag?—*James Todd, North Adams, Mass.*
A.—Martin Van Buren, born at Kinderhook, N. Y., December 5, 1782.

12—Is there such a thing as a snow-white canary?—*Mrs. Hayne Jones, Walhalla, S. C.*
A.—Yes. The International Canary Breeders' Association developed one after thirty years' effort and will give it to Mrs. Coolidge.

13—What percentage of army officers are graduates of West Point?—*W. J. Kelker, Fort Wayne, Ind.*
A.—Only 27 per cent of 11,786.

14—Who invented spectacles?—*Charles E. Jenkins, Jersey City, N. J.*
A.—Salvino degli Armati, a Florentine of the thirteenth century.

15—Where did Edison first publicly install the electric light?—*Mrs. J. L. Colahan, Mt. Carmel, Pa.*
A.—In the dining-room of the City Hotel at Sunbury, Pa.

16—How many pounds pressure do the jaws of an average person exert in chewing?—*V. H. Eman, D.D.S., Ann Arbor, Mich.*
A.—About 250.

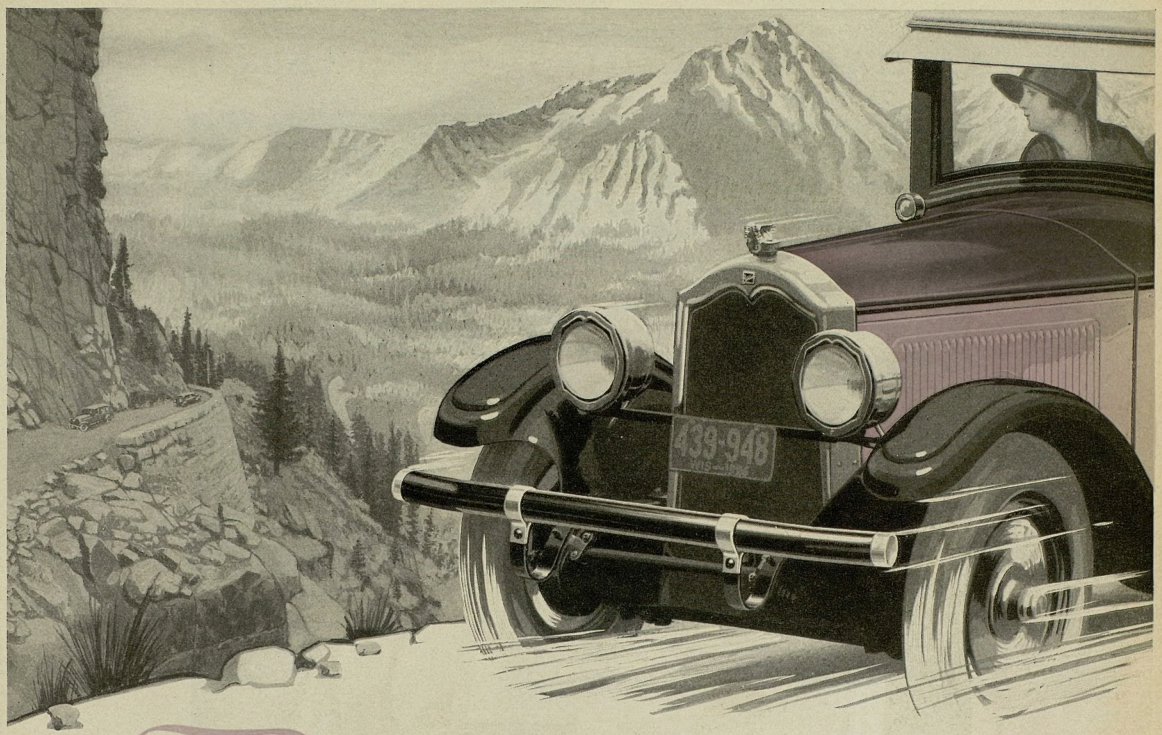
17—What is the tallest tree in the world?—*Jeannette Siloy, Cleveland, Ohio.*
A.—The *Eucalyptus amygdalina*, of southeast Australia, which has been known to attain a height of 471 feet.

18—Who signed the Declaration of Independence after voting against it?—*Jack O'Neill, Detroit, Mich.*
A.—Robert Morris.

19—Who brought the first slaves to North America, and when?—*Nellie M. Jillson, Buffalo, N. Y.*
A.—The Dutch, in 1619.

20—What bird can outrun a fairly fast horse?—*Bess O. Abbott, Cincinnati, Ohio.*
A.—The road runner, a ground-dwelling cuckoo of Arizona and southern California.

LIBERTY publishes the answers to questions, believing them to be correct. We do our best to avoid errors, but nobody knows everything.



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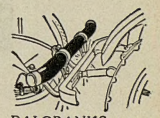

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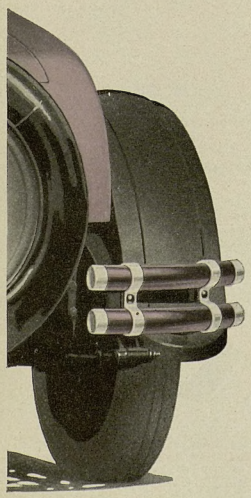

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